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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. means East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Abelard and Heloise—Ronald Millar's crisp but not very plausible retelling of a true and painful love story. The leads are played by Keith Michell and Diana Rigg. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Alice in Wonderland—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

All Over—Edward Albee's characteristically close and dark view of the catastrophe of family life. By calculation, the central figure has been omitted. An admirable cast, headed by Jessica Tandy and Colleen Dewhurst. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

L'Amante Anglaise—Madeleine Renaud, Claude Dauphin, and Michael Lonsdale in a three-character play by Marguerite Duras, performed in French and presented by Le Tréteau de Paris. Preview Wednesday matinée, April 14. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 14, at 7, and will run through Saturday, April 24. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. 586-3620. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

And Miss Reardon Drinks a Little—A tiresomely old-fashioned play by Paul Zindel about three unpleasant sisters. With Estelle Parsons, Nancy Marchand, and Julie Harris. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Behold! Cometh the Vanderkellans—A play about a rebellion in the home of a Negro college president in 1960. The battlefield is the gap between two generations. The script, by William Wellington Mackey, has its ups and downs, but the acting, under Edmund Cambridge's direction, is good. With Graham Brown and Frances Foster, among others. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Candide—An adaptation of Voltaire's satire, performed by the Organic Theatre Company of Chicago. Opens Wednesday, April 14, at 7. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30.)

The Dream on Monkey Mountain—Derek Walcott's beautiful and humorous play about the vision of a West Indian prophet, in a triumphant performance by the Negro Ensemble Company. Michael A. Schultz was the director. Roscoe Lee Browne and Ron O'Neal are wonderful in the leading roles. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Wednesday through Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 18.)

The Fabulous Miss Marie—The fourth in a proposed cycle of twenty plays about black life in America, by the extraordinary black playwright Ed Bullins. Loose and episodic in style and often very funny, it is set in a living room in Los Angeles and backed by a lively jazz band. Robert Macbeth directed. (New Lafayette, Seventh Ave. at 137th St. 862-2460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Closes Sunday, May 2.)

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The Gingerbread Lady—In which the playwright, Neil Simon, puts a reformed alcoholic through a rather too carefully carpentered wringer. Ably acted by Maureen Stapleton, Michael Lombard, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Ayn Ruymen. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Here Are Ladies—Siobhan McKenna is at her delightful best in this solo program of scenes and poems by all your favorite Irish writers of the twentieth century. Her performance of Molly's soliloquy from Joyce's "Ulysses," which ends the evening, is superb and indelible. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. Harold Gould, somewhat miscast in the leading role, does quite well anyhow, and Katherine Helmond, as wife, and Anne Meara, as mistress, are just about perfect. Mel Shapiro was the director. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

How the Other Half Loves—A dreary domestic comedy, written in English in England and now translated into coarse and unfunny American. With Phil Silvers and Sandy Dennis. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Macbeth—Awful. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, April 14, at 2. Extra performance Wednesday, April 21, at 11 A.M.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The per-

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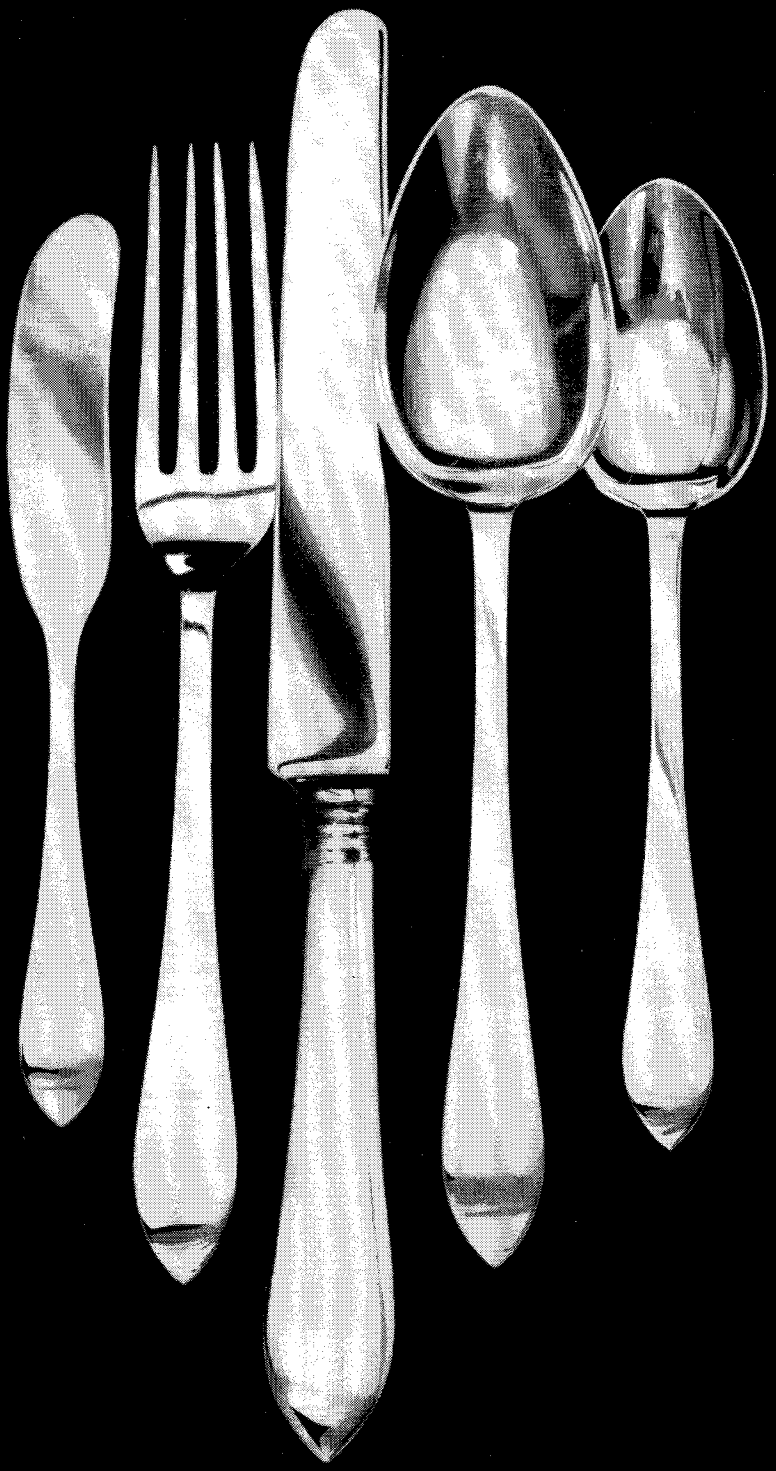

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

formances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE PHILANTHROPIST—An interesting, imperfect play about a don and his troubles, written by a bright young Englishman named Christopher Hampton. Alec McCowen, Jane Asher, Victor Spinetti, and Ed Zimmermann are among the exceptionally good cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—Arthur Miller's rather coarse adaptation of Ibsen's **AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE**, well performed by Stephen Elliott and Philip Bosco. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 25.)...¶ At the Forum, in the same building: **SCENES FROM AMERICAN LIFE**, an entertaining play by A. R. Gurney, Jr. (Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, April 18.)

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES—Brian Bedford plays a man so obsessed with the need not to be cuckolded that he would sooner stop the world than risk an ordinary marriage. The translation of Molière's delightful comedy is by Richard Wilbur. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SLEUTH—A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter acting their talented heads off, or very nearly. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

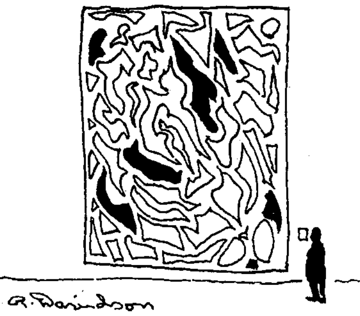
STORY THEATRE PRESENTATIONS—**STORY THEATRE:** In which talking animals and talking peasants are shown to be funnier than most of us suppose. Fridays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays—except April 22—at 2, and Sundays at 3.... ¶ Ovid's **THE METAMORPHOSES**, translated by Arnold Weinstein: Previews through Wednesday, April 21. Opens officially on Thursday, April 22. Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Tuesday, April 20, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2. (Ambassador, 49th St. W. 265-1855.)

SUBJECT TO FITS—A fantasy that takes off from "The Idiot" (and stays aloft intermittently). In form, it is less a play than a ballet with words. Some of the words are Dostoevski's. A new playwright, Robert Montgomery, makes his local début. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

THE TRIAL OF THE CATONSVILLE NINE—A documentary drama by Father Daniel Berrigan, based on actual testimony at his trial and that of his brother, Father Philip Berrigan, and seven of their Catholic colleagues for burning draft records in Catonsville, Maryland. The effect of the play is slightly dimmed by its moral complacency, among other things, but it is moving all the same, and the performances couldn't be better. (Good Shepherd-Faith Church, 152 W. 66th St. 595-5510. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

TWO BY IBSEN—**HEDDA GABLER:** Claire Bloom's Hedda is fairly good, though not all it might be, and she is given weak support by the rest of the cast. Through Saturday, April 17.... **A DOLL'S HOUSE:** A shallow production of a great play, but Miss Bloom is a charming Nora. Monday through Saturday, April 19-24. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WAITING FOR GODOT—This lucid revival of Samuel Beckett's pain-filled comedy, which more than any other play has changed the modern theatre, is generally admirable, though seldom affecting. Alan Schneider was the director. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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LONG RUNS—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller in a little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)...**THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)...**LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** Another Neil Simon certitude. James Coco as a fat, middle-aged man in search of dalliance is assisted by Rita Moreno, Barbara Sharma, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

FOLLIES—An ambitious attempt to tell some home truths, marred by a pedestrian book. Several very good songs by Stephen Sondheim and, as usual, a superlative production by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

FRANK MERRIWELL; OR, HONOR CHALLENGED—Larry Ellis plays the hero of this musical taken from the Burt L. Standish tales. Skip Redwine and Larry Frank wrote the book (with Heywood Gould), music, and lyrics. Directed by Neal Kenyon. Previews through Monday, April 19. Opens officially on Tuesday, April 20. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

JOHNNY JOHNSON—A revival of the Paul Green-Kurt Weill 1936 musical, with Ralph Williams in the title role. Directed by José Quintero. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

NO, NO, NANETTE—A radiant revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with gorgeous sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE PROPOSITION—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and Judy Kahan provide a few bright spots of mimicry. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 3)

THE ROTHSCHILDS—One man's family. Ugh. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

70, GIRLS, 70—A musical with a book by Fred Ebb and Norman L. Martin, music by John Kander, lyrics by Mr. Ebb, and a cast that includes Mildred Natwick, Hans Conried, and Lillian Roth. Previews Wednesday, April 14. Opens officially on Thursday, April 15. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SIX—A musical by Charles Strouse, with a cast of six under the direction of Peter Coe. (Cricket, Second Ave. at 10th St. 777-1690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

TOUCH—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat smug, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young and appealing. Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

TWO BY TWO—Even Danny Kaye at his feverish best cannot make Noah and the Ark anything but tiresome. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—**APPLAUSE:** Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring version of the movie "All About Eve." (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **COMPANY:** A musical with Larry Kert, Susan Browning, Elaine Stritch, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)...**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** Buck Mulligan slung his towel stolewise round his neck and, bending in loose laughter, said to Stephen's ear: —O, shade of Kinch the elder! Japhet in search of a father! (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) ...**THE FANTASTICKS:** —We're always tired in the morning, Stephen said to Haines. And it is rather long to tell. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)...**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Buck Mulligan, walking forward again, raised his hands. —The sacred pint alone can unbind the tongue of Dedalus, he said. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)...**THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC:** A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton, Alice Playten, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **HAIR:** The disgrace of his first marriage might, perhaps, as there was no reason to suppose it perpetuated by offspring, have been got over, had he not done worse; but he had, as by the accustomary intervention of kind friends, they had been informed, spoken most disrespectfully of them all, most slightingly and contemptuously of the very blood he belonged to, and the honours which were hereafter to be his own. This could not be pardoned. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)...**MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Such were Elizabeth Elliot's sentiments and sensations. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 533-1200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). .**PROMISES, PROMISES:** Such the cares to alloy, the agitations to vary, the sameness and the elegance, the prosperity and the nothingness, of her scene of life. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)...**THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)...**OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing

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view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **PURLIE:** Cleavon Little and Patti Jo are the best reasons for seeing this dated adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. William Daniels is John Adams. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

STUTTGART BALLET—Opening performances of a six-week engagement that will run through Saturday, May 29—Monday, April 19, at 7:30; Tuesday, April 20, at 8; and Wednesday, April 21, at 2 and 8: "Eugene Onegin." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, April 22-23, at 8, and Saturday, April 24, at 2 and 8: "Romeo and Juliet." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-3880.)

LES GRANDS BALLETS CANADIENS—A two-week engagement of The Who's rock opera "Tommy" (to music recorded by The Who), prefaced by "Hip and Straight" as a curtain-raiser. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8, and Saturdays at 6:45 and 10:15. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 25.)

AMERICAN BALLET COMPANY—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 9—Tuesday, April 20, at 7:30: "Harbinger," "Romance" (première), "Cortège Parisien," and "The Consort.". . . ¶ Wednesday, April 21, at 8: "The Consort," "A Poem Forgotten," "Cortège Parisien," and "Romance.". . . ¶ Friday, April 23, at 8: "Meadowlark," "A Poem Forgotten," and "Cortège Parisien.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 24, at 8: "Harbinger," "Theatre" (première), and "Early Songs." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—When did you last see a flying horse? (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, April 14-15, at 1:30 and 6. Thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 2 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30. The performances on Friday, April 16, will be cancelled because of a basketball playoff, and the performances on Sunday, April 18, may be cancelled because of a hockey playoff. Closes Monday, May 31. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

BLUE HILL TROUPE—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday through Saturday, April 14-17, at 8:30, and a performance primarily for children on Saturday, April 17, at 2:30. For tickets, call 988-8904, from 1:30 to 5:30.)

MAGIC SHOW—The annual get-together of the Society of American Magicians, this one with, among others, illusionist Milbourne Christopher and, from Great Britain, manipulator Geoffrey Buckingham. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 24, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Cajun fiddler, guitarist, accordionist, singer, and composer Doug Kershaw is doing his authentic thing in this brick-walled den. Coffee and tea are the beverages. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—The 1971 bandwagon contains a mixture of jazz and soul food, and this new spot makes pretty good use of both. Pianist Norman Simmons plays with a bassist each Tuesday and Wednesday. Thursday through Sunday, April 15-18, pianist Cedar Walton performs with bass and drums. Thursday through Sunday, April 22-25, pianist and composer Bobby Timmons will be working with a bass player. Music from nine-thirty to three every night but Monday.

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BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Even-tempered jazz from ten to two, usually on electric piano and bass. On Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy turns up with a bass player to sub for the regulars. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—A sounding board of great salubriousness for never-insistent musicians, and a groaning board, too, there being plenty of foodstuffs to weight it down. The musicians now are Jimmy Dixon on piano and Lloyd Buchanan on bass; as of Monday, April 19, they will be Tiny Grimes on guitar, supplemented by bass and piano. Every day but Sunday belongs to these players; Sundays are the property, from seven to twelve, of Sammy Price, a true venerable, whose piano is purely pristine.

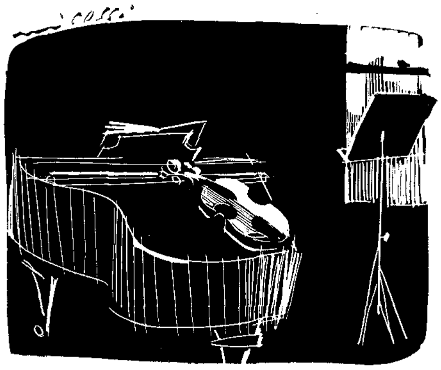
GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—A small, dark corner where the jazz guitar is apotheosized five nights a week. Jim Hall's zephyr-fine guitar work and Ron Carter's clean-lined bass counterpoint would have delighted Bach, and maybe even Berwald. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until three or four. Restricted amounts of soul food.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The J.P.J. quartet, which consists of Budd Johnson, Oliver Jackson, Bill Pemberton, and Dill Jones, will be swinging in this casual place through Sunday, April 18. On Tuesday, April 20, the dependable Zoot Sims quartet will return. Blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in Fridays through Sundays. Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianist Eddie Thompson and bassist Dr. Lyn Christie are working together in this bar whose chief virtue (other than the music) is its freshly popped popcorn. The duo plays Fridays through Sundays. Mr. Thompson plays alone Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. On Tuesdays, another skilled piano man, Lance Hayward, fills in. Nine until closing.

PEEWEE'S, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A dim, funky bar that is run by, for, and because of the people, who are responding by filling the house. The house isn't much to look at, but the jazz is potent and often technically complex. On Friday and Saturday, April 16-17, a five-piece outfit called the 20th Century Majestic Jazz band will be here. On Sundays and Mondays, the George Scott quartet performs. Soul-food dinners. Music from nine until closing. N.B.: Not for beginners.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland turned out by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, and Chuck Folds. Closed Sundays.



RAFIKI, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (477-9532)—Cecil Young, a pianistic showman, leads a trio that includes Hal Dodson on bass and Bobby Hamilton on drums in this softly lighted new club. While the other musicians are soloing, you may find Young singing and posturing near your table, but let it be, let it be. Music from nine, Wednesdays through Sundays. Soul food.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A banjo band smiles and makes music from the back of an old fire engine. Beer and peanuts. Polar bears and occasional old flicks. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Put on your plastic boater and hoist your beer mug, and maybe you'll think it's 1920 instead of the puzzling present. Or maybe you won't. Two banjos and a piano. Peanuts in shells. Closed Sundays.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Catch him on flute, on oboe, or on tenor sax, and you are apt to find Yusef Lateef saying something worth digging. He will be here with a quartet through Sunday, April 18. On Tuesday, April 20, the full-speed-ahead McCoy Tyner quintet will race in. The room is a bit frayed at the seams, and the neighborhood is more than frayed, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Drummer Mel Lewis leads a quartet whose other members are Thad Jones, Richard Davis, and Roland Hanna every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Currently open only on Saturdays and Mondays, when Symphony Sid presents Latin jazz bands. Dancing.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Joe Henderson, who can range from the supple to the astringent, leads his sextet here until Tuesday, April 20, when that exemplar of the wryly understated piano, Thelonious Monk, comes in with a quartet. Mondays are reserved for the mighty Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music starts at nine-thirty, in theory.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays, and Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Balaban & Cats, a six-man outfit, produces some pretty hot Dixieland every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven. On Sunday, April 18, trumpeter Max Kaminsky will sit in. The other nights of the week, this anachronous place offers hoop-la and a banjo band.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'EST MOI, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—A designer on a Moorish trip must have planned this one, with its series of ornamental arches. Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs room is open for dancing to discs from nine until three-thirty every night.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A fairly restrained evocation of the years 1795-99, with appropriate décor. One can dance to records on a small dance floor from nine-thirty to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

L'ETOILE, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Urbanity is the mood; glass, metal, and carpeting help set it. Dancing, to recorded music, on Saturdays only, from eleven to three. Dinner and supper are presided over by an experienced chef.

HIPPOPOTAMUS, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. An ample menu every night but Sunday, when only couscous is served. Reservations are required for dining.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Like something off the old M-G-M lot, equipped with sphinxes,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Pharaonic statues, and ceiling fans. The records are varied and danceable. Three times nightly, Clint Holmes sings and shakes. On Monday, April 19, a five-man group called Crystal Staircase will succeed him. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—Round-the-clock action is the idea, but this insomniac principle is operative only on Fridays and Saturdays, when the doors stay open all day and all night. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. Dancing to tapes. A fairly full menu.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Strong live groups alternate with records, making this a good spot for serious dancing and listening by people who love rock. Dress is casual—come as you wish. Interior design is of the Detroit school. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—The Ol' Man River of discothèques—it just keeps grooving along. A mecca for those who are comely, and even for many who are not. Reservations are recommended, although the doorkeeper is sometimes absent-minded.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—Down where the Würzburger flows. The Alps in this case are Bavarian; so are the singers, prancers, and musicians, the red cabbage and sauerbraten. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The tumult and the shouting is done by All-Andalusia boys and girls in the flamencan troupe run by Antonio Santaella. Latin-American tumult is the work of Roberto Ledesma, a tenor endowed with passion of a deep purple. The place is in operation every single night. . . . ¶ Down the hall is the **flamenco room.** In the center of a tiny amphitheatre of banquettes, Ramon Iglesias lets his guitar recall nights in the gardens of Granada. He is on duty from eight to four every night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, April 14, is the final night for Marty Allen, a conversationalist who is the inventor of a wild new tonsure, though not the inventor of any wild new ideas about humor. Next evening brings on Don Rickles, a prominent practitioner of the intramural, internecine sport of exchanging harsh words with one's compeers in the house. So far, there hasn't had to be a doctor in the house. The two girls who call themselves the P.J.s do the singing. No nights off for anyone. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, after ten, the sound effects (both human and electronic) come by direct wire from Nevada. No quiet nights here, either.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Not a forest primeval but a forest primavera is **la forêt,** a de-luxe limited edition (only Tuesdays through Saturdays) of a supper club. Phil Wayne's quartet (the most inventive group he has ever put together) is the principal event, and other musicians, arriving as early as eight, help him carry on until two. At two, the chefs go home, and music starts to arrive by coaxial cable. . . . ¶ In the **café,** dance music every night, and (except Sundays and Mondays) Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, whose musical sounds (violin and piano) are all tributaries of the Danube; five-thirty until twelve-thirty is the working night.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jane Morgan ascends the podium in the **persian room** on Wednesday, April 14, at ten-fifteen. Thenceforward, she and her roses-in-bloom cantatas will be on hand during both dinner and supper. Burt Farber's euphoric orchestra and Mark Monte's band will fill in all the coffee breaks. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ For diners and winers in the **edwardian room,** the traditional violin weaves its way through the dining hours every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ In the **palm court,** there is daily teatime violin, from four-thirty until six-thirty, and again from nine to one, except Sundays. Gunnar Hansen, the best of all our court musicians, does the Wednesday-Saturday night shift.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—'Tis spring (sometimes), and the birdies in the trees are going tweet-tweet-tweet. The birdie in this sixty-five-story tree is Bobbi Martin, and around nine and around twelve is when she pops onstage. Dancing, too—some of it disco and some of it for real. Sundays are dark.

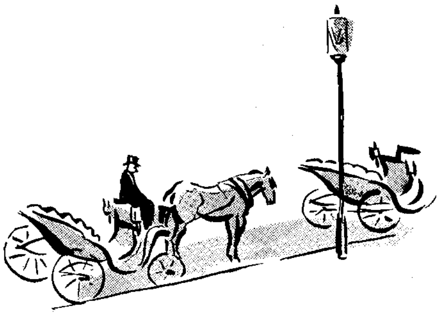
Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The celebration of British Fortnight begins here on Thursday, April 15, and the celebration calls for a dance-band accompaniment to dinner and supper every night.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The old barony leads a long and useful life. It begins at five-thirty in the **st. regis room** with an *avant*-theatre buffet dinner-and-piano session, proceeds to dinner and supper in both the **maisonette** (more music, most of it for dancing) and **la boite** (more piano) and returns to the **st. regis room** for the *après*-theatre songs of a firm young man, Jason, and a lissome nymph, Maryhazel. The St. Regis Room is in service every night but Sunday; the others shut down Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

café carlyle, Madison Ave., at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The life that Bobby Short, who has his piano and his loyal henchmen (Beverly Peer, Dick Sheridan) front and center, sings of is just too good to be true, but it's great to hear about it in his special words and music. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **downstairs at the upstairs,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Of true words spoken in jest, Shelley Berman has one of the finest collections, on exhibition at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty every night but Sunday. Ernestine Jackson, who likes experimental songs and knows what to do with them, and the Judd Woldin threesome, bearded prophets with an up-to-date beat, are likewise in view. . . . **dangerfield's,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. On Monday, April 19, two additions to the cast, both heirlooms of the time when night life really was night life: Billy Daniels, practicing his Old Black Magic, plus his Benny Payne on piano. It's Las Vegas in a way, but without a lot of the handicaps. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays. . . . **el avram,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Reopens on Friday, April 16, still as the liveliest kibbutz in this territory, still with the busiest musicians, among them George Mgrdichian, the mighty oudist, as well as Ron Eliran, a pop tenor, and a good one. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish, and so can the dancing. Mondays are holidays. . . . **chez vito,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The foursome at the next table, unable to restrain itself as the circumnavigating fiddlers ply their trade, will suddenly go operatic in the midst of your bœuf à la mode—or operettic, at least—but it's all part of the act. This can happen as late as two o'clock in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **dionysos,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): A really original Greek-letter fraternity, translated, and literally, from the original Greek. Eat, dance, and be merry from nine until very, very late every night but Sunday, and admire the scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . **adonis,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bazouka—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four, though (in the Greek fashion) never on Sunday. On Saturday, April 17, at midnight, a Greek Easter dinner begins. By reservation only. . . . **la paella,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Meet the neighbors in this Iberian neighborhood, an arborway buoyantly fitted out for a fiesta; a strong-arm squad of flamencan guitar, voice, and clap-hands is frequently active; the chef knows his onions—Spanish, naturally. Seven-thirty until two, but no squad on Mondays. . . . **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette, who, surveying her small domain from the top of a piano, sings during dinner through the week, and additionally during supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **al mounia,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): Though there's only piano, from five-thirty until whenever, in the lounge, the whole place, including a restaurant whose cuisine is most plausible Moroccan, has a way of bustling all the time; i.e., a great place to start restaging the Arabian Nights. After ten, the pianist is Jacques Kayal, who sings French, the second language of Casablanca. Closed Sundays. . . . **asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Every course of the determinedly Italianate dinner or supper is on a collision course with a determinedly operatic staff and clientele. No harm done, though; just fun. Closed Mondays. . . . **a quiet little table in the corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **mykonos,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque*, and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian trio. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday.



SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

iperbole, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise-en-scène* is circa 1975, but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. . . . **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **carlton bar-restaurant,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties, the recipes for which remain his secret. The ancestral hall is ready to serve dinner until ten. Mr. H. takes Saturdays and Sundays off. . . . **sherry-netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Every night except Sunday and Monday, Tony Gorody plays good, worldly piano from around nine until as late as necessary. . . . **café renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Sundays. . . . **rembrandt room,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Trafalgar Square should be next door, so neat is the optical illusion (not to mention the gustatorial illusion) that this is a London hotel room on its best behavior. George Feyer presides over his poetic piano from

'There is only a fine line
between young skin and old.
This airified makeup fills in
the lines superbly.'

Charles Revson

'Ultima' II Cremefoam Makeup

The lightest, spreadiest, most blendable of makeups in an elegant aerosol flacon. A touch of the finger turns loose a fluffy little cloud of it. Just enough to float evenly over your face for a poreless finish, a soft young sheen. You may wonder how such a featherweight can cover all flaws. The answer is: fabulously. 8 shades from dresden-y pales to glowing bronze.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

eight-thirty until one-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Dan Edwards, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays; from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A busy-bee and Romanesque enterprise, through which Rudy Barron often trails an entourage of prowling fiddlers. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well educated and extremely good-natured. He is in session from six until one, though not on Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The ancient watering place. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the piano to other hands on Sundays. . . . **PIG 'N' WHISTLE DINNER THEATRE,** 36 W. 48th St. (247-3070): Take a tried-and-true musical ("Cabaret," at the moment), sandpaper it down to dining-room size, invest it with a lively young cast, and serve dinner and supper around it, one flight up, in a comfortable old brownstone—this is the venture here. Tuesdays through Saturdays at seven-thirty and nine-thirty, plus an eleven-thirty reprise Fridays and Saturdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ANNE ARNOLD—Outsize animals, made of canvas stretched on wooden frames; through April 28. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HELEN BELING—Monumental abstract sculptures, also small bronze figures; starting Tuesday, April 20. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

LARRY BELL—Several glass walls by a West Coast artist known for his transparent cubes; through May 5. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RONALD BLADEN—One Minimalist structure of wood painted black and white that almost fills the gallery; through April 28. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HERMAN BRAUN—Paintings that speculate about characters depicted by Velázquez, Manet, Cézanne, and Picasso; through May 29. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

STAN BRODSKY—Landscapes of Long Island and figures in interiors; starting Saturday, April 17. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

POL BURY—Recent works by a prominent European kinetic sculptor in a show that will run concurrently with one at the Guggenheim; starting Saturday, April 17. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN—Metal-coated Plexiglas cubes bent to resemble dented automobile parts by a sculptor who used to specialize in fenders from wrecked cars; starting Saturday, April 17. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES COINER—Landscapes of Canada, Bucks County, and Scotland by an academician; through May 8. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HUGO CONSUEGRA—Abstract oil paintings, often making use of linear strokes, by a young Cuban artist; through Saturday, April 24. (Cisneros, 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. Closed Mondays.)

RALSTON CRAWFORD—Oils, gouaches, and drawings from the thirties, plus new works; starting Saturday, April 17. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

JIM DINE—Paintings, collages, watercolors, and drawings by one of the first Pop artists; through May 2. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

HISAO DOMOTO—Paintings based on the disc motif; through Saturday, April 24. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

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TULLY FILMUS—Drawings of traditional Jewish types; starting Monday, April 19. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

LUCIO FONTANA (1899-1968)—Works by an Italian modernist who specialized in gashed canvases; through May 1. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

SAM FRANCIS—New paintings by an early Abstract Expressionist; through April 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARY FRANK—Drawings in ink, charcoal, pastel, and mixed mediums by a leading younger sculptor; through Saturday, April 24. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER GOLFINOPOULOS—Huge abstractions; through May 8. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

LORRIE GOULET—Sculptures of women in different kinds of stone, also drawings; through Saturday, April 24. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACQUELINE GOUREVITCH—Oil paintings of cloud images; through Thursday, April 22. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HELIKER—Semi-abstract landscapes, seascapes, still-lifes, and figures in interiors; through May 8. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

BARBARA HEPWORTH—Sculptures in bronze and varieties of marble by one of Britain's foremost abstract artists; through Saturday, April 24. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ROBERT HUDSON—Stainless-steel sculptures, some colored, by a California artist; through May 1. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD HUNT—Welded-steel and cast-bronze and cast-aluminum abstract sculptures, plus related drawings and graphics in a show that will run concurrently with his exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art; starting Saturday, April 17. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

MARIA COOPER JANIS AND HARRY MARINSKY—Impressionist paintings by the former and realistic bronzes and watercolors by the latter; starting Tuesday, April 20. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

RAY JOHNSON—More collages, many on the theme of dollar bills dedicated to famous women; through May 5. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

OLIVIA KAHN—Oils and serigraphs; through April 30. (392 Bleecker Street. Thursdays through Sundays, 2 to 6.)

HERBERT KATZMAN—Figures in interiors, nudes, and portraits; through May 1. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA—Early drawings and watercolors by this Expressionist; through May 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH KONZAL—Abstract sculptures, done in bronze and other metals, that resemble industrial equipment; through Saturday, April 24. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT AND ELLA BERGMANN MICHEL—Collage paintings by a German husband-and-wife team of post-First World War experimentalists; through May 22. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RODRIGO MOYNIHAN—Color-field paintings with a landscape effect; through April 29. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN OPPER—Paintings composed of vertical bands of color; through Thursday, April 22. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MEL RAMOS—Luscious nudes juxtaposed with animals or birds by a Pop artist; through May 12. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

PAUL RESIKA—Mexican landscapes; through May 1. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

MORTEZA SAZEGAR—Paintings composed of innumerable tiny free-hand colored squares radiating from the center to produce waves of color; through April 29. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

TIM SCOTT—One mammoth construction of steel bars and tubes and acrylic sheets by a British artist, along with two smaller works; through April 27. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE SEGAL—Plaster-cast figures doing ordinary things in realistic settings; through May 15. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

TONY SMITH—Nine sculptures of modular sections, also small bronzes; through Saturday, April 24. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

LOUIS VIVIN (1861-1936)—Twenty-five paintings of Paris by this leading French "naïf;" through May 1. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JANE WILSON—Ingratiating still-lifes; starting Tuesday, April 20. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

PHILIP WOFFORD—Large abstract landscapes featuring texture; through April 27. (David Whitney, 53 E. 19th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK ZAJAC—Sculptures from 1956 to the present of natural subjects in bronze, marble, and wood; starting Saturday, April 17. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

LARRY ZOX—Color-field paintings; through April 29. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

AMERICAN WATERCOLOR SOCIETY—The hundred-and-fourth annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through April 25. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA,** 25 E. 73rd St.: Seventy-five paintings on the theme of New York by such artists as Avery, Cadmus, Chase, Feininger, Hartley, Hassam, Luks, Prendergast, and Walkowitz; through Saturday, April 17. . . . **ACTS OF ART,** 15 Charles St.: Works by forty black artists who have rejected invitations to the current Whitney exhibition or have withdrawn from it; through May 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 8.). . . **AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF GRAPHIC ARTS,** 1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St.: Posters on the theme of "Survival" by more than fifty prominent graphic designers; through April 27. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **AUTOMATION HOUSE,** 49 E. 68th St.: A simulated environment with color-video projections, sound, light, and plant life by PULSA, a group associated with Yale. (Wednesday through Friday, April 14-16, from 6 to 10; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 4 and 5 to 9.). . . **BABCOCK,** 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Pastels by Hassam, Hartley, Pittman, and Julius Goldstein; through April 29. (Closed Mondays.). . . **COOPER,** 100 Prince St.: Robert Grosvenor, David Diao, Joel Fisher, and George Kuehn; through May 5. (Closed Mondays.). . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Sculptures and paintings by gallery artists; through Saturday, April 24. (Closed Mondays.). . . **DANENBERG,** 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: American paintings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and sculptures of the twentieth century; through Saturday, April 24. . . . **FEIGEN,** 141 Greene St., at Houston St.: Works by eight painters; through May 5. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **GALLERY OF ISRAELI ART,** 4 E. 54th St.: Naive art by thirteen Israelis; through May 9. (Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . **MARLBOROUGH,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by about sixty-five major artists of the twentieth century, among them Picasso, Lipchitz, Modigliani, Arp, and Kokoschka; through May 29. (Closed Mondays.). . . **ROSENBERG,** 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, and Degas (to name several); through May 28. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Sculptures from Greece and the Near East, Asia, Africa, Oceania, and pre-Columbian America; through May 22. (Closed Mon-

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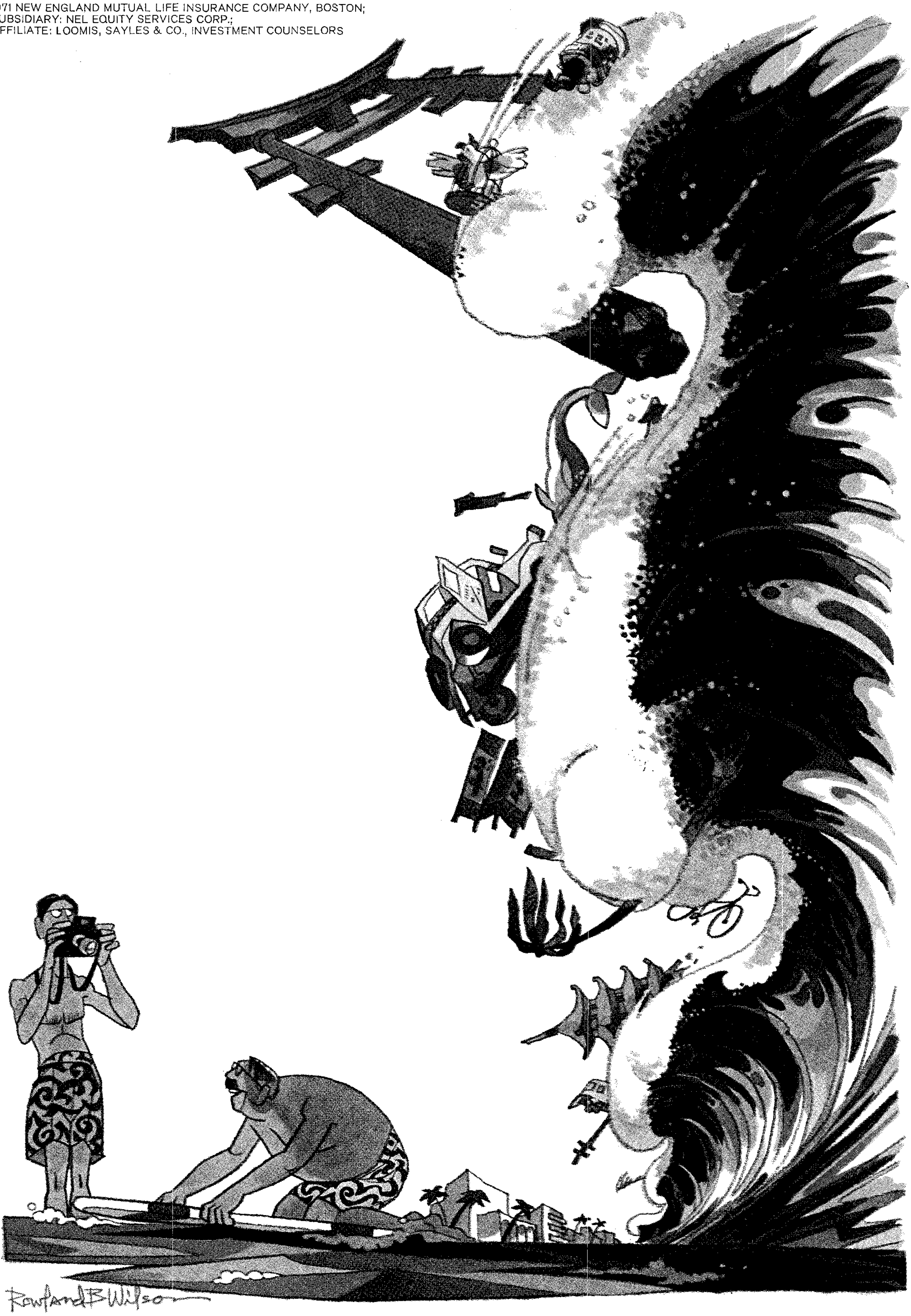

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days.) . . . **WILLARD,** 29 E. 72nd St.: Works by Americans, including Dickinson, Graves, Ryder, Tobey, and Ossorio; through Saturday, April 17.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—More than three hundred works covering the Cubist epoch (1906-21) by fifty-four artists of Europe and the United States; through June 7. . . . ¶ A major exhibit presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration. Entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries," it consists of nearly five-hundred oustanding works from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection. Through June 1. . . . ¶ Three hundred pieces—carvings, glass, jewelry, and weapons—dating from the second millennium B.C. to the seventh century A.D. and indicating cultural connections between Egypt, the ancient Near East, and Greece and Rome; through Friday, April 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Work from the past thirty years by Romare Bearden, a leading black artist, whose emphasis in the past decade has been on collage and photomontage; through June 7. . . . ¶ A retrospective of metal sculptures by Richard Hunt, black Chicago artist; through June 7. A complement to this showing will be his exhibition (starting Saturday) at the Dorsky Gallery, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St. . . . ¶ Models, photographs, and drawings for an imaginary ceremonial structure by Will Insley; through May 3. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures done prior to World War II by Duchamp, Matisse, and Picasso, whose gift, "Guitar," is included; through April 26. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About forty works done between 1953 and 1969 by Pol Bury, an inventive kinetic sculptor who features slow motion; starting Friday, April 16. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.) A complement to this showing will be his exhibit (starting Saturday) at the Lefebre Gallery, 47 E. 77th St.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Works by over fifty black artists from different parts of the United States, among them, if they don't drop out, Jacob Lawrence, Romare Bearden, Tom Lloyd, Thomas Sills; through May 16. . . . ¶ Thirty-nine paintings (by as many artists) done between 1950 and 1970 and organized around the idea that they are primarily structured by means of color. Among the artists are Albers, Hofmann, Newman, Noland, Poons, Reinhardt, Rothko, Stella, and Still. Through Sunday, April 18. . . . ¶ Twenty-five paintings and drawings by Romaine Brooks (1874-1970), an expatriate American known for her portraits; through May 9. . . . ¶ A first one-man exhibit of paintings and drawings by Malcolm Bailey, a young New York artist seen in exhibitions of black art; through Sunday, April 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibitions at the moment. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses a vast collection of sculptures, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Chinese gold, silver, and white porcelain figures, animals, inlaid boxes, jewelry, bowls, and vases done between the fourth century B.C. and 1600 A.D.; starting Thursday, April 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan exhibition of tapestries in silk and metal thread dating back to the seventh century; through May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—Ecclesiastical vestments dating from the twelfth century to the early sixteenth, along with sculptures, enamels, ivories, and paintings related to them; through July 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Forty-five paintings by Dutch, Flemish, British, and Italian artists of the fifteenth century through the eighteenth; through April 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of four hundred photographs by W. Eugene Smith; through May 9. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—Symbolic sculptural interpretations in different mediums of dramas and dramatic personae by Angela Conner; through July 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A cache of autographs, books, drawings, and manuscripts acquired during the last few years. Highlighted is the second part of the Hours of Catherine of Cleves with thirty-five transparencies. Through May 1. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Sculptures of Oceania from the Museum's permanent collection. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An assembly of nineteenth-century toys designed by George W. Brown, accompanied by reproductions of the watercolors from his sketchbook. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred and twenty works in a variety of modes by forty-four artists, most of them young, representing the "Swiss avant-garde;" through May 9. . . . ¶ A retrospective consisting of a hundred and fifty sculptures, prints, and drawings by Gerhard Marcks, German Expressionist, who taught at the Bauhaus; through May 30. . . . ¶ Fifty objects, works on paper, and photographic documentation of performances done by Alex Hay during the past ten years; starting Tuesday, April 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"City of Promise: Aspects of Jewish Life in New York, 1654-1970," an amalgam that includes photographs (a hundred of them portraits), ritual silver, and paintings. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Recent acquisitions that fatten the Library's Berg Collection—original manuscripts and letters of major English, Irish, and American writers. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Final performances of the season—Wednesday evening, April 14: "Madame Butterfly," with Pilar Lorengar, Mildred Miller, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 15: "La Bohème," with Jeannette Pilou, Judith DePaul, Franco Corelli, Mario Sereni, Giorgio Tozzi, and Gene Boucher. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 16: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Judith Blegen, Cesare Siepi, Stuart Burrows, Fernando Corena, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 17: "Madame Butterfly," with Pilar Lorengar, Mildred Miller, George Shirley, Frank Guarrera, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 17: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Colette Boky, Régine Crespin, Lucine Amara, Frederica von Stade, Nicolai Gedda, Gabriel Bacquier, and Andrea Velis. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, April 14, at 8:15: "Don Rodrigo," with Marianna Ciraulo, Deborah Kieffer, Salvador Novoa, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 15, at

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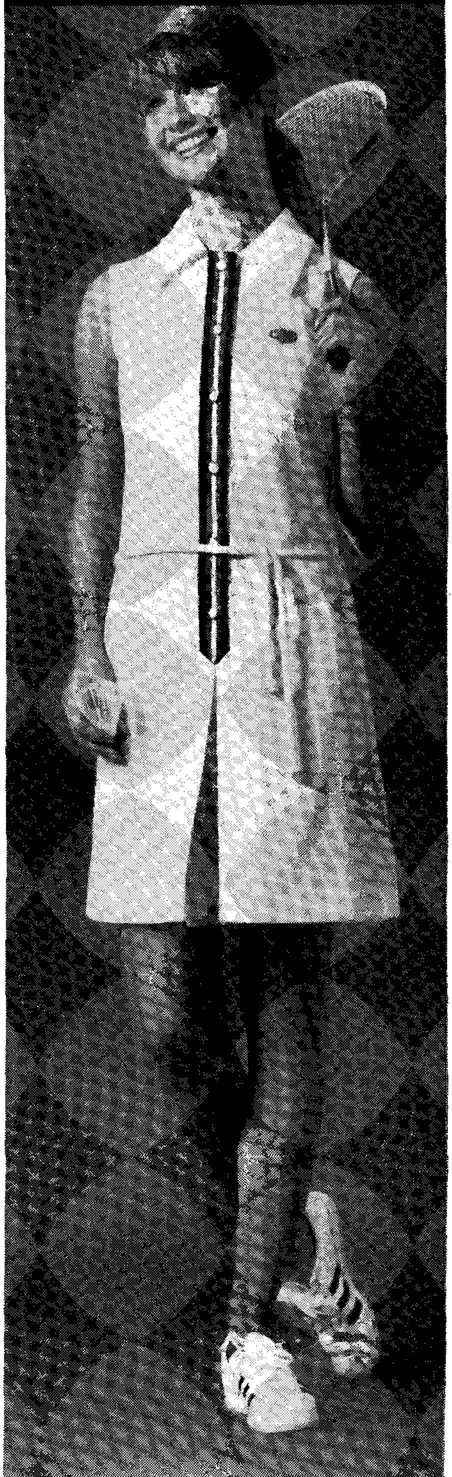

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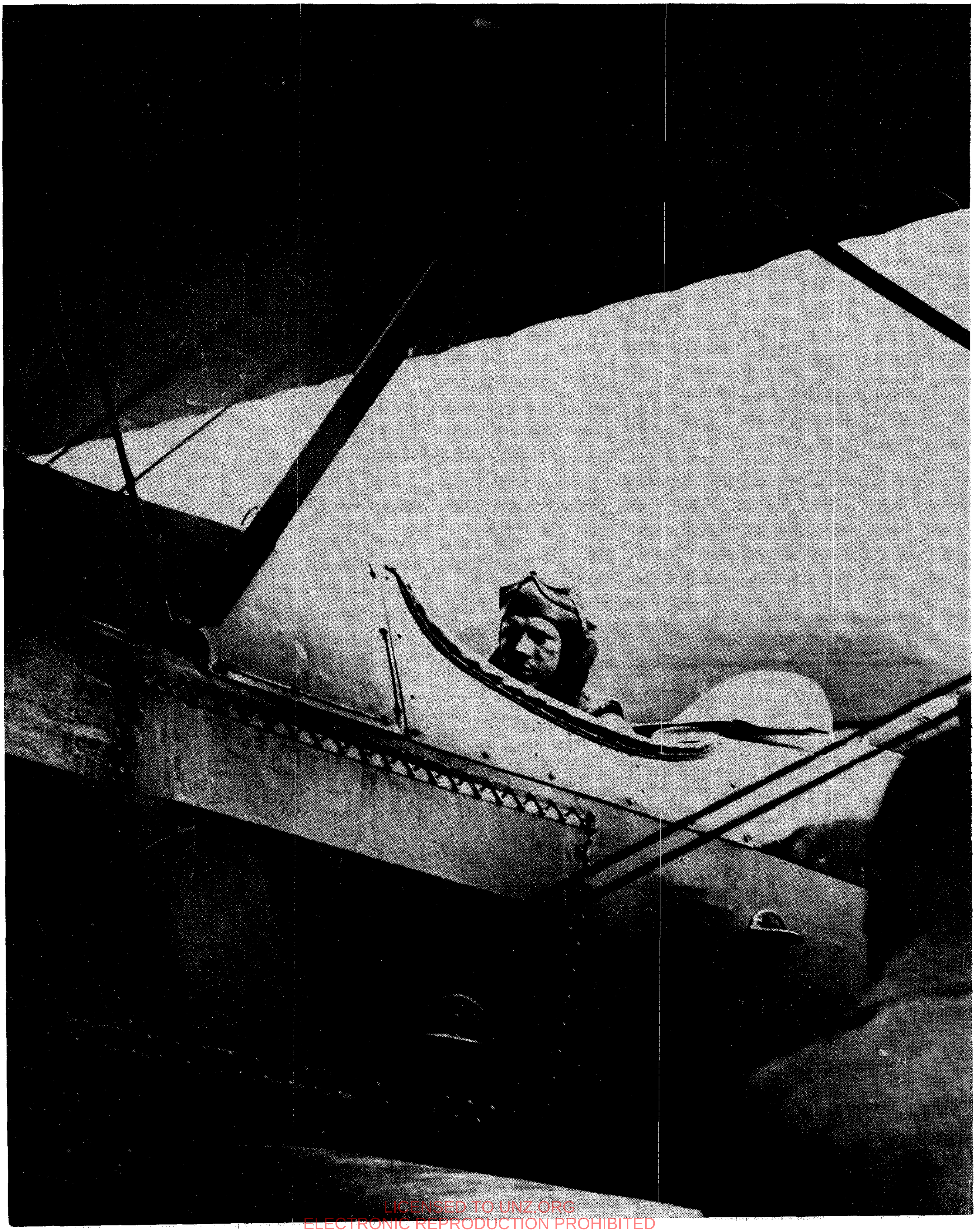
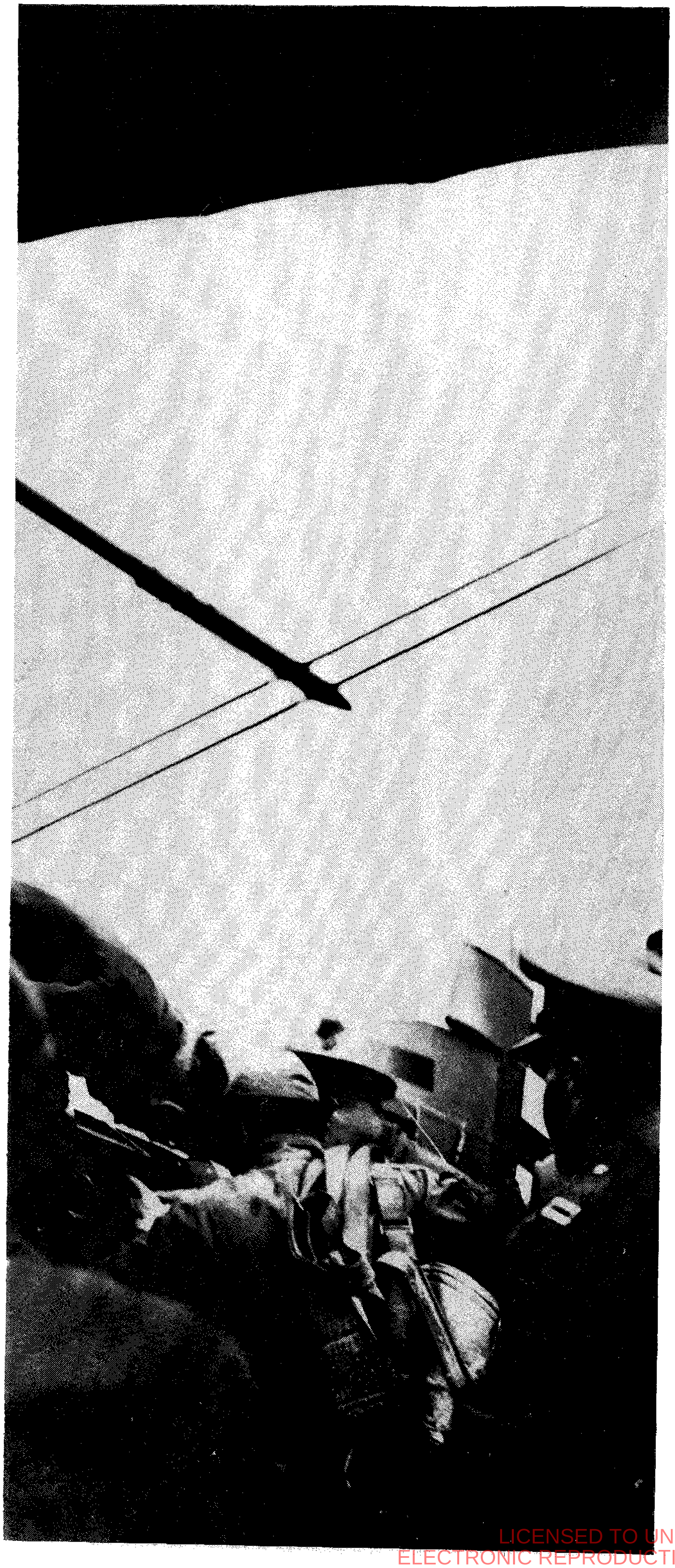


others don't.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Carmen Gonzalez, Sergio Di Amorim, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Friday, April 16, at 8:15: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Joyce Barker, Lili Chookasian, Michele Molese, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 2:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Jerry Jennings, Spiro Malas, and David Rae Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Deborah Kieffer, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 18, at 1:15: "The Turn of the Screw," with Maralin Niska, Ellen Faull, Gary Glaze, and Spencer Mason. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 18, at 7:15: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Joyce Barker, Muriel Greenspon, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 20, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Patricia Craig, Carol Neblett, Michele Molese, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 21, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Mary Cross Lueders, Carlos Montane, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 22, at 8:15: "Louise," with Johanna Meier, Muriel Greenspon, Harry Theyard, and Joseph Rouleau. . . . ¶ Friday, April 23, at 8:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English), with Louise Lebrun, Ruth Welting, Robert Johnson, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 24, at 2:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Mary Cross Leuders, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Seymour Schwartzman. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 24, at 8:15: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Lili Chookasian, Michele Molese, and Louis Quilico. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 25.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, April 15, at 8:30; Friday, April 16, at 2; Saturday, April 17, at 8:30; and Monday, April 19, at 7:30 (all with Heather Harper, soprano); and Thursday, April 22, at 8:30; Friday, April 23, at 2; Saturday, April 24, at 8:30; and Monday, April 26, at 7:30 (all with Judith Raskin, soprano; Josephine Veasey, mezzo-soprano; Gwendolyn Killebrew, contralto; Jerry Jennings, tenor; and Paul Jacobs, piano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy directing a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Evelyn Lear, soprano; Janet Baker, contralto; Richard Lewis, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, baritone; Theo Adam, bass; and the Singing City Choirs. The final concert of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, April 20, at 7:30.)

Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam—Bernard Haitink conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 21, at 8:30, no soloists; and Thursday, April 22, at 8:30, with Theo Bruins, piano.)

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—Gunther Schuller conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, April 22, at 8:30.)

Hartford Symphony Orchestra—Arthur Winograd directing a performance of Mahler's Eighth Symphony, with soloists and several choruses. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 23, at 8:30.)

M.I.T. Symphony Orchestra—David Epstein conducting, with John Buttrick, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 19, at 8:30.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra and Chorus—Newell Jenkins directing a program called "Composers at the Court of Cardinal Ottoboni," with Graziella Sciutti and Molly Stark, sopranos; Elaine Bonazzi and Bernadette Greevy, mezzo-sopranos; Michael Best, tenor; and Ara Berberian, bass. The final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 20, at 8.)

Contemporary Directions Ensemble—Sydney Hodkinson conducting this chamber orchestra from the University of Michigan. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, April 20, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Wind Symphony—David Simon conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, April 21, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Nicolas Flagello conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, April 23, at 8:30. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Stuttgart Bach Chorus and Orchestra—Helmuth Rilling directing the last two in a series of concerts, with soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 14, at 8:30, the B-Minor Mass; and Friday, April 16, at 8:30, "The St. John Passion.")

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing the second of two concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 18, at 3.)

Mannes Chorus—Harold Aks and Brigitte Levy directing. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Monday, April 19, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, April 23, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Birgit Finnila—Contralto. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, April 15, at 8:30.)

Amadeus String Quartet—The first two in a series of three all-Schubert programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, April 15, at 8:30, no guest artist; and Thursday, April 22, at 8:30, with Robert Sylvester, cello.)

Peter Serkin—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 16, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Charles Treger, violin; Pierre Fournier, cello; and John Browning, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 16, at 8:30, and Saturday, April 17, at 9.)

American Brass Quintet—With a chorus directed by Abraham Kaplan and William Fischer, in a benefit recital. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, April 17, at 8:30.)

George Malcolm—Harpsichord, in an all-Bach program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 17, at 8:30.)

Claude Frank—The seventh in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Sunday, April 18, at 2:15.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The second of two recitals presenting the Bartók cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 18, at 7:30.)

Beverly Sills—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 18, at 8:30.)

Gustav Leonhardt—Harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 22, at 8:30.)

Guarneri Quartet—The final concerts in two series. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 23, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 24, at 8:30.)

Carol Neblett—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 24, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Elliott Carter Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by David Smith, tenor; Ray DesRoches, timpani; Joel Sachs, piano; Cheryl Seltzer, harpsichord; the Bedford Madrigal Choir; and a chamber orchestra conducted by Arthur Bloom. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, April 21, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Mountain, Mylon, and T. Rex—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Wednesday and Thursday, April 14-15, at 8.

John Lee Hooker and Canned Heat—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 15, at 8.

College All-Star Band and Marian McPartland—Jazz Center, 57 W. 57th St. Friday, April 16, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.

John Mayall, Boz Scaggs, and Randall's Island—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, April 16-17, at 8 and 11:30.

Duke Ellington and His Orchestra—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 16, at 8:30.

Buddy Tate's Band—Carnegie Recital Hall. Fri-

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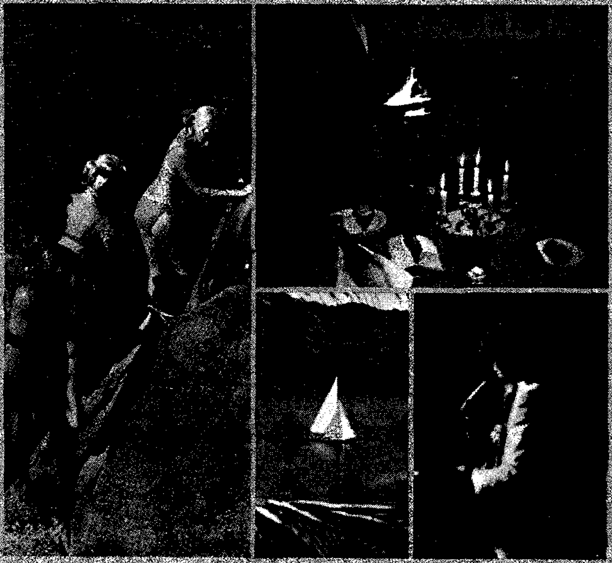

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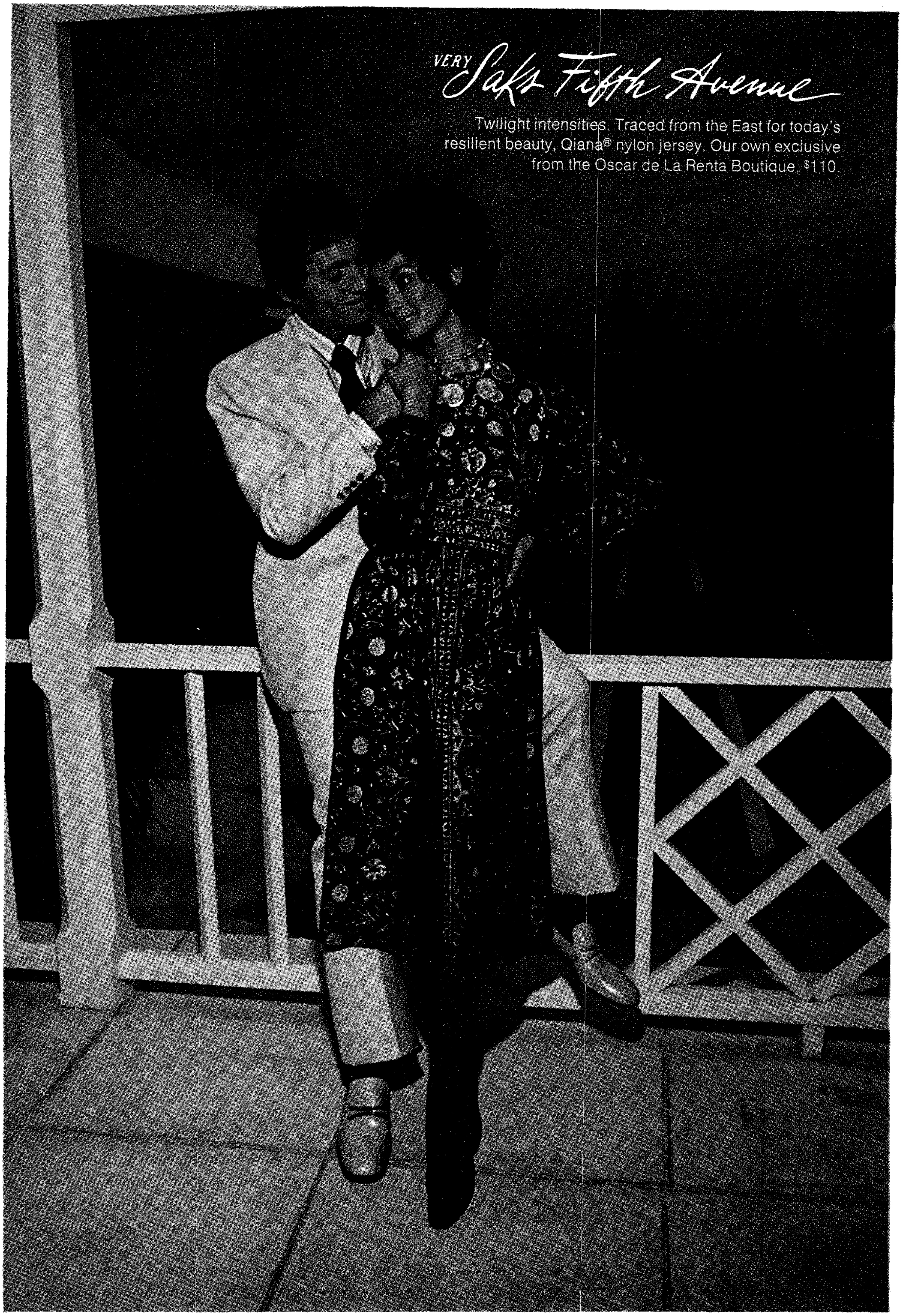
ACAPULCO, *Caleta, El Mirador, La Perla Nightclub, Malibu;* CABO SAN LUCAS, *Camino Real;* CHAPALA, *Camino Real;* CULIACAN, *Los Tres Rios Inn;* GUADALAJARA, *Camino Real;* JUAREZ, *Camino Real;* MAZATLAN, *Camino Real* (May 1971); MEXICO CITY, *Alameda, Camino Real, De Cortes, Francis, Majestic, Ritz, Senorial Nightclub;* MORELIA, *Virrey de Mendoza;* OAXACA, *Victoria;* PATZCUARO, *Posada de Don Vasco;* PUERTO VALLARTA, *Camino Real;* SALTILLO, *Camino Real;* TAMPICO, *Camino Real;* TAPACHULA, *Camino Real.*



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day, April 16, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Jazz Center. Sunday, April 18, at 6.

Phil Ochs—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 60th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 17, at 7 and 10.

Ten Years After and J. Geils Band—Fillmore East. Tuesday, April 20, at 8 and 11:30.

Maxine Sullivan—With the Jazz Adventures Trio. (Jazz Center. Wednesday, April 21, at noon.)

Procol Harum and Teegarden & Van Winkle—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—At **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. Detroit, Wednesday and Thursday, April 14-15, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 20-21, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, April 23, at 8, and Saturday, April 24, at 2. . . . **shea stadium**: Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, April 16, at 2:05; Saturday, April 17, at 2:15; and Sunday, April 18, at 1:05 (doubleheader).

Professional Basketball—National Basketball Association championship playoffs, Eastern Division: Knicks vs. Baltimore. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, April 16, at 7:30, and, if necessary, Monday, April 19, at 7:30.)

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Harlem River. Saturday, April 17.). . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, April 24.). . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 24.). . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Ithaca. Saturday, April 24.)

Fencing—Martini & Rossi Tournament—Friday, April 16, at 9 and 7:30: Men's individual foil. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 9 and 7:30: Women's individual foil and men's individual épée. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 18, at 9 and 5: Men's individual sabre. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 18, at 7: Men's three-weapon team. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup East Division quarter-final playoffs: Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, April 18, at 7:05, if necessary.)

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 24-25.)

Hunt Racing—Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 17.). . . ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 17.). . . ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 24.)

Racing—At **aqueduct**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 22. The Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 17; the Toboggan Handicap, Wednesday, April 21; and the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, April 24. . . . **garden state park**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Monday, April 19, at 1:45, from Saturday, April 17, through Monday, May 31. . . . **bowie**, Md.: Daily at 1:15; through Saturday, April 17. The Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, April 17.

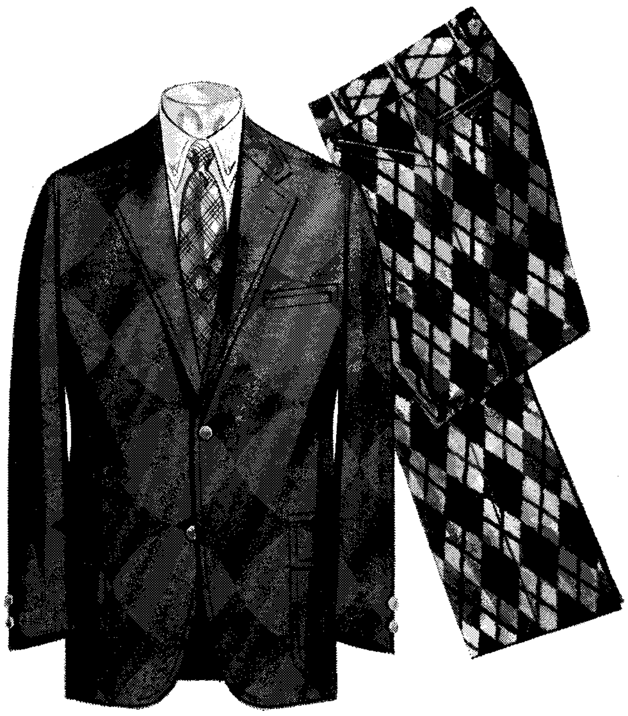
Track—Boston Marathon, starting in Hopkinton, Mass. (Monday, April 19.). . . ¶ Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 23-24.)

Trapshooting—Amateur Championships of America at Clay Targets, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Friday, April 16, at 10; Saturday, April 17, at 9:30; and Sunday, April 18, at 10.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 22. . . . **saratoga raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, April 15, through Saturday, Nov. 13.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **blue hill troupe**: A benefit performance, primarily for children, of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado." (Hunter Col-



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lege Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 17, at 2:30. For tickets, call 988-8904, from 1:30 to 5:30.) . . . **MASTER VIRTUOSI OF NEW YORK:** Gene Forrell conducting the final children's concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, April 24, at 2:30.)

BALLET—A performance by the Joffrey II Company. (Town Hall. 489-0120. Saturday, April 24, at 1.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "Winnie the Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, April 14, at 1 and 3:30, and Thursday and Friday, April 15-16, at 1.) . . . **SALVATORE GUIDA:** "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, April 17, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, April 18, and Saturday, April 24, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **KING'S PLAYERS:** "Rainbow Junction." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, April 15, and Saturday, April 17, at 2.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS:** "This Was America." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr., at 120th St. Saturday, April 17, and Saturday, April 24, at 1 and 3. For tickets, call 749-7000, Mondays through Fridays between 1 and 4.) . . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "Looice." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NEW YORK CHILDREN'S THEATRE CENTER:** "The Adventures of Buddy and Jim." (Town Hall. 489-0120. Wednesday, April 14, at noon; Thursday and Friday, April 15-16, at noon and 2:30; and Saturday, April 17, at noon.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "The Wizard of Oz," Wednesday, April 14, at 1. . . . ¶ "Tom Sawyer," Thursday, April 15, at 1. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Children under five not admitted.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Steering by the Stars." (Wednesday through Friday, April 14-16, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Thereafter, Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM STUDIO, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—Fifty paintings by children of Leningrad; through Sunday, May 9. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK:** A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include monkeys, deer, rabbits, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** In this minute menagerie, the little ones will find a bevy of small animals, among them lambs, piglets, and a calf. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Stanley Kunitz reading from his own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, April 19, at 8:30.)

LECTURE—"Civil Rights and the Seventies," by Dick Gregory. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, April 22, at 8.)

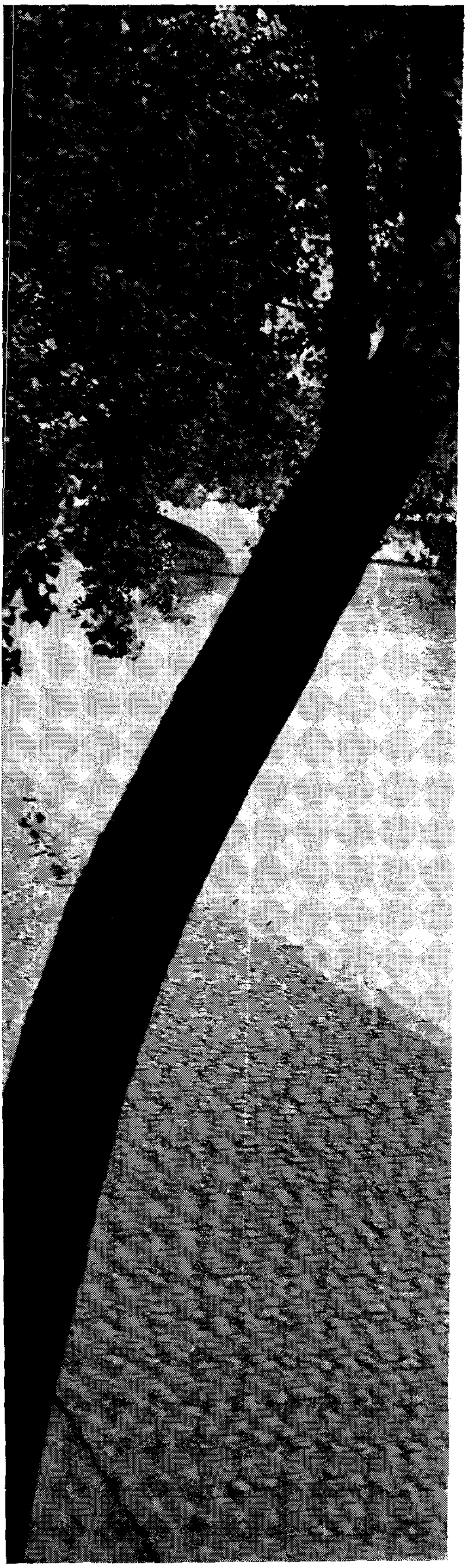
AMATEUR NEEDLEWORK OF TODAY—The seventeenth national benefit exhibition will contain handbags, rugs, pictures, chair covers, ecclesiastical pieces, and other items, in needlepoint and crewelwork. Also on display will be Mrs. David Eisenhower's crewel embroidery of the Presidential Seal and original designs by Mollie Parnis, Jacques Tiffeau, Oscar de la Renta, and other professionals in creative fields. (The Lighthouse, 111 E. 59th St. Tuesday, April 20, through Wednesday, April 28. Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evening until 7:30.)

NEW YORK FLEA MARKET—An outdoor antiques show, with exhibits by a hundred dealers. (Sixth Ave. at 25th St. Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, April 15, at 2: English, Continental, and American silver; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Friday, April 16, at 2: Chinese works of art, from the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum and from other sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 21, at 2: Old-master and English paintings, from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, April 16.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd. (956-7078)—April 14 at 2 and 5:30: "A Tale of Two Cities" (1917), directed by Frank Lloyd, with William Farnum. . . . ¶ April 15 at 2 and 5:30: "Surrender" (1931), directed by William K. Howard, with Warner Baxter. . . . ¶ April 15 at 8: "A Woman's Testament" (1960), in Japanese, directed by Yasuzo Masumura, Kon Ichikawa, and Kimizaburo Yoshimura. . . . ¶ April 16 at 2 and 5:30: "Sherlock Holmes" (1932), directed by William K. Howard, with Clive Brook. . . . ¶ April 17 at 11:30: "The Treasure of Arne" (1919), a Swedish film, directed by Mauritz Stiller. . . . ¶ April 17 at 3 and 5:30: "Just Tony" (1922), directed by Lynn Reynolds, with Tom Mix. . . . ¶ April 18 at 2 and 5:30: "The Yellow Ticket" (1931), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Elissa Landi, Laurence Olivier, and Lionel Barrymore. . . . ¶ April 19 at 12:30: "Four Sons" (1928), directed by John Ford, with Margaret Mann and James Hall. . . . ¶ April 19 at 6 and April 20 at 2: "Fall of the Romanov Dynasty" (1925), a Russian film, compiled and edited by Esther Shub; no English titles. . . . ¶ April 20 at 5:30: "Ruby" (1970), directed by Richard Bartlett, with Ruth Hurd and Danny Kosow. . . . ¶ April 21 at 2 and 5:30: "Call Her Savage" (1932), directed by John Francis Dillon, with Clara Bow and Gilbert Roland. . . . ¶ April 22 at 2: "Liliom" (1934), in French, directed by Fritz Lang, with Charles Boyer; no English titles. . . . ¶ April 22 at 5:30: "Four Sons" (1928), directed by John Ford, with Margaret Mann and James Hall. . . . ¶ April 22 at 8: "Interim" (1952) and "Eyes" (1970), directed by Stan Brakhage. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through April 18: "Diamonds of the Night" (1964), a Czech film, directed by Jan Němec. . . . ¶ Starting April 21: "Transport from Paradise" (1962), a Czech film, directed by Zbyněk Brynych. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . ¶ "The film as art" is the announced *raison d'être* of the **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly. . . . ¶ At the **WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Friday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

NOTE—During Earth Week, Monday through Friday, April 19-23, Madison Avenue between 42nd and 57th Streets will be closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall every afternoon from noon to two. Additionally, on Tuesday evenings, from seven to ten, the avenue is also open as a pedestrian mall between 61st and 72nd Streets; most shops and art galleries remain open during this period.



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First sailing from New York on May 5, returns May 19. After that, the ship leaves New York every other week.

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The S.S. France is of French registry.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Trash."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Wild Child" and "The Passion of Anna."

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through April 20: "Midnight Cowboy" and "Stolen Kisses."
From April 21: "This Man Must Die" and "Friends and Lovers."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Cold Turkey."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Where's Poppa?" and "The Landlord."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through April 21: "And Soon the Darkness."
From April 22: "Derby."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Confession."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Little Big Man."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Mad Dogs and Englishmen."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through April 17: "Bed and Board."
From April 18: "Summer of '42."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Taking Off."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"A Severed Head."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Making It."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through April 20: "The Beguiled."
From April 21: "The House That Dripped Blood."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Celebration at Big Sur."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Andromeda Strain."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Gimme Shelter."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Little Murders."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Claire's Knee."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Love Story."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"There's a Girl in My Soup" and "The Statue."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through April 15: "Women in Love."
From April 16: "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" and "Tristana."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through April 21: "B. S. I Love You."
From April 22: "Derby."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Priest's Wife."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 20: "The Mephisto Waltz."
From April 21: "Fools" and "Lovers and Other Strangers."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 18: "Relations."
From April 19: "My Secret Life."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through April 20: "Flight of the Doves."
From April 21: To be announced.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Valdez Is Coming."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
April 14: Theatre closed.
From April 15: "Johnny Minotaur."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 15: "My Fair Lady."
From April 16: "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" and "Tristana."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
April 14: "Grand Hotel" and "Anna Christie."
April 15-17: "Anna Karenina" and "Camille."
April 18-19: "Mata Hari" and "Ninotchka."
April 20: "The Cincinnati Kid" and "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!"
April 21: "Soldier in the Rain" and "Bachelor Flat."
April 22: "The Private Lives of Adam & Eve" and "Sex Kittens Go to College."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Ramparts of Clay."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Priest's Wife."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through April 20: Buster Keaton festival.
From April 21: Harry Langdon festival.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through April 15: "The Last Valley."
From April 16: "Airport."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Waterloo."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6760)
April 14: "The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan" and "Sanjuro."
April 15-17: "Samurai Banners."
April 18-22: "Chushingura."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Lawrence of Arabia."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Shinbone Alley."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"A New Leaf."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ryan's Daughter."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through April 15: "Husbands."
From April 16: "Five Easy Pieces" and "I Never Sang for My Father."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through April 21: "Melody."
From April 22: "Derby."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Conformist."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Margo."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"My Night at Maud's."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Friends."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Little Big Man."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through April 20: "Cold Turkey."
From April 21: "The Music Lovers" and "Women in Love."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through April 20: "The Wild Child" and "The Passion of Anna."
From April 21: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through April 15: "2001: A Space Odyssey."
From April 16: "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" and "Tristana."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 21: "Right On!" and "Burn!"
From April 22: "The Seven Samurai" and "Night and Fog."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 20: "Midnight Cowboy" and "In the Heat of the Night."
From April 21: "The Lion in Winter" and "The Loves of Isadora."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through April 15: "The Young and the Damned" and "This Strange Passion."
April 16-18: "Purple Noon" and "Diabolique."
April 19-20: "The Killers" and "The Public Enemy."
April 21-22: "The Petrified Forest" and "The Mask of Dimitrios."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"The Priest's Wife."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Airport (1970)—Based on the Arthur Hailey novel, with Burt Lancaster and Dean Martin, directed by George Seaton. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting April 16.)

The Andromeda Strain—Biological invasion from outer space. The rapidly expanding green muck is not unlike the various slimy menaces in the unpretentious sci-fi thrillers of the fifties, but Robert Wise, who made this expensive version of the Michael Crichton novel, has chosen a fanatically realistic documentary style and has failed to solve the dramatic problems in the original story. The suspense is strong, but it isn't a very pleasurable kind of suspense; the movie lacks humor. (Cinema I.)

And Soon the Darkness—A suspense-thriller, with Pamela Franklin, directed by Robert Fuest. (Murray Hill; through April 21.)

Anna Christie (1930)—One waits for an eternity for Garbo to show up and utter her first talking-picture line—"Give me a whiskey, ginger ale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby." This is not one of Eugene O'Neill's best plays, and dat-ole-davil-sea stuff is pretty hard to take in this version, directed by Clarence Brown. The cast includes Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion. (8th St. Playhouse; April 14.)

Anna Karenina (1935)—Greta Garbo is Anna in this version, directed by Clarence Brown from a screenplay that S. N. Behrman, Clemence Dane, and Salka Viertel all worked on. The picture is more M-G-M than Tolstoy; the cast includes Fredric March as Vronsky and Basil Rathbone as Karenin, and also Maureen O'Sullivan, Constance Collier, May Robson, Mischa Auer, and Freddie Bartholomew. God knows it isn't good, and Garbo isn't even at her best, but she's there to be gazed upon. (8th St. Playhouse; April 15-17.)

Bachelor Flat (1962)—With Tuesday Weld, Terry-Thomas, Richard Beymer, and Celeste Holm, directed by Frank Tashlin. Actually, the film is part of a Tuesday Weld Festival (that's right). Other entries are listed below. (8th St. Playhouse; April 21.)

Bed and Board—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "endearing." In French. (Fine Arts; through April 17.)

The Beguiled—Clint Eastwood in a Civil War story as a wounded Union soldier recuperating in a school for Southern belles run by Geraldine Page. A peculiar sort of late-Gothic picture, and pretty misogynistic, but the performances are O.K. With Elizabeth Hartman and Mae Mercer. Directed by Don Siegel. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas; through April 20.)

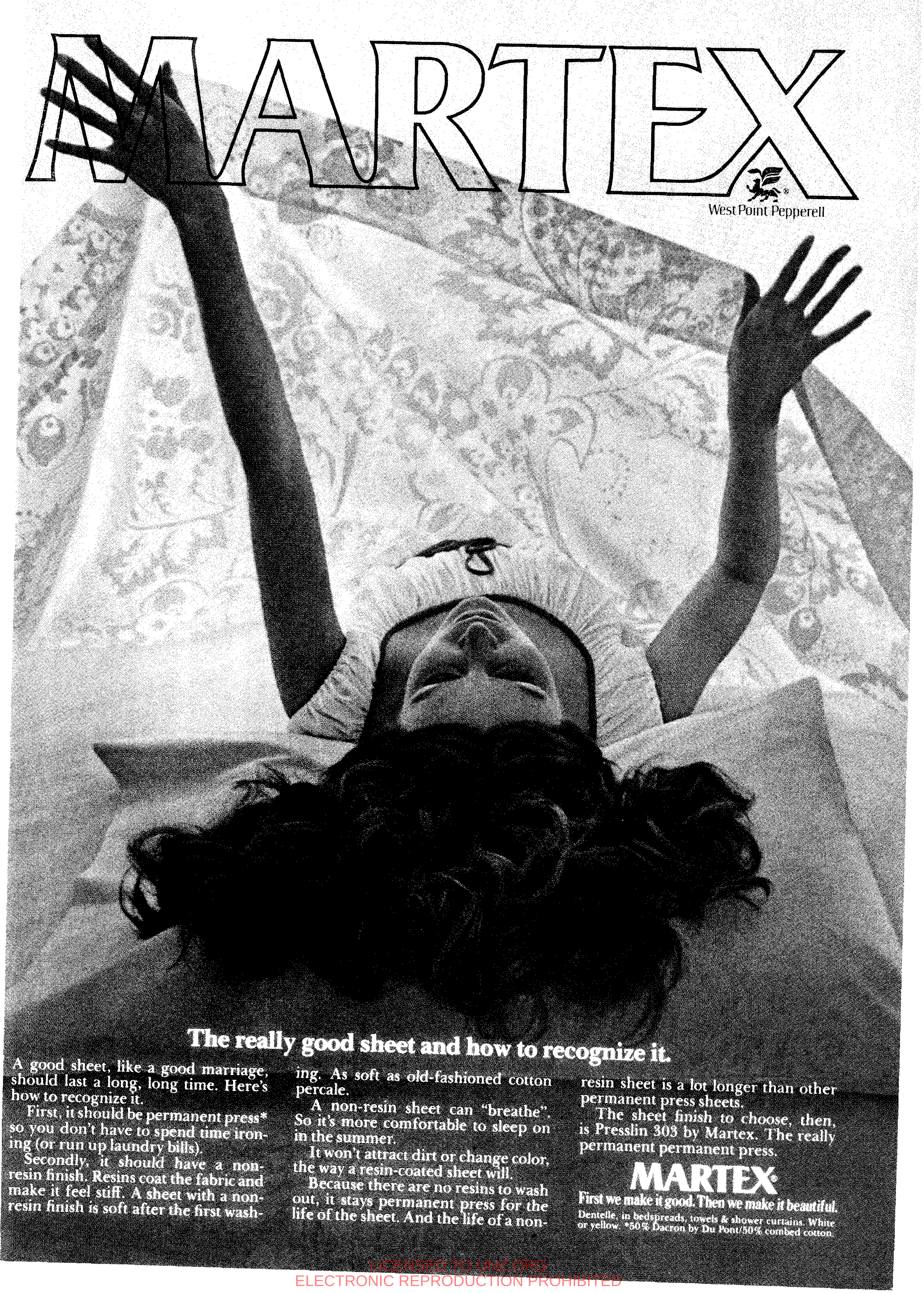
B. S. I Love You—Rather jaunty form of a modern comic morality about Madison Avenue hangups. Mixture of the blithe and the depressingly knowing; whether one should go depends on how strongly one reacts against flashes of smart-aleckry. With Peter Kastner and JoAnna Cameron, directed by Steven Hillard Stern. (Juliet 2; through April 21.)

Burn!—Gillo Pontecorvo's passionate, controversial epic about a slave uprising on a Caribbean island, told from a neo-Marxist, Frantz Fanonian point of view. Marlon Brando plays a British *agent provocateur*, who personifies colonial manipulative policies as well as, by implication, the American involvement in Vietnam. (New Yorker; through April 21.)

Camille (1937)—There may be too much stuffed furniture, but under George Cukor's direction Greta Garbo gives a warm and generous performance that is possibly her finest. (8th St. Playhouse; April 15-17.)

Celebration at Big Sur—Joan Baez, Joni Mitchell, and a load of others at the 1969 Big Sur Folk Festival at the Esalen Institute. One feels like a fly caught in the works of a hi-fi set, and has about as much mind, but the scene and the mood are pacifying. (Ciné Malibu.)

Chushingura (1966)—The eighteenth-century Japanese epic, told with great beauty and at



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

great length (three-and-a-half-hours). With Toshiro Mifune. Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; April 18-22.)

The Cincinnati Kid (1965)—From the Richard Jessup novel, with Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson, Ann-Margret, Karl Malden, and Tuesday Weld, directed by Norman Jewison. (8th St. Playhouse; April 20.)

Claire's Knee—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman-novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Cold Turkey—There is some satire on the media in this farce about a town that tries to give up smoking for a month. With Dick Van Dyke, Pippa Scott, Tom Poston, Bob and Ray, and Bob Newhart. Directed by Norman Lear. (Gramercy. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through April 20.)

The Confession—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (34th St. East.)

The Conformist—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger-woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

Derby—"Derby" in this case means Roller Derby. A documentary, directed by Robert Kaylor. (Murray Hill, Juliet 2, and Cinema 57 Rendezvous; starting April 22.)

Diabolique (1955)—Henri-Georges Clouzot's grisly horror thriller set in a provincial school. The headmaster (Paul Meurisse), his wife (Vera Clouzot), and his mistress (Simone Signoret) work together and at cross-purposes to reduce their number by a third. Scary, but so calculatedly sensational that it's rather revolting. In French. (Thalia; April 16-18.)

Five Easy Pieces—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (Festival; starting April 16.)

Flight of the Doves—About two children pursued by a rotten stepfather across Irish country. Fine as long as you're in the company of small kids. With Ron Moody and Jack Wild, directed by Ralph Nelson. (Loew's Ciné; through April 20.)

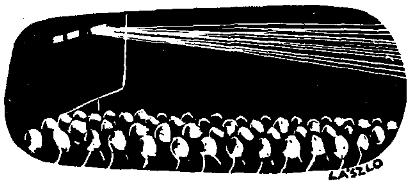
Fools—It's one thing to lose your heart in San Francisco; it's another to lose your mind there. Jason Robards and Katharine Ross, directed by Tom Gries. Beware. (U. A. East; starting April 21.)

Friends—Daft idyll of a youth-worshipping time. It's about a middle-teen-aged couple on the loose in France who have a baby without a doctor or midwife. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Paris.)

Friends and Lovers (1969)—With Anne Linden and Mary Kahn, directed by Harvey Cort. (Charles; starting April 21.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Cinema II.)

Grand Hotel (1932)—Vicki Baum's concepts of character and fate are excruciating, but Greta Garbo strides about in a chinchilla polo coat and sets the movie vibrating with her first line—"I have never been so tired in my life." She plays a weary, disillusioned woman briefly reconciled to life by a passion for a shady nobleman—John Barrymore. She was only twenty-six when she played the role (Barrymore was fifty), but the fatigue and despair seem genuine. The movie is probably the best example of a certain kind of partly asinine, partly marvellous glamour that has vanished from new movies. With Joan Crawford, a startlingly sexy minx who barely resembles the current Crawford. Edmund Goulding directed. (8th St. Playhouse; April 14.)



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The House That Dripped Blood—Five stories of the supernatural that take place in the house. All directed by Peter Duffel. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas; starting April 21.)

Husbands—Three actors (John Cassavetes, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara) playing three suburban husbands in a semi-improvised movie directed by Cassavetes. The actors have occasional intense and affecting moments, going through emotions that they set off in each other, but Cassavetes is the sort of man who is dedicated to stripping people of their pretenses and laying bare their souls. Inevitably, the results are agonizingly banal. (Festival; through April 15.)

I Never Sang for My Father—Bargain-basement dramaturgy is used to surprisingly powerful effect in this account of a middle-aged man's unresolved relationship with his father. Gene Hackman and Melvyn Douglas perform unsentimentally and intelligently. Gil Cates directed, from Robert Anderson's script. (Festival; starting April 16.)

In the Heat of the Night (1967)—A comedy-thriller with Sidney Poitier as a quick-witted police officer from the North and Rod Steiger as a blundering Southern chief of police. Fast and enjoyable, with lively, atmospheric cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Directed by Norman Jewison. (Symphony; through April 20.)

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. In Italian. (Juliet 1, Waverly, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting April 16.)

Johnny Minotaur—Directed by Charles Henri Ford. (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting April 15.)

Buster Keaton Festival—A rare collection of silent features, each accompanied by two shorts. April 14: "College." April 15: "Steamboat Bill, Jr." April 16: "Our Hospitality." April 17: "Sherlock, Jr." April 18: "The Navigator." April 19: "The General." April 20: "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (Elgin.)

The Killers (1964)—With Lee Marvin and Angie Dickinson, directed by Don Siegel. (Thalia; April 19-20.)

The Landlord—Fair-to-middling story about Manhattan real estate and racism. A rich white (Beau Bridges), ridden by a wildly overdrawn boozing mother (Lee Grant), buys a tenement to learn what it's like to be poor. With Pearl Bailey. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Kips Bay.)

Harry Langdon Festival—April 21: "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum" and "Soldier Man." April 22: "Three's a Crowd," "Boobs in the Woods" and "Hooks and Jabs." (Elgin.)

The Last Valley—Michael Caine as an intelligent man of action in a large-scale historical adventure story set in Germany during the Thirty Years War. He leads his band of brutal mercenaries into a hidden valley; it's as if the men from Kurosawa's "The Seven Samurai" had discovered Shangri-La. The director, James Clavell, is a good storyteller, and the film has a core of feeling. With Omar Sharif. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through April 15.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Though it fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, it is perhaps the most literate and tasteful and exciting of the modern expensive spectacles. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn. David Lean directed. Written by Robert Bolt. (Rivoli.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole, Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Symphony; starting April 21.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Sutton and Paramount.)

Little Murders—Jules Feiffer's wisp of a satirical comedy about living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould plays another of the new catatonic heroes. (Beekman.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—A comedy directed by Cy Howard, with a rackingly good cast for such tripe (Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Robert Dishy, and Richard Castellano). It seems that a good five or seven sketches have been hustled into one. Congreve's wit has declined now into ethnic cracks and complaints about brand names, and the sound of sheets rustling over huffy bodies fills the air. Written by Joseph Bologna and his wife, Renée Taylor. (U. A. East; starting April 21.)

The Loves of Isadora (1969)—Karel Reisz directed this study of the life and character of the great Isadora Duncan, danced and acted by Vanessa Redgrave. (Symphony; starting April 21.)

Love Story—The weeper. (Tower East.)

Mad Dogs and Englishmen—Directed by Pierre Adidge. Noisy but jolly film about the American tour of Joe Cocker, the English rock star, accompanied by hordes of family, friends, and a dog. Lots of split-screen stuff and some amiable *cinéma vérité* of the dog eating plane food. (Trans-Lux East.)

Making It—John Erman's film about a lad making heavy weather of being an Odysseus on a seventeen-year-old's sexual quest. The film comes from a novel called "What Can You Do?;" what you can do is not go. (Coronet.)

Margo—An Israeli film, directed by Menahem Golan. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

The Mask of Dimitrios (1944)—Modest little "international" thriller from an Eric Ambler story. With Zachary Scott, and Peter Lorre as—surprise—the good guy. (Thalia; April 21-22.)

Mata Hari (1932)—George Fitzmaurice directs Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore. A fairly lousy script, but Garbo can redeem lousiness; she makes a scene with the blinded Novarro ("Here are your eyes," she says, touching her own) seem a terrific moment in romantic cinema. (8th St. Playhouse; April 18-19.)

Melody—Waris Hussein directs Jack Wild (the Artful Dodger in "Oliver") and Mark Lester (who *was* Oliver) in an icky but perfectly agreeable English story to take children to. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous; through April 21.)

The Mephisto Waltz—With Alan Alda and Jacqueline Bisset, directed by Paul Wendkos. (U. A. East; through April 20.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Charles and Symphony; through April 20.)

The Music Lovers—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of porno-biography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. (Cinema Studio; starting April 21.)

My Fair Lady (1964)—The Lerner and Loewe musical staggers along in this large production, directed by George Cukor and designed by Cecil Beaton. Audrey Hepburn is an affecting Eliza, though she is totally unconvincing as a guttersnipe, and is made to sing with that dreadfully impersonal Marni Nixon voice that has issued from so many other screen stars. Perhaps Rex Harrison played Higgins once too often. (Waverly; through April 15.)

My Night at Maud's—Eric Rohmer's marvellous film about four people in Clermont-Ferrand—a drolly solemn engineer (Jean-Louis Trintignant), a Marxist professor, a quizzical beauty qualified as a doctor who wraps herself naked in a white fur rug and

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listens to the engineer discussing Pascal half the night, and a blonde whom he knows he's going to marry. The film has some of the qualities of a great short story by de Maupassant. In French. (Lincoln Art.)

My Secret Life—Based on the book of the same name about Victorian sexual mores. With Jack Woods and Leon Jervis, directed by Leland R. Thomas. (Orpheum; starting April 19.)

A New Leaf—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau?*) who must marry a fortune in six weeks, and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Music Hall.)

Night and Fog (1955)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (New Yorker; starting April 22.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo in Lubitsch's comedy—the one famous for her laughing for the first time, though it should be even more famous for the way her innate eloquence pierces the Lubitsch kitsch. She is a Russian on the run—to flee a country, or to look for a love, which she somehow manages to make seem everyone's condition. Garbo is implicitly omniscient as no other actress ever seems to have been—the world's parent. (8th St. Playhouse; April 18-19.)

The Passion of Anna—Bergman's superb film, his second in color, about four people living on an island. The human detail is highly charged and rather shattering, but the attentiveness and talent of the filmmaker is altogether reviving. Great ensemble playing by Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Erland Josephson. In Swedish. (Cinema Village. . . . ¶ Regency; through April 20.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—Archie Mayo turned Robert Sherwood's famous play into this pretty good movie about the ironic ascendancy of a strongly physical man in a society of sophisticates. An escaped gangster, played by Humphrey Bogart, holds Leslie Howard and Bette Davis hostage at a roadside restaurant in Arizona. Bogart is at his best, the irresistible type of the sardonic bandit. (Thalia; April 21-22.)

The Priest's Wife—Sophia Loren as a pop singer, and Marcello Mastroianni as a priest. Dino Risi directed. Probably no one wanted it to turn out the way it did. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Midtown.)

The Private Lives of Adam & Eve (1960)—With Tuesday Weld, Mickey Rooney, Mamie Van Doren, Fay Spain, Mel Tormé, and Marty Milner, directed by Albert Zugsmith and Mickey Rooney. (8th St. Playhouse; April 22.)

The Public Enemy (1931)—William Wellman's gangster classic, with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, and Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke as the girl who gets the grapefruit shoved in her "kisser." A good picture, even if the theme music *is* "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." (Thalia; April 19-20.)

Purple Noon (1961)—Maurice Ronet and Alain Delon as decadent Americans loafing in Italy—Ronet rich and vicious, Delon poor, amoral, and murderous. The director, René Clément, keeps this thriller (taken from Patricia Highsmith's "The Talented Mr. Ripley") in the sun-drenched-holiday style of travel posters, with homosexual hatred and envy festering. With Marie Laforêt as the shared girl friend. Cinematography by Henri Decaë. In French. (Thalia; April 16-18.)

Rally Round the Flag, Boys! (1958)—From the Max Shulman novel, with Tuesday Weld, Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman, Joan Collins, Jack Carson, and Dwayne Hickman, directed by Leo McCarey. (8th St. Playhouse; April 20.)

Ramparts of Clay—Jean-Louis Bertuccelli directed this quietly impressive study of a strike in a Tunisian village on the edge of the Sahara and the way it radicalizes a young illiterate girl. Adapted from Jean Duvignaud's book "Change at Shebika." Shot in Algeria. In Berber. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Relations—A Danish film, based on a novel by Johannes Allen and directed by Hans Abramson. (Orpheum; through April 18.)

Right On!—Dangerous-natured, funny, agile film about three black poets—poets of revolution and infectious, lazy sarcasm. They incant on a roof in Harlem, accompanied by drums; the sunshine burns and wanes, the film is stirring and chilling. (New Yorker; through April 21.)

Ryan's Daughter—"Ecstasy" blown up to the proportions of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." (Ziegfeld.)

Samurai Banners—Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; April 15-17.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; April 14.)

The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan—With Tatsuya Nakadai and Suisen Ichikawa, directed by Masahiro Shinoda. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; April 14.)

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. The full three-and-a-half-hour version. In Japanese. (New Yorker; starting April 22.)

A Severed Head—Dick Clement directs an affected English sex-comedy from the nineteen-sixties novel by Iris Murdoch. The film's deep-breathing preciousness about sex—an Oxford anthropologist haughtily in love with her half brother sits at a posh dinner table and cuts into things with a samurai sword, implying a load of dopey metaphor and not much humor—is nearly matched by its preciousness about claret. Good actors, including Richard Attenborough, Ian Holm, and Claire Bloom, intelligently battle to turn the comedy into farce. (Baronet.)

Sex Kittens Go to College (1960)—With Tuesday Weld and Mamie Van Doren, directed by Albert Zugsmith. (8th St. Playhouse; April 22.)

Shinbone Alley—Cartoon musical of Don Marquis's famous stories about archy, the poet transmigrated into a cockroach who jumps on the keys of a typewriter but can't manage capital letters, and mehitabel, the alley cat he is in love with. Eddie Bracken sings the bug; Carol Channing's voice and high-Broadway style turn the old mehitabel into a wambling, unread glamour puss with her eyes fixed on making it overnight—the sort of brilliant primitive who belongs to the myths of show biz. The drawings are conventional and the music is undistinguished; not much here for children, either. (Guild.)

Soldier in the Rain (1963)—With Tuesday Weld, Jackie Gleason, and Steve McQueen, directed by Ralph Nelson from the William Goldman novel. (8th St. Playhouse; April 21.)

The Statue—With David Niven and Virna Lisi, directed by Rod Amateau. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Charles; through April 20.)

Summer of '42—With Jennifer O'Neill and Gary Grimes, directed by Robert Mulligan. (Fine Arts; starting April 18.)

Taking Off—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball," works for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding both sides in the generation war old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (Plaza.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—A would-be scintillating comedy about a girl who can't decide between a dapper older man and a young hippie—the sort of thing that requires the audience to be enchanted by an elfin kook. Goldie Hawn bats her goldfish eyes, but she seems to have a hook in her mouth; Peter Sellers struggles manfully, trying to find her irresistible. Mechanically directed by Roy Boulting. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

This Man Must Die—Claude Chabrol's technique sags in this attenuated suspense story about a father's quest for the person who killed his son in a hit-and-run accident. In French. (Charles; starting April 21.)

This Strange Passion ("EL;" 1955)—A careless, cheaply made variation on the theme of jealousy, but written and directed by Luis Buñuel, and full of bizarre jokes about the Spanish male's obsession with female chastity. Arturo de Cordova is the mad Othello who takes needle and thread to his wife. In Spanish. (Thalia; through April 15.)

Trash—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (Art.)

Tristana—Made by a master now at the easy height of his powers. Buñuel's story is about possessiveness: a bearded, dandyish guardian played by Fernando Rey is dankly in love with his ward (Catherine Deneuve), whom he tries to keep caged but who gradually gains the power in the combat. In Spanish. (Juliet 1, Waverly, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting April 16.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. (Embassy 72nd St.; through April 15.)

Valdez Is Coming—Bullishly sentimental Western, with Burt Lancaster as a Mexican-American part-time constable speaking up by instinct for all the right things. Directed by Edwin Sherin. (86th St. East.)

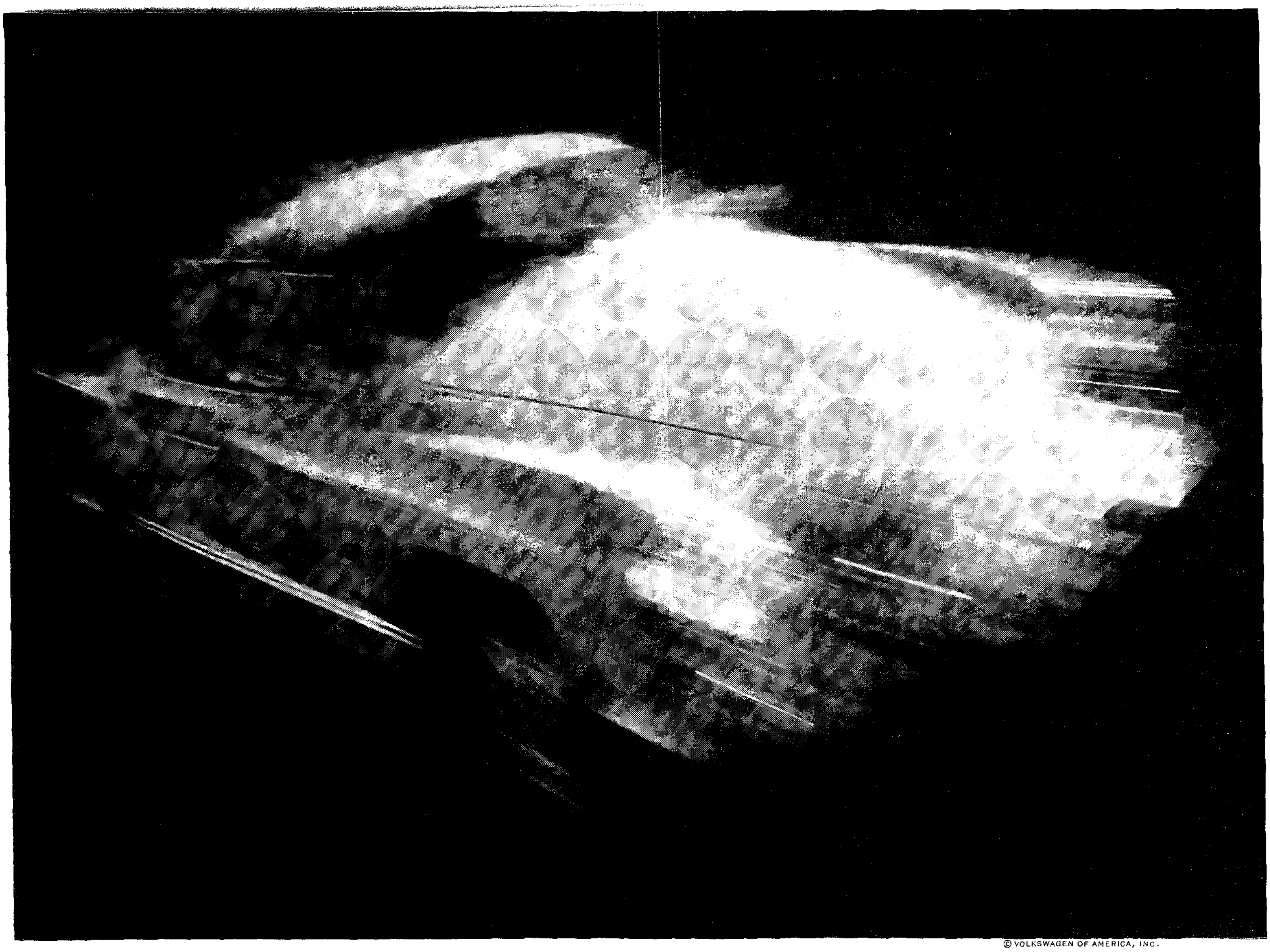
Waterloo—Sergei Bondarchuk, who directed the Russian "War and Peace," makes an Italian-Russian version of the following battle in Napoleon's history. Napoleon (Rod Steiger) comes back from Elba to resume the fight almost with the motives of the Marschallin in "Der Rosenkavalier"—as though he were urged and saddened by intimations of middle age. Christopher Plummer is Wellington, in an Anglophobe and rather unconvincing version that serves mostly to make the point that the Prussian von Blücher really won the war. O.K. as spectacle, except that the topography of the battle isn't much fun to follow. (Criterion.)

Where's Poppa?—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose of his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't really work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (Kips Bay.)

The Wild Child—A late-eighteenth-century doctor named Jean Itard (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The understanding between the two of them is wary and delicate. The child makes his entrance loping, on all fours, and Itard is a highly sophisticated, clever, decorous man; all the same, they are some sort of kin, and both of them are in the direct line of Truffaut's alert, thin-skinned, outwardly intransigent heroes. Truffaut directed the film in a beautiful black-and-white that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (Cinema Village. . . . ¶ Regency; through April 20.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild-Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Juliet 1; through April 15. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; starting April 21.)

The Young and the Damned ("Los Olvidados;" 1952)—The poor prey on each other in Luis Buñuel's ruthless examination of poverty and delinquency in Mexico. With some great Surreal sequences. In Spanish. (Thalia; through April 15.)



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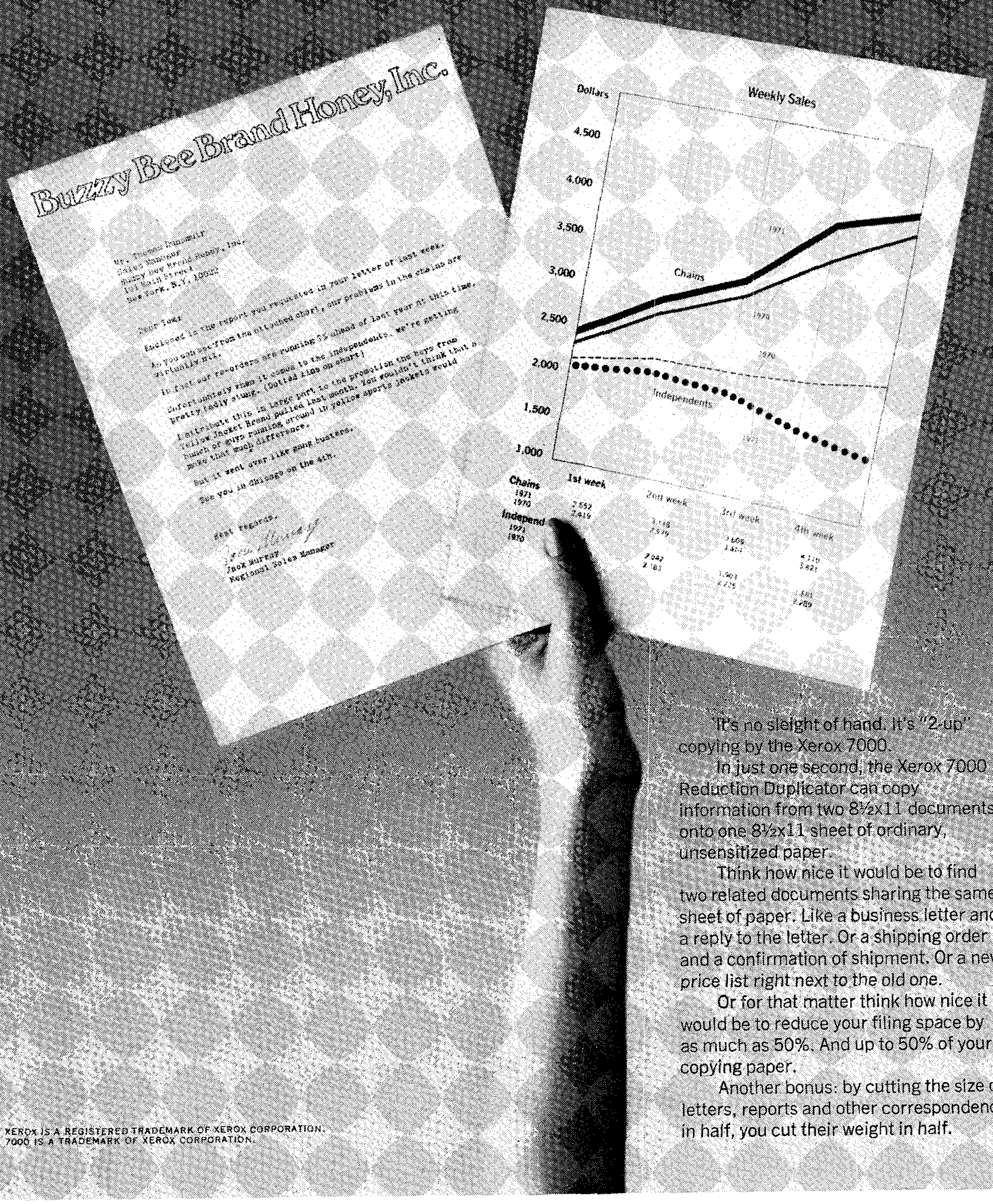
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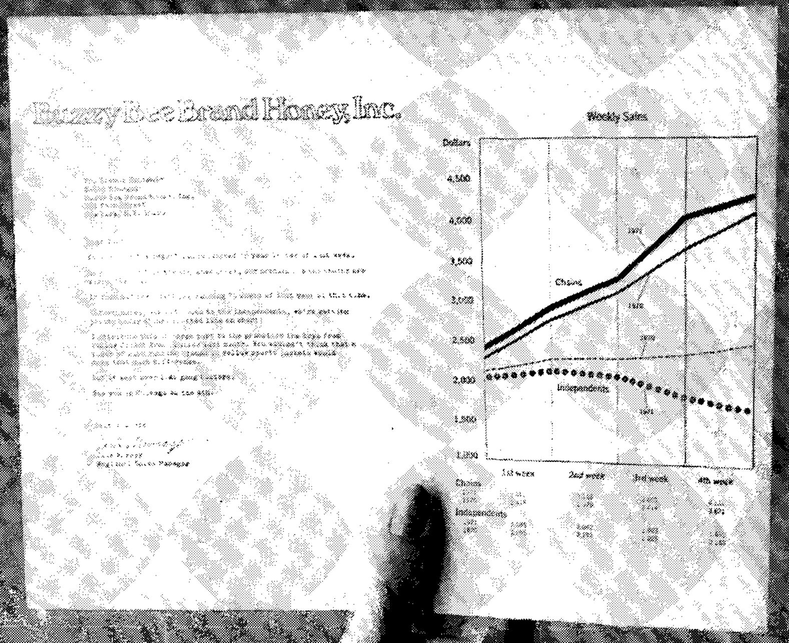
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

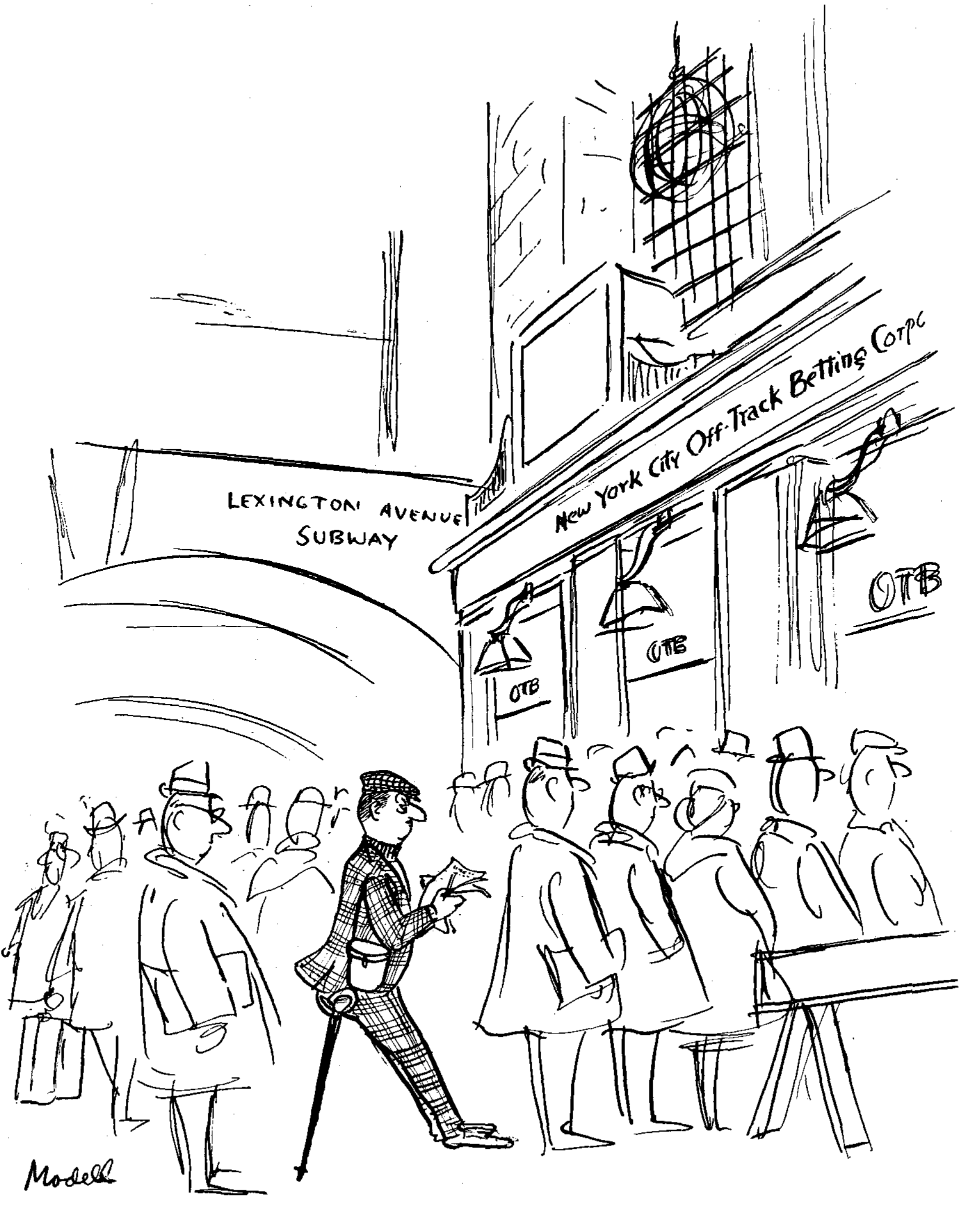
THREE weeks before President-elect Nixon took office, Kevin Phillips, one of his campaign aides, predicted privately that the White House would become the site of a power struggle between the new President's legal counsellors and his public-relations staff. Time has proved him right. Almost from the outset, it has been a seesaw contest, although for the most part the publicity men's weight has left the lawyers dangling high in the air. Civil-rights attorneys in the government fought valiantly to continue, and step up, the pace of desegregation in the South, only to have their work undercut by political publicity men in the White House, who were willing to violate the law in order to carry out the Southern strategy. Mr. Nixon listened to public-relations men (including the government's chief lawyer, Attorney General John N. Mitchell, who had in effect become a public-relations man in the course of his work as Mr. Nixon's campaign manager) when he made his two attempts to place an unfit judge on the Supreme Court in order to render that institution more pliable to his demands and also placate the South. When the Senate carried out its Constitutional mandate and rejected the nominees, the President fell on it in fury. His nominations and his response to their rejection tampered with the Constitutional separation of powers, and were the acts of a public-relations man, not of someone who serves and reveres the law. If the chief difference between a lawyer and a public-relations man is that the first relies on the weight of facts and the second on the weight of words, then most of the President's statements about the war in Indo-China have been the statements of a public-relations man. In the face of mountainous evidence to the contrary, he told the nation the other evening that, because of the successes in Cambodia and Laos, "Vietnamization has succeeded." The idea of "Vietnamization" was itself a public-relations idea, for a country that could not defend itself with the assistance of half a million American soldiers cannot defend itself alone. And by holding to this public-relations-politician's plan the President sacrificed the lawyer-politician's advantage—a political settlement—because now the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong have no reason to negotiate. In short, he exchanged the possibility of getting something for the beleaguered and exhausted people of South Vietnam for the certainty of getting nothing. At almost the same hour that President Nixon told his audience about our success in Laos, Vice-President Agnew, his chief public-relations assistant, was attacking the press for drawing "preponderantly negative" conclusions about that operation and the entire war, and was telling *his* audience that "most knowledgeable people" believed it was too soon to judge the effects of the Laos invasion. The act of turning Mr. Agnew loose against the press whenever the Administration finds itself in disfavor has trampled all over the First Amendment.

Now Mr. Nixon's actions in the Calley case have decisively demonstrated who won that power struggle in the White House. In the President's statement on the case in a press conference before the trial began, he said that My Lai was "a massacre." That was prejudicial to the defendant's right to be presumed innocent, for part of what has to be proved in a criminal case is that a crime has been committed. In response to the confused and sometimes almost deranged reactions of the public to the life sentence imposed on Lieutenant Calley, Mr. Nixon the public-relations man interfered in a way that, according to some impressive legal opinion, he had no established right to under the law. By so hastily ordering Calley released from the stockade, and by asserting that he would review and decide the case, he insulted the Army, which had gone to commendable lengths to observe the most rigorous standards of judicial propriety, and he made the chance for a fair review on appeal almost impossible. Some say that the President took these steps to calm the people down, and others say that he took them to get votes. (Herbert G. Klein, who holds the title of the Administration's Director of Communications, told reporters that although lawyers might consider Mr. Nixon's move inappropriate, the public approved of it.) Whatever the reason for the President's acts, he defied the law in spirit and probably in letter, and, by virtue of his position, he told the people that all men are *not* equal under our legal system. When Mr. Nixon was sworn in as President, he took the oath that is required by the Constitution: "I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." On numerous occasions, President Nixon has tried to ignore or sidestep the Constitution. In the Calley case, he has repudiated it.

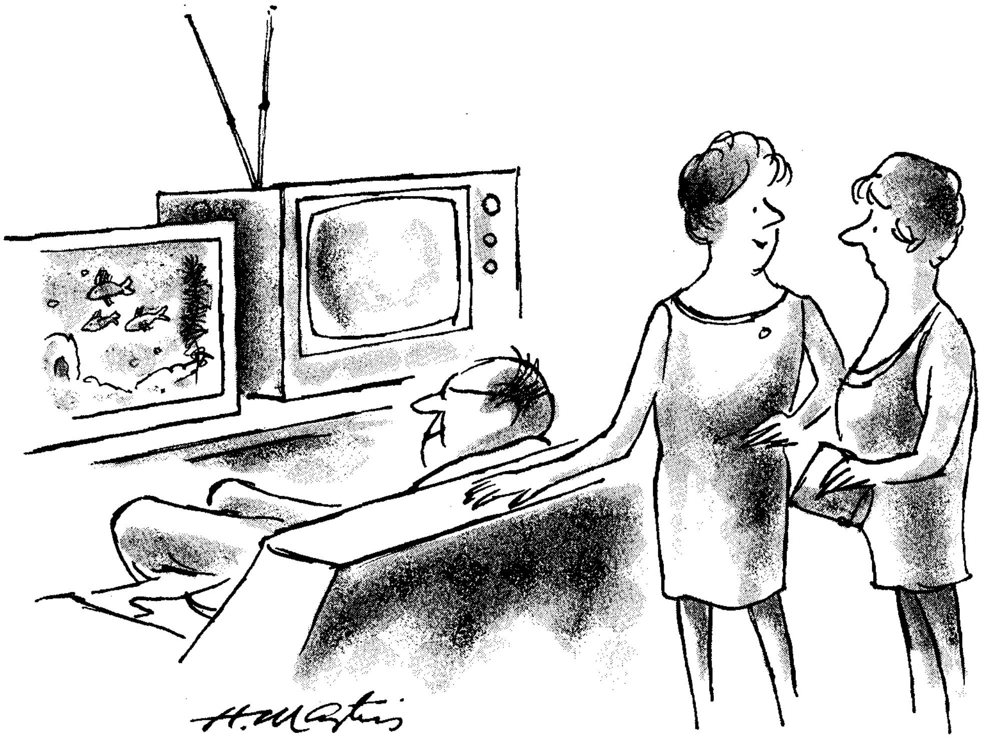
AS we listened to the President's speech last week, we felt as though he were speaking from another country. He seemed not to have lived through what this country had lived through since Lieutenant Calley's conviction. The conviction and sentencing of Lieutenant Calley had made tangible the enormous burden of responsibility that America bears for the holocaust in Indo-China. For many of us, the Calley verdict did what the horrifying day-by-day reports of the war had failed to do, and even the reports of My Lai itself, and even the Calley trial: it drove us into a corner. It was as if the moment we passed judgment on this one man for what he had done in Indo-China, we were forced to judge ourselves. The anguish of Indo-China became wholly ours, and our country began to endure a torment that cannot abate until the war ends. This torment took a thousand forms. Some people who had once supported the war now joined those who opposed it. Others who had supported the war turned, in confusion, not only against the war but against everything that reminded them of the war, denouncing the war *and* the anti-war movement, the Army *and* its critics, the massacre *and* the conviction. People who had already opposed the war for years now began to feel their own complicity as taxpayers (followers of orders, albeit of civil orders). Some people were moved to heightened compassion for those who are suffering in the war. Others seemed to ruthlessly stamp out all feeling within themselves for innocent victims of the war, including the ones murdered at My Lai. Many—perhaps most—reactions ran deeper than rational explanation can follow. One young veteran of the war who had lost an arm said that the conviction showed he had lost his arm for nothing. (One cannot imagine that he would suddenly regain his faith in the cause for which he made his sacrifice if the conviction were to be reversed or dismissed.) Many veterans volunteered public confessions of crimes they themselves had committed. All over the country, the most profound questions a people can ask about itself were reopened, and we were arguing over who we are and what we stand for. Yet beneath the seemingly endless divergence of views one sentiment did appear nearly unanimous: America had to get out of Vietnam as soon as possible in order to save itself.

In his speech, the President also spoke of "anguish," of "despair," and of redeeming the nation—seemingly the right words. "I believe, as Thomas Jefferson did, that Americans will always choose hope over despair. . . . We have it in our power to prove to our friends in the world that America's sense of responsibility remains the world's greatest single hope of peace," he said, and he went on to speak of his hope—shared by so many of his countrymen—that America might "come out of this searing experience with a measure of pride in our nation, confidence in our own character, and hope for the future of the spirit of America." But the anguish that the President was speaking of was not the country's anguish. He was speaking of something else—of our resolve not to "give victory to the Communists" by leaving "precipitately." This is not what has been bothering America in the last few weeks—or in the last few years, for that matter.

The speech was certainly meant to draw our attention away from the questions that have been torturing us, but the devices it employed were so transparently calculated to divert our attention that our attention was drawn back, in an unexpected, roundabout way, to those very questions. The President wanted us to think only about American casualties—which are lower now than they were a few years ago—and to forget the Vietnamese casualties. But when he said that "one American dying in combat is one too many," pictures of Vietnamese, Cambodians, and Laotians dying had to flash across our minds. Against the background of the Laotian invasion, in which South Vietnamese had so recently died in great numbers "to save American lives" and to speed our withdrawal (as though the South Vietnamese Army were in Indo-China to protect us, rather than the other way around), the President's omissions were more vivid than his statement. With an almost eerie consistency, each of the President's phrases had an unintended echo in the realm of our real concerns. He mentioned "the barbaric . . . use of prisoners," but though the Presidential compassion for prisoners went only as *far as our own men in North Vietnam*, it was impossible when he used this phrase not to think of the victims at My Lai—prisoners who had been murdered by the score in cold blood. And when the President spoke of his fear that "we would lose respect for this nation, respect for one another, respect for ourselves," he was speaking of what he believed might happen at some future date if he "should move to end this war without regard to what happens to South Vietnam," but it was impossible not to think of the agony we were going through *right then* in the aftermath of the Calley conviction. As we can see all around us, what endangers America is not what might happen to South Vietnam after an American withdrawal. What endangers America is what we're doing to ourselves and to South Vietnam while we remain there. It isn't "how" we end the war that will determine "the



kind of people we are," as the President believes, but whether and when we end the war. The President once said he was afraid that America would become a "pitiful, helpless giant" if it failed in South Vietnam, but the real danger—a danger that becomes more urgent than ever in the light of the President's failure to acknowledge the spiritual crisis in the nation—is that we will become a heartless, headless giant.



"*Orville finds he's watching the aquarium more and the TV less.*"

• •

Reward

A GADABOUT restaurateur of our acquaintance took us to lunch last week at the Fondue Pot, a restaurant on West Forty-ninth Street. "This is your reward," he told us as we sat down. "I have been very pleased to see that you are eating properly again. A couple of weeks ago, you ran a piece about the best cheesecake in New York. Well, this place serves the best Thurgauer Pfannkuchen in the country. Thurgauer Pfannkuchen are pancakes filled with apples and hazelnuts cooked in praline butter. I've been sampling them ever since the Fondue Pot opened up, last June, and they are now worthy of your attention. The reason they are worthy of your attention is they are just as good now as they were then. This establishment began as a Swiss restaurant last June, and, by God, it still is a Swiss restaurant."

"Why shouldn't it be?" we asked.

"I guess I have to tell you about what goes on in foreign restaurants that open up in this city," he said. "If they're, let us say, Spanish, they open up with a grand fanfare of Spanish dishes and they tell you that the chef came from the Jockey, in Madrid. *All* Spanish chefs, you will find out, came from the Jockey, in Madrid. Six months later, you take some friends to dinner at the new restaurant, and you find that the big deal on the menu is Prime Ribs of Beef and Baked Idaho Potato filled with Sour Cream and Chives. That doesn't happen here."

Our friend paused to order us some cold apricot soup and a bottle of Fendant. Then he resumed. "You have to realize something about the Swiss," he said. "They have excellent taste in most areas you can name, and they enjoy themselves whenever possible. They are usually considered to be dour and drab, but that is only because they are successful in their undertakings and choose to live in comfortable surroundings. Pure sour-grapesing on our part. Look around you. Handsome room, isn't it? Wood tables, stucco walls, carpets on the floor. The Swiss love wood, and they like to keep their feet warm. I will talk some more after we have eaten."

We ate Raclette, a tasty cheese dish that is better than fondue, and, after that, an order of Pfannkuchen. Then our friend talked some more. "The Swiss have never been called a colonial nation," he said. "That is because their way of colonizing is much more subtle than that of other powers. Some years ago, they effected a major change in the Leicester Square region of London. They opened up a Swiss Center to deal in everything that the country is known for: railroads, hotels, banks, airlines, and comfort. It also includes three restaurants, in each of which one can get German Swiss, French Swiss, and Italian Swiss dishes. These restaurants have altered the dining habits of thousands of Londoners, many of whom had never before had a go at Swiss cuisine and Swiss hospitality, and some of whom immediately headed for the adjacent booking offices. I *think* the Swiss are in the process of establishing another of their colonies right here. The Swiss tourist office, a Swiss bank, and Swissair are next door, and some watchmakers have recently settled upstairs. When I reflect on what this development could mean to the well-being of New Yorkers, I can hardly restrain a yodel."

Chairman

WHILE off-track betting, on the Roosevelt trotting races, was making the front pages last week, we went out to Aqueduct for some on-track action with Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, who is, for our money, the original keeper of the cool, among horse owners and others. Mr. Vanderbilt has owned and raced horses since 1932, when he was twenty, and now is the chairman of the New York Racing Association (a non-salaried job), which owns the Belmont and Saratoga tracks as well as Aqueduct. We had last gone to the races with him seven years ago, when a two-year-old colt of his named Seat of Honor, one of the many, many descendants of Native Dancer, ran and came in second. It was nice to find Mr. Vanderbilt relatively unchanged: still light of voice and manner, and dressed with conservative splendor—light-brown pin-stripe suit, pale-yellow shirt, gold collar pin, olive-green tie. He was sitting at his desk in the chairman's office, which has light-brown curtains and matching leather chairs and carpeting, and a lot of paintings of famous horses on the walls. A color television set in a brown wood cabinet stood on the floor facing Mr. Vanderbilt's desk. It was tuned to a closed-circuit showing of the race track: picture on, sound off.

"How did you get into this job?" we asked Mr. Vanderbilt.

"I was elected by the trustees," he said. "I could have said no, but this is what I've wanted to do with my life. I love it. I ran two race tracks in 1940—Belmont and Pimlico—and then I went into the Navy. When I came back, someone else was running them, so . . ." Mr. Vanderbilt made a you-can't-win-them-all gesture with his hands and glanced at the television screen. The outriders, wearing red coats, were leading the parade of horses toward the starting gate. It was a pretty scene—all the prettier, somehow, in garish television colors.

"I've never worked so hard in my life," Mr. Vanderbilt went on. "I get in here six days a week, and I stay. Nine-thirty to five-thirty. I've always loved the race track. The excitement. The crowds. The show. I'm not a real horse lover in the sense that real horse lovers are. It's more the way I was as a kid, just loving the races. The speed and all that. Rather than the fella-with-a-pet-horse, patting the horse and all *that*."

"What do you actually do as chairman?" we asked.

"Problems," Mr. Vanderbilt said, with considerable satisfaction. "Construction problems, for example. There's a bad situation outside, where the buses come up and unload passengers. When it's raining, there's no shelter for them, so we're going to build some. Or the power lines are overloaded. Or the service is too slow at the snack counter. Or I go down and see how the entries are coming for the next day's races. There are so many problems. It's very satisfying and interesting trying to cope. I like it *all*. I watch them run. Then I get up and do some work. I'm not much of a sitter-still."

On the television screen, without sound, the horses were at the starting gate. Mr. Vanderbilt intuitively, it seemed, looked at it just as the horses came out of the gate. He watched quietly and attentively as the horses ran.

"I've got a horse running today," he said when the race was over. "She happens to be my favorite, so I'm a little bit this way." He put fingertips to clenched teeth, but it was clear that he didn't mean it. Cool. "The former chairman, Jack Dreyfus, is running a horse in the same race," he went on. "His horse is Tunex. Mine is Cold Comfort." Mr. Vanderbilt handed us a racing program for the day. Cold Comfort was listed in the seventh race, which had a name—the April Skies. Ron Turcotte was the jockey scheduled to ride her in the race. She was another Native Dancer relative—one of the granddaughters of Native Dancer, who died in 1967. (Native Dancer has between a thousand and twenty-five hundred relatives around today, thirty of them owned by Mr. Vanderbilt.)

"I think that Cold Comfort is probably the best horse I have," Mr. Vanderbilt said. "In the fall of 1969, she won a big race at Belmont for two-year-old fillies. Then she was hurt the very next time she ran. Leaving the starting gate, another horse bumped her and caught her just wrong. It knocked her hip down. She couldn't come out of her stall for ninety days. Her hip and pelvis were really damaged. She's been remarkable to run as well as she does with what she's got. Let's go out and take a look at her."

On the way to the paddock, we left Mr. Vanderbilt for a moment or two to stop at a betting window and buy a win ticket on Cold Comfort. Mr. Vanderbilt stayed at a distance. "Everybody knows I don't bet, so if people suddenly saw me going to a window, they might wonder what was up," he said when we rejoined him. "I used to bet about a hundred dollars four or five times a year, before the Second World War, but it was all on the minus side, so I gave it up. I used to have a lot of fun going to the Santa Anita track, in California. I used to go to the races there every day with a movie director named Frank Ross. We'd bet fives and tens. One day, I gave him five hundred dollars to bet on a horse. He took the money and said, 'Do you think she'll *win*?' I never got over it." Mr. Vanderbilt grinned, and guided us expertly around the crowds of bettors. "Santa Anita used to be great fun," he said. "All the movie people came, and it's a pretty track, right under the mountains. Here all we've got are the big airport hangars. Actually, Belmont is prettier than Aqueduct. It has a grass paddock and a walking ring. I like Saratoga best of all, though. It's small and in the country, with grass and trees, and the air is clean and the water is clean. You can go to the track in the morning and see your horses and then go home and play golf and have lunch and then go to the races. I like all that."

We followed Mr. Vanderbilt down the steps from the spectators' section to the stalls where the horses for the seventh race would be saddled.

"She's not here yet," Mr. Vanderbilt said, looking around expectantly.

"Do you like the off-track betting?" we asked Mr. Vanderbilt.

"Not very much," he said. "The philosophy behind betting in New York has always been: It's fine if you can afford to do it. If you can't afford to come to the track, you've got no business betting. Also, you're not a participant in the *racing*. I hear it's successful in France and in Australia. But in England it has almost put the tracks out of business. Everyone sits home and watches the telly." Mr. Vanderbilt gave a faint suggestion of a sigh. "We're helping Howard Samuels all we can," he said. "He's got lots and lots of problems. Oh, here we are." He smiled as Cold Comfort, who is brown, and who was wearing blinkers, and a cerise blanket with the white letters "AGV" on it, and whose forelegs were bandaged, was led into her stall.

"Hi, Mike," Mr. Vanderbilt said to a deeply tanned man in a raincoat. The man was chewing gum very fast, and he had his hands in his raincoat pockets. "My trainer, Mike Freeman," Mr. Vanderbilt said, introducing us.

"Hi, Ron," Mr. Vanderbilt said as the jockey Ron Turcotte came over. He was wearing Mr. Vanderbilt's colors: cerise and white diamonds, cerise sleeves, and white cap.

"She's awful good, awful fresh," Turcotte said to Mr. Vanderbilt, who was looking serious.

Cold Comfort was saddled.

"The favorite is Tunex," Mr. Vanderbilt told us. "We're second choice."

Mike Freeman talked to the jockey. "Use your own judgment, Ron," he said. "Don't fight her. On the other hand, don't feel you have to be in the lead all the way."

"Let's go up to the box and watch the race," Mr. Vanderbilt said.

We passed a wiry-looking, deeply sunburned man in a raincoat. "Hi, Jack," Mr. Vanderbilt said to him. "Mr. Dreyfus," he said, introducing us.

"Good luck," Mr. Dreyfus said to Mr. Vanderbilt.

"Good luck to you," Mr. Vanderbilt said, with a grin.

"Good luck, and I really mean it," Mr. Dreyfus said.

Mike Freeman accompanied us to the box and sat down next to Mr. Vanderbilt, who put large binoculars to his eyes as soon as the race started.

"She's taken the lead," Mr. Vanderbilt said in a very calm voice, following the running through the binoculars.

Mike Freeman took his hands out of his pockets and chomped on his gum. "C'mon, Jock! C'mon, Jock!" he yelled as the horses came into the stretch. Cold Comfort had fallen behind. She was running second.

"C'mon, *Ron!*" Mike Freeman yelled, one last time.

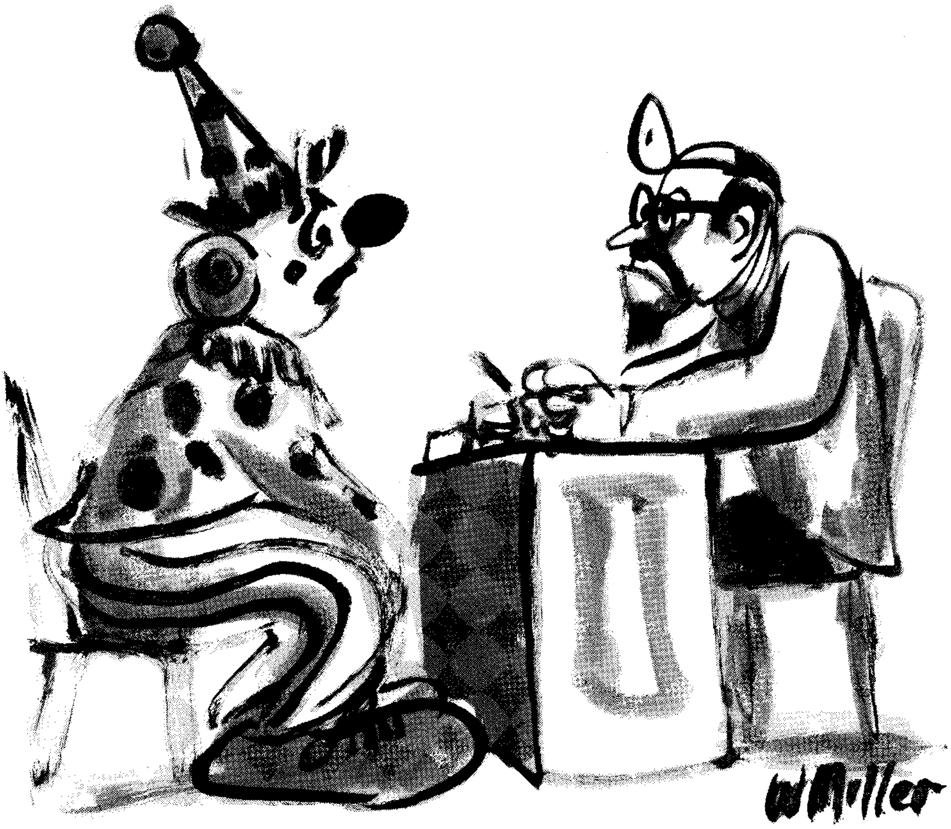
Mr. Vanderbilt said nothing as he watched Cold Comfort come in third. The race was over. Tunex had won.

"Well, that was a bit of a disappointment," Mr. Vanderbilt said softly. "Let's hear what they have to say."

We accompanied Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Freeman back down to the stall area, and a few minutes later Turcotte appeared, his suit and face somewhat muddied.

"She ran well," the jockey said. "She went to the front easily. I let her go to the front. Then she got a little tired."

"She couldn't withstand the winner," Mr. Vanderbilt reported to us. "Now she's had the conditioning of her first race this year. Ten days from now, she'll race again."



"I'm getting twenty-three per cent fewer laughs."

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Purple Lights

WE sent a correspondent to the final night of the Grateful Dead Dance Marathon, held three nights last week at the Manhattan Center, on West Thirty-fourth Street. This is his report:

"When I arrived, there was not much dancing at the Grateful Dead Dance Marathon. The promoters, who ripped off a neat five dollars a ticket, had oversold the hall, so that while there was room in some parts of the room for rhythmic breathing, dancing was rarely a possibility. In any case, there was no tinsel or glitter anywhere, and since a proper dance marathon requires a certain amount of tinsel and glitter, the whole dance-marathon hype turned out to be a little bit embarrassing—at least, if you stopped to think about it, which, probably, nobody much did. Everyone was waiting for the Dead, and thinking about *them*. There is a lot of talk just now about the Death of Rock and the Death of the Alternate Culture, and this talk is just as tiresome in its way as the talk around a while ago about the Triumph of Rock and the Birth of the Alternate Culture, but it is true that there are very few groups playing now in America who can really move an audience in the old way, and the Grateful Dead are probably the most important and accessible of these groups. They have worked a route back into country music and early rock-and-roll, and they have very heavy acid-rock credentials, so they cover a lot of ground and they mean a lot to a lot of different people. No one minded waiting for the Dead.

"The Manhattan Center has aquamarine walls and bad murals on social themes. The legend under one of the largest of these murals reads, 'For the Furtherance of Industry, Religion, and the Enjoyment of Leisure.' The Grateful Dead Dance Marathon fell, presumably, under the heading of leisure, although there was a religious angle there somewhere. In any case, the managers of the Manhattan Center were sensitive to the leisure habits of their young patrons and made sure that no one was offended by any evidence of middle-class material comfort. There are two enormous balconies at the Manhattan Center, and both were crowded with people pushing to the rails. From the floor, these balconies looked like the decks of a huge foundering hippie cruise ship. The iron Art Moderne balcony rails were the nicest details in the hall.

"Everyone was dressed in the New Mufti, if you know what I mean. Very little freakiness. Very few silks and satins and top hats and doorman uniforms. Most people were wearing layers of T-shirts and sweatshirts and flannel shirts and Army jackets. Overalls were prevalent. This stuff *is* a kind of finery, as people are very selective about which T-shirts and sweatshirts and overalls they wear. There were several T-shirts with 'Cocaine' written on the front in Coca-Cola script, and there was one that said 'Holland Tunnel.' The freaky, tense, expectant atmosphere of a couple of years ago was gone. People knew what was coming, and they waited to get excited until it *did* come. There was a pleasant low-key trust around. People lay on the floor, for instance, and were not trampled, and the coat checkroom had no coat checker and was run on sound anarchistic principles. There was, however, no self-conscious celebration of this low-key trust. I didn't hear anyone say 'Oh, wow!'

"The stage was bathed in lights of many colors, but mostly purple. The Dead came on. They did a lot of songs other people have done—'Me and Bobby McGee' and 'In the Midnight Hour' and 'Oh Boy,' Buddy Holly and the Crickets' old song. Bob Weir and Jerry Garcia, the leads, were in good form, and they received the response they are used to. By the time they got into some of their own stuff, like 'Casey Jones,' people were, in fact, dancing, although there was no room to dance. On the first balcony, ten guys danced in a circle, and then were joined by about twenty other people and set off down the balcony in a snake. They mumbled the lyrics of 'Casey Jones' until they reached the 'high on cocaine' part, at which point they shouted the lyrics. Downstairs, a black guy (one of the very few black guys there) danced flat out. It was a very complex thing. I asked him if there was any kind of name for his dance. 'I'm just *dancing*, man,' he said. 'The last time I did a dance with a *name*, it was the tenth grade, I think. I guess that was the bug-a-loo. The bug-a-loo's a long time ago.'"

THE SCHMEED MEMOIRS

The seemingly inexhaustible spate of literature on the Third Reich continues unabated with the soon to be published "Memoirs of Friedrich Schmeed." Schmeed, the best-known barber in wartime Germany, provided tonsorial services for Hitler and many highly placed government and military officials. As was noted during the Nuremberg Trials, Schmeed not only seemed to be always at the right place at the right time but possessed "more than total recall," and was thus uniquely qualified to write this incisive guide to innermost Nazi Germany. Following are a few brief excerpts:

IN the spring of 1940, a large Mercedes pulled up in front of my barbershop at 127 Koenigstrasse, and Hitler walked in. "I just want a light trim," he said, "and don't take too much off the top." I explained to him there would be a brief wait because von Ribbentrop was ahead of him. Hitler said he was in a rush and asked Ribbentrop if he could be taken next, but Ribbentrop insisted it would look bad for the Foreign Office if he were passed over. Hitler thereupon made a quick phone call, and Ribbentrop was immediately transferred to the Afrika Korps, and Hitler got his haircut. This sort of rivalry went on all the time. Once, Göring had Heydrich detained by the police on false pretenses, so that he could get the chair by the window. Göring was a dissolute and often wanted to sit on the hobbyhorse to get his haircuts. The Nazi high command was embarrassed by this but could do nothing. One day, Hess challenged him. "I want the hobbyhorse today, Herr Field Marshal," he said.

"Impossible. I have it reserved," Göring shot back.

"I have orders directly from the Führer. They state that I am to be allowed to sit on the horse for my haircut." And Hess produced a letter from Hitler to that effect. Göring was livid. He never forgave Hess, and said that in the future he would have his wife cut his hair at home with a bowl. Hitler laughed when he heard this, but Göring was serious and would have carried it out had not the Minister of Arms turned down his requisition for thinning shears.

I have been asked if I was aware of the moral implications of what I was doing. As I told the tribunal at Nuremberg, I did not know that Hitler was a Nazi. The truth was that for years I thought he worked for the phone company. When I finally did find out what a monster he was, it was too late to do anything, as I had made a down payment on some furniture. Once, toward the end of the war, I did contemplate loosening the Führer's neck-napkin and allowing some tiny hairs to get down his back, but at the last minute my nerve failed me.

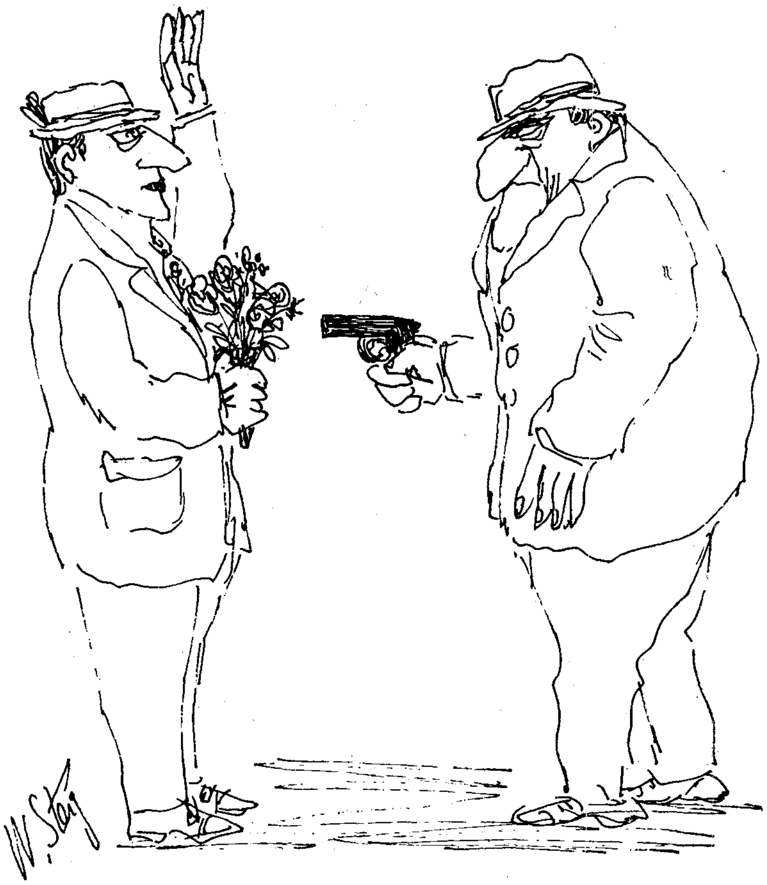
At Berchtesgaden one day, Hitler turned to me and said, "How would I look in sideburns?" Speer laughed, and Hitler became affronted. "I'm quite serious, Herr Speer," he said. "I think I might look good in sideburns." Göring, that obsequious clown, concurred instantly, saying, "The Führer in sideburns—what an excellent idea!" Speer still disagreed. He was, in fact, the only one with enough integrity to tell the Führer when he needed a haircut. "Too flashy," Speer said now. "Sideburns are the kind of thing I'd associate with Churchill." Hitler became incensed. Was Churchill contemplating sideburns, he wanted to know, and if so, how many and when? Himmler, supposedly in charge of Intelligence, was summoned immediately. Göring was annoyed by Speer's attitude and whispered to him, "What are you making waves, eh? If he wants sideburns, let him have sideburns." Speer, usually tactful to a fault, called Göring a hypocrite and "an order of bean curd in a German uniform." Göring swore he would get even, and it was rumored later that he had special S.S. guards french Speer's bed.

Himmler arrived in a frenzy. He had been in the midst of a tap-dancing lesson when the phone rang, summoning him to Berchtesgaden. He was afraid it was about a misplaced carload of several thousand cone-shaped party hats that had been promised Rommel for his winter offensive. (Himmler was not accustomed to being invited to dinner at Berchtesgaden, because his eyesight was poor and Hitler could not bear to watch him bring the fork up to his face and then stick the food somewhere on his cheek.) Himmler knew something was wrong, because Hitler was calling him "Shorty," which he only did when annoyed. Suddenly the Führer turned on him, shouting, "Is Churchill going to grow sideburns?"

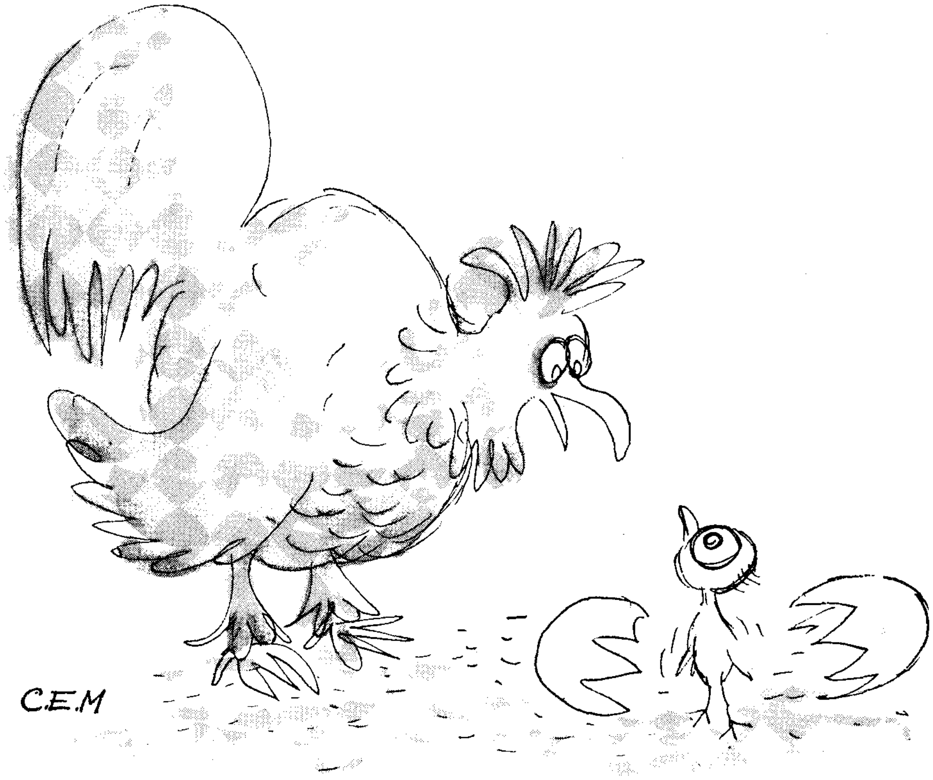
Himmler turned red.

"Well?"

Himmler said there had been word that Churchill contemplated sideburns but it was all unofficial. As to size and number, he explained, there would probably be two, of a medium length, but no one wanted to say before they could be sure. Hitler screamed and banged his fist on the table. (This was a triumph for Göring over Speer.) Hitler pulled out a map and showed us how he meant to cut off England's supply of hot towels. By blockading the Dardanelles, Doenitz could keep the towels from being brought ashore and laid across anxiously awaiting British faces. But the basic question remained: Could Hitler beat Churchill to sideburns? Himmler said Churchill had a head start and that it might be impossible to catch him. Göring, that vacuous optimist, said the Führer could probably grow sideburns quicker,



particularly if we marshalled all of Germany's might in a concentrated effort. Von Rundstedt, at a meeting of the General Staff, said it was a mistake to try to grow sideburns on two fronts at once and advised that it would be wiser to concentrate all efforts on one good sideburn. Hitler said he could do it on both cheeks simultaneously. Rommel agreed with von Rundstedt. "They will never come out even, *mein Führer*," he said. "Not if you rush them." Hitler became enraged and said that it was a matter for him and his barber. Speer promised he could triple our output of shaving cream by the fall, and Hitler was euphoric. Then, in the winter of 1942, the Russians launched a counter-offensive and the sideburns came to a halt. Hitler grew despondent, fearing that soon Churchill would look wonderful while he still remained "ordinary," but shortly thereafter we received news that Churchill had abandoned the idea of sideburns as too costly. Once again the Führer had been proved right.



"Just take my word for it, kid. This is where it's at."

• •

AFTER the Allied invasion, Hitler developed dry, unruly hair. This was due in part to the Allies' success and in part to the advice of Goebbels, who told him to wash it every day. When General Guderian heard this, he immediately returned home from the Russian front and told the Führer he must shampoo his hair no more than three times weekly. This was the procedure followed with great success by the General Staff in two previous wars. Hitler once again overruled his generals and continued washing daily. Bormann helped Hitler with the rinsing and always seemed to be there with a comb. Eventually, Hitler became dependent on Bormann, and before he looked in a mirror he would always have Bormann look in it first. As the Allied armies pushed east, Hitler's hair grew worse. Dry and unkempt, he often raged for hours about how he would get a nice haircut and a shave when Germany won the war, and maybe even a shine. I realize now he never had any intention of doing those things.

One day, Hess took the Führer's bottle of Vitalis and set out in a plane for England. The German high command was furious. They felt Hess planned to give it to the Allies in return for amnesty for himself. Hitler was particularly enraged when he heard the news, as he had just stepped out of the shower and was about to do his hair. (Hess later explained at Nuremberg that his plan was to give Churchill a scalp treatment in an effort to end the war. He had got as far as bending Churchill over a basin when he was apprehended.)

Late in 1944, Göring grew a mustache, causing talk that he was soon to replace Hitler. Hitler was furious and accused Göring of disloyalty. "There must be only one mustache among the leaders of the Reich, and it shall be mine!" he cried. Göring argued that two mustaches might give the German people a greater sense of hope about the war, which was going poorly, but Hitler thought not. Then, in January of 1945, a plot by several generals to shave Hitler's mustache in his sleep and proclaim Doenitz the new leader failed when von Stauffenberg, in the darkness of Hitler's bedroom, shaved off one of the Führer's eyebrows instead. A state of emergency was proclaimed, and suddenly Goebbels appeared at my shop. "An attempt was just made on the Führer's mustache, but it was unsuccessful," he said, trembling. Goebbels arranged for me to go on radio and address the German people, which I did, with a minimum of notes. "The Führer is all right," I assured them. "He still has his mustache. Repeat. The Führer still has his mustache. A plot to shave it has failed."

NEAR the end, I came to Hitler's bunker. The Allied armies were closing in on Berlin, and Hitler felt that if the Russians got there first he would need a full haircut but if the Americans did he could get by with a light trim. Everyone quarrelled. In the midst of all this, Bormann wanted a shave, and I promised him I would get to work on some blueprints. Hitler grew morose and remote. He talked of parting his hair from ear to ear and then claimed that the development of the electric razor would turn the war for Germany. "We will be able to shave in seconds, eh, Schmeed?" he muttered. He mentioned other wild schemes and said that someday he would have his hair not just cut but shaped. Obsessed as usual by sheer size, he vowed he would eventually have a huge pompadour—"one that will make the world tremble and will require an honor guard to comb." Finally, we shook hands and I gave him a last trim. He tipped me one pfennig. "I wish it could be more," he said, "but ever since the Allies have overrun Europe I've been a little short."

—WOODY ALLEN

•

Postal service in the Philadelphia area is due for a cutback beginning Monday with the elimination of afternoon collections on some 1500 low-volume letter boxes. . . .

"No one denies that changes are needed to improve the efficiency of the new Postal Service," Riley said. "But we're also obligated to the American public to also provide good mail service. We're 100 percent against this."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

We've known *that* for quite a while.

THE PATH TOWARD THE HIGH VALLEY

I

On the path,
by this wet site
of old fires—
black ashes, black stones, where
tramps must have squatted,
gnawing on stream water,
unhouselling themselves on cursed bread,
failing to get warm at a twig-fire—

I stop,
gather wet wood,
cut dry shavings, and for her,
whose face
I held in my hands
a few hours, whom I gave back
only to keep holding the space where she was,

I light
a small fire in the rain.

II

The black
wood reddens, the deathwatches
inside begin running out of time,
I can see the dead, crossed limbs
longing again for the universe, I can hear
in the wet wood the snap
and re-snap of the same embrace being torn.

The raindrops trying
to put the fire out
fall into it and are
changed—the oath broken,
the oath sworn between earth and water, flesh and spirit, broken,
to be sworn again,
over and over, in the clouds, and to be broken again,
over and over, on earth.

III

I sit a moment
by the fire, in the rain, speak
a few words into its warmth:
stone saint smooth stone. And sing
one of the songs I used to croak
for my daughter, in her nightmares.

The singed grease streams
out of the words. The one
held note
remains, a love note
twisting under my tongue, like the coyote's bark
curving off into a
howl.

IV

The skinny waterfalls—footpaths
wandering out of heaven—strike
the cliffside, leap, and shudder off.

Somewhere behind me,
the fire goes on flaring in the rain, in its desolate ashes.
No matter, now, whom it was built for,
it keeps its flames,
it warms
everyone who might wander into its radiance—
a tree, a lost animal, the stones—

because in the dying world it was set burning.

V

A black bear sits alone
in the twilight, nodding from side
to side, turning slowly around and around
on himself, scuffing the four-footed
circle into the earth. He sniffs the sweat
in the breeze, he understands
a creature, a death creature,
watches from the fringe of the trees;
finally he understands
I am no longer here; he himself
from the fringe of the trees watches
a black bear
get up, eat a few flowers, trudge away,
glistening in the rain.

VI

And what glistening! Sancho Fergus,
my boy-child, had such great shoulders,
when he was born his head
came out, the rest of him stuck. And he opened
his eyes, his head out there all alone
in the room, he squinted with pained,
barely unglued eyes at the ninth-month's
blood splashing beneath him
on the floor. And almost
smiled, I thought, almost forgave it all in advance.

When he came wholly forth
I took him up in my hands and bent
over and smelled
the black, glistening fur
of his head, as empty space must have bent
over the newborn planet
and smelled the grasslands and the ferns.

VII

Walking toward the cliff overhanging
the river, I call out
to the stone,
and the stone
calls back, its voice hunting among the rubble
for my ears.

Stop.
As you approach an echoing
cliffside, you sense the line
where the voice calling back from stone
ceases to answer,
turns to stone, and nothing comes back.

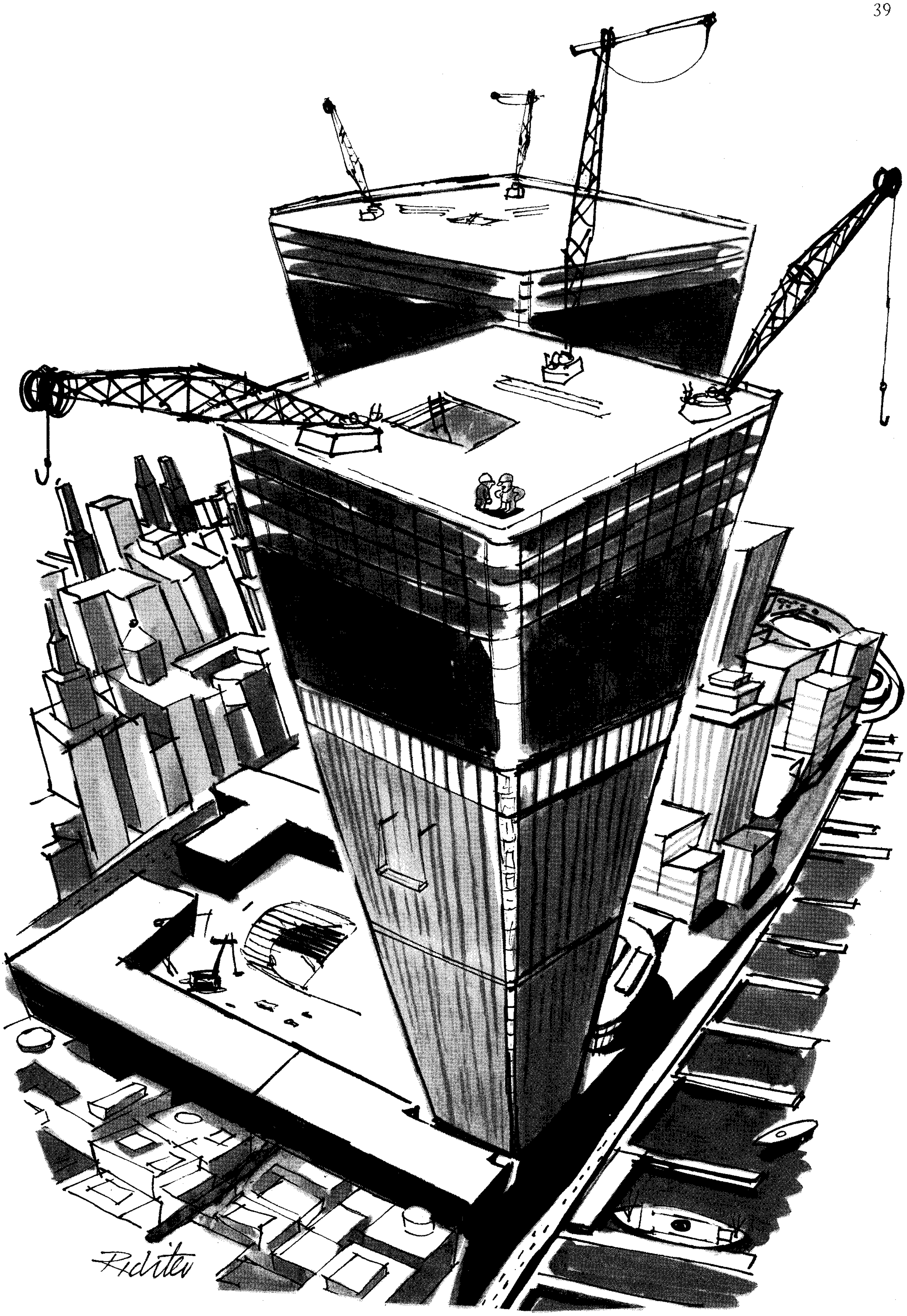
Here, between answer
and nothing, I stand, in old shoes
flowed over by rainbows of hen oil,
each shoe holding the bones
which ripple together in the communion
of the step
and which open out
in front into toes, the whole foot trying
to dissolve into the future.

A clatter of elk's hooves.
Has the top sphere
emptied itself? Is it true
the earth is all there is, and the earth does not last?

On the river the world floats by, holding one corpse.

Stop.
Stop here.
Living brings you to death; there is no other road.

—GALWAY KINNELL



"For once, let's start the day without you telling me there's a taller one going up in Chicago."

SCENARIO

THIS is a scenario in two parts, written, I feel, by my father through me. As a whole, it is not true. This is not meant in the sense of a disclaimer, to say that what follows is fictitious, and any resemblance between the characters portrayed and persons living or dead is purely coincidental. My father would be the first to say it is not true—but then he would quickly step close to me, seeming to look down as he spoke (even though I am a head taller), and say knowingly that *he* recognizes certain *parts* of it to be true, or to *begin* in truth and to end in imagination, or the way I would have liked it to be.

Perhaps that is all that can be hoped for anyway—that each sentence be true for the time it takes to think and write it, then rewrite it several times, and, with some luck, for as long as it takes to be read: "Look, my Number One son, I know you, and I know what goes on. I've always said that people need a little larceny in their hearts to get by. You don't have any; that's your problem. I have a little; nobody *ever* puts anything over on me. All right? You understand what I mean?" The voice of my father; I think I understand.

No. I really don't. *That* sentence is true: he was always too far ahead for me to completely understand, even though I think I have outgrown him again.

There is one point that should be emphasized. This scenario is being written by one person through another, exclusive of divine inspiration. With this contrivance, I have the right to account for the secret thoughts and motives of other people. And these thoughts are probably true only for the length of time it takes to write them—if that long.

PART I: OWNERSHIP

I SIT somewhere near the front of the stage, toward the left, on a high wing-back sofa. Next to me, limp and contoured to the shape of the furniture, are my wife, Helen, and older daughter, Susan. They have been drained by the heat of the day: a pair of wet pussycats, whiskers sagging, curls dangling over their foreheads like unravelled wool, summer print dresses wrinkled and dishevelled.

It is almost suppertime. The air in the house is sweltering and motionless. I have just got home from work, not yet changed out of my suit; they have just returned from a trip to a winery with my parents, who have left the house again with my younger daughter, Nancy, and driven to a farm for some corn and tomatoes for supper.

"We were almost killed half a dozen times today," my wife tells me, shaking her head. "He just can't handle the new cars."

"I know," I answer. "I've been worried about him since he told me they were going to rent one and come up here on vacation."

"He must have *some* idea that things have got past him since he was driving a milk truck in the Bronx," Helen says. "Do you know how we went down to the winery? We took the throughway. I don't know why, because he said he doesn't like to drive at sixty-five miles an hour; he thinks forty-five is fast enough for anybody. But he doesn't want to hold up the people behind him, so he drives half in lane, with his two right tires off on the shoulder of the road. He's going to get killed."

"He won't get killed," I say. "He'll be all right." But I don't really believe it.

"I'm not so sure," Helen says. "He drives on all the roads like that, and when he wants to make a left turn he just flicks the signal on and off a few times and pulls out."

"Did he get the signal fixed today? He wouldn't let *me* do it for him, but I thought maybe he'd have it done at a garage and not say anything."

"No. What's wrong with it? Is it something expensive?"

"It's a thirty-five-cent bulb. The filament is burned out, and it keeps the flasher from working. I told him I'd change it for him, but he got out the rental contract for the car and read the part that said 'No repairs are to be made without prior authorization.' I told him I'd pay for the bulb. In fact, I offered to switch it with the one in our Chevy, but he kept putting on his reading glasses and pointing to the contract and repeating the sentence."

"He breaks the law on purpose, too, Daddy," Susan calls from the other end of the sofa.

I look at her, beginning to feel disgusted. I'd like them to work it out, but they're not just squaring things for a bad day. They're starting to build themselves up at his expense, and, with all his faults, he deserves a better break than that.

"He wanted to make a right turn," Susan says, "and the light was red, so he cut through a gas station at the corner—"

"There was a car at the pump," Helen interrupts. "It didn't see us shooting through, and it almost pulled right into us."

"It's against the law to drive through private property, Daddy. I remember from when you were teaching Mommy how to drive."

"Henry, exhale, quick! WQXR has just rejected today's air!"

I nod my head in agreement, but we've got to get off him.

"I'm starting to feel better now," Helen says. "As soon as I can get something in my stomach, I'll be all right. Do you know that we didn't have anything to eat all day? We kept walking in and out of restaurants. We'd go in and sit down; the waitress would bring us a menu and go for water, but before she got back your mother and father would decide not to stay, and we'd get up and leave, right in front of everybody."

"Why?"

"Because the air-conditioning was too cold, or the menu was dirty, and that meant to them that the kitchen was dirty—and they were probably right, but, my God, I was hungry—or the prices were too high. We kept walking in and getting chilled and then out into the hot sun again. It was awful."

"I'm almost afraid to ask, but was the winery nice?"

"How nice could it be for me? You know I don't drink. The clipping your mother had from the newspaper said the tour was free, but when we got there they wanted fifty cents to park the car. Your father said he wouldn't pay it, not because he was cheap but because they said it was free and to him that meant the whole thing. He was starting to back around the line of cars behind us to park on the highway when I finally reached up and gave the man the money."

"That sounds like him," I say.

"The winery was an old stone building, and when we got downstairs it was chilly and damp. We were just going to register for the tour when your mother decided her legs hurt and went back to sit in the hot car, in the sun, in the middle of the parking lot. I was afraid she'd roast. Then we started the tour, and they gave everybody a tray of little paper cups with different kinds of wine. Your father drank two or three right away, and said that if he took the tour and drank the rest on an empty stomach he'd fall asleep, so he walked out to sit in the car with your mother. I looked at Susan, and all I could think of was what the hell were we doing here? I didn't want to come to the damned winery in the first place. So we followed your father out to the car, and came home the same crazy way we drove down. You've got to talk to your mother about him before he gets hurt."

"I will," I answer.

Helen is almost calm, and sits back against the sofa. Susan is leaning against her shoulder, feeling older now that she has shared this adult ordeal.

"I'm going up to take a shower, and then I'll make supper," Helen says.

She starts toward the stairs, and suddenly stops. "I hope you don't think I'm being unfair about your parents, or that I don't want them here, or anything like that."

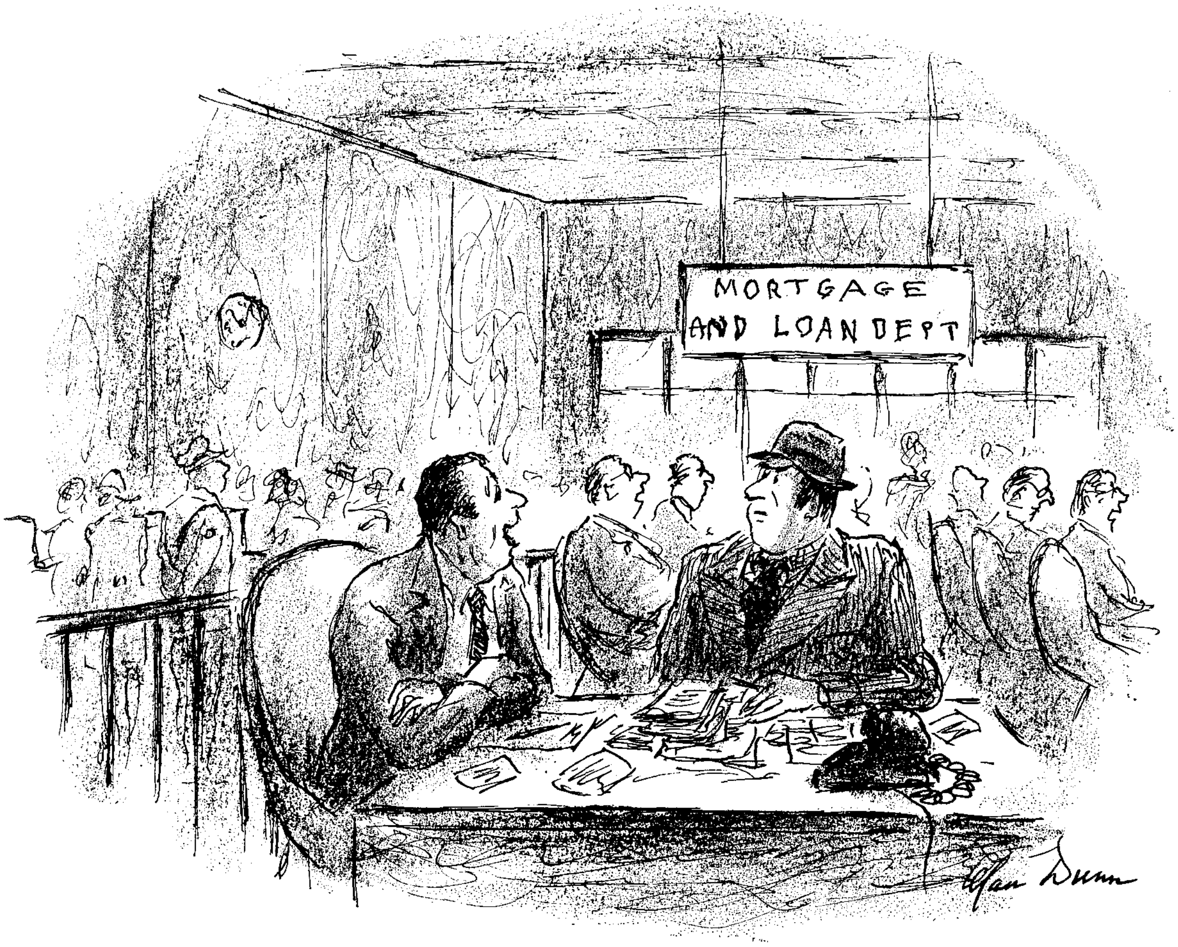
"No. Don't worry about it."

"It's just that I felt so helpless today. All I could do was sit in the back seat and be frightened. Susan and I must have looked at each other and shaken our heads in desperation at least a hundred times. That's all we could do, even though we were almost killed. It was pathetic. When they get back with the vegetables, tell them I'll be down in a few minutes to start supper."

As she finishes speaking, there is a noise off in the wings: a car braking abruptly. My father has overshot the driveway again, and, as I listen carefully through the silence of the country, I can hear him complete the destruction of a forsythia bush he has driven through so many times this past week, its branches grating against the car like chalk used badly on a blackboard. And although I cannot see him yet, I can imagine him as he sits in the driver's seat, waving away my mother's predictable reflex complaint: "Stefan . . ."

"The hell with it. It's only a rented car," he will yell back, steering the slightly careening vehicle back onto the driveway and parking next to the barn.

The car doors open, and now I can see them. My father is out first, walking around to my mother's side in the funny hunched way he has, weighed down by the thousands of cases of milk he has delivered in his time, chest and shoulders forward and down,



"On the other hand, isn't it comforting to think that somewhere, deep in the eternal vaults of time, your whole earthly career lies recorded in the federal data bank?"

arms slightly bent. A man perpetually falling, partially off balance and catching himself.

Getting out of the car is painful for my mother. She is too heavy to swing herself around and stand up. She braces her fleshy arms on both sides of the doorframe to turn, and then feels for the ground with her legs. My father wants to help, but she is not yet in a position to be pulled upright and waves him away, inadvertently swatting off his straw summer fedora, with its sweat-stained plaid band. He stops quickly and looks at her, his feelings temporarily hurt even after forty years of marriage.

Nancy has jumped over the front seat and followed my father. She stands beside him, intently watching my mother, wondering thoughts I once had at five years.

Now they are all out; my father heads for the house, my mother shifting her weight as she starts to walk. You can hear her call to him, "Stefan, don't lose your temper. Don't say *anything* that you'll regret later on."

He continues his charge, head and chest forward, Nancy walking next to my mother, who is carrying the vegetables.

Finally, we can hear the door open, and the most important cue is given: Enter my FATHER, stage left.

HE walks directly to the living room, taking his position on the wide-board pine floor; he plants his feet just inside the doorway, short of the oval braided rug, and looks across the room at me. "I have a bone to pick with you," he begins, shouting it out awkwardly, having rehearsed it in his mind on the way in. He would have liked a smooth beginning, but will settle for this one. He rationalizes that at least he has got started.

"What's wrong?" I ask. His face is bright red, partly from the heat, partly with anger. He takes off the fedora and wipes the perspiration from his bald head; there is a ridge in his skin from the pressure of the hat.

"Do you know how much you just hurt your mother and me when we left to get vegetables?" he calls across the room.

"No," I answer, shaking my head in bewilderment. "What's the matter?"

"Just before we left, when we were pulling out of the driveway," he yells. "You came running out of the house like you were furious with me; you screamed for me to stop the car, and you ordered Nancy to get in the back seat because *I* was driving."

"Ahhh, come on, Pop. I didn't do that."

"The hell you didn't," he throws back at me.

"Stefan!" Momma calls with extra patience from the hall behind him.

"I *really* didn't, Pop. I told her to get in the back. The kids aren't allowed to ride in the front ever, no matter who's driving. Nancy knows that."

"There's nothing wrong with her sitting in the front between your mother and me," he says.

"Yes, there is. There's no seat belt. If you had to stop short, she'd go right into the dashboard. There'd be nothing to hold her back."

"*I'd* hold her back," Momma cuts in.

"You don't even put on your own seat belt," I answer quickly, beginning to lose patience. "If you tried to hold her, both of you would go into the dashboard, *you on top of her*, so she'd be hurt even more." But Momma has learned to think of herself as not heavy, and my accusation shocks her.

"That's a hell of a thing to say to your own parents," my father yells.

"It's true," I answer weakly.

"I've been driving for forty-two years," he says. "I know how to handle a car; I have a mirror. I can see what's going on around me. You don't have to worry about me being in an accident. I drive slow, too, so if I am in an accident it won't be a bad one."

"Look, it's Nancy's fault more than anything else. She's always taking advantage of you and Momma. She'd talk you into giving her ice cream for breakfast if she wasn't afraid I'd walk into the room."

"What's breakfast got to do with it?" he demands.

"Nothing, nothing, I was just using an analogy."

"You're still sore at me from the last time we came up here—when we went into town in the morning for papers and I bought her a package of potato chips."

"I'd forgotten that a long time ago."

"Do you know what's wrong with you? For all the money we spent on you at college, you don't have any common sense. You complain about me buying the kid a dime package of potato chips. You're not even smart enough to understand that that's what grandparents are for—to spoil the children. You're too thick to understand that."

"Stefan, you're losing your temper, and you're going to say things you're going to regret," Momma intones, as though she were disciplining a naughty third grader.

"You don't even trust me. You think I'd try to hurt the child," he yells, jabbing his finger toward me. "I wouldn't hurt your children for anything in the world. I can look out for them. I was good enough to look out for you, wasn't I? I can see. I have eyes. I have a rearview mirror."

"I know that. I'm sorry it happened."

"I want an apology," he demands.

"No." I shake my head. "I'm not going to apologize. Look, Pop, it's hot. I don't want to argue anymore."

"You're too damn stubborn," he bellows, "and I won't take it. I—"

"Then, dammit, pack up and go back to the Bronx," I yell back at him. "I'm tired of this bickering. If you don't like the way I run this house, then get out of it. You're driving me crazy. I don't come home from work to put up with this. Go home and fight with Momma. But leave me alone."

"Fine. That's what *you've* been waiting to say since I got back with the corn."

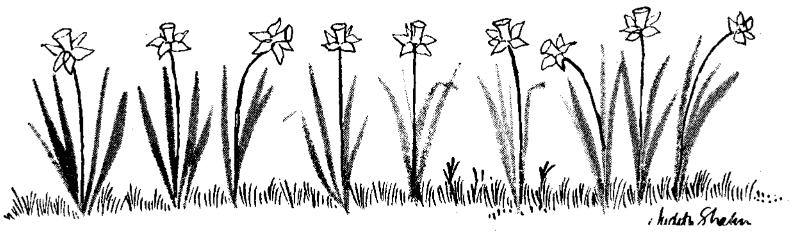
"That's what you've been trying to force me to say."

"Momma, go upstairs and pack our bags. We don't have to put up with any more of this."

The house becomes deathly quiet. Momma waddles across the living room and up the stairs to the bedroom. My father turns quickly and walks outside. Nancy looks around the room. In a few minutes, when her grandparents leave, she will be without an ally.

Momma takes a long time to pack, and finally calls to Pop. I try to help, but he pushes me away. It takes three trips for him to load the car, walking through the kitchen and dining room to avoid me as he carries the suitcases and paper shopping bags out.

Helen comes downstairs and tries to talk to Momma, but all



"Have you noticed? Fewer people go 'Tsk, tsk' these days."

• •

Momma can say is, "He doesn't understand his father." I overhear and shake my head. I do.

Pop kisses Nancy goodbye but will have nothing to do with the rest of us. He refuses to take the cigars we bought him for his birthday. When they reach the end of the driveway, there is an irregular flashing of the left-turn signal light, and they are gone.

Exit my FATHER, stage left.

"I DON'T understand," Helen says, as we walk back toward the house. "Why was he so angry with you for making Nancy sit in the back seat?"

"He wasn't mad at me," I answer. "You don't understand him well enough yet. He was mad at *you;* he saw you and Susan today on the trip to the winery acting disgusted every time he made a mistake."

"I don't think so," she answers.

"He saw it in the rearview mirror. That's one of the things he kept saying that seemed out of place to me at first. He kept telling me that he could drive because he had a rearview mirror and could see what was going on."

"But then why didn't he get angry at me?"

"Because of the way he is. You're mine. By his rules, he can only punish someone he owns and loves. In this case, that's me. I got yelled at because I'm the closest to you. And he *knows* that I'm his."

Part II. Bernoulli's Theorem

LET the curtain rise on my FATHER, stage center.

He is standing on the corner of 181st Street and Tiebout Avenue in the Bronx, between Nancy and Susan. He looks like a refugee from Poland, rather than a naturalized citizen who will retire to California before the day is spent. It is early summer, with the slightest trace of pleasant heat in the air, and he is wearing the same large-brimmed, faded, plaid-banded straw fedora that he wore at my house two years before, when he left in a huff. He has on a blue suit that looks to have been discarded by a third-rate wedding, funeral, and bar-mitzvah musician, cut down by my mother to fit my father. It is double-breasted and wrinkled; the cuffs of the trousers rest comfortably on the dry, cracked leather of his shoes, and I am sure the material is frayed in the back, where his heels have ground it against the pavement. The lapels on the coat are wider than those on my confirmation suit eighteen years ago, when I wore my uncle's cut-down suits. My father's tie is at least three and a half inches across, with a hand-painted teardrop in the center. He is looking out from underneath the brim of the hat, up and out, squinting slightly, as though the sun were in his eyes, but it is eight o'clock in the morning and the sun is still hidden behind the apartment houses.

He and Momma retired from their jobs yesterday: Momma from the government, Pop from a senior doormanship in some swank apartment house. They have put most of their furniture in storage, mailed their clothes, and will now take whatever they can carry onto the plane and move in with my younger brother in Los Angeles.

I count quickly on my fingers: this is the fourteenth time they have moved since I was born. Eleven times the first eleven years of my life: from the Bronx to Queens, to Yonkers, to Brooklyn, back to the Bronx, and over again. The huge wooden moving barrels, on the landing outside our apartment, gradually filling with china wrapped in newspaper by my mother, seemed to be part of our furniture. She had got so proficient at the wrapping that Jerry, the head moving man—we were on a first-name basis with all of them—let my mother do it and still insured everything.

Once each year for eleven years, my mother found the ideal apartment and the ideal landlord—one who would really fix a running toilet, or paint the apartment on schedule. Each year, my brother and I began in a new school, and my father, swearing he would never move again, learned a new combination of buses, subways, and elevated trains that would get him to the plant so he could begin his milk route, or, later, to the apartment house where he was a doorman. Each year, he argued with her—that the next apartment and landlord would be no better than the last, that he was tired of moving, particularly since she moved so many shopping bags and cardboard boxes and admittedly did not know what was in half the boxes but simply moved them from the closet of one apartment to the closet of another.

Each year he argued, until finally, after thirteen moves, he became adamant, and put his foot down. He would not move again. They lasted almost ten years in that apartment, until today.

Although nothing has been said directly, they have made the air heavy with the feeling that I may not see them again. So, for reasons I do not discuss with myself, I have driven down with two sleepy daughters to take them to the airport.

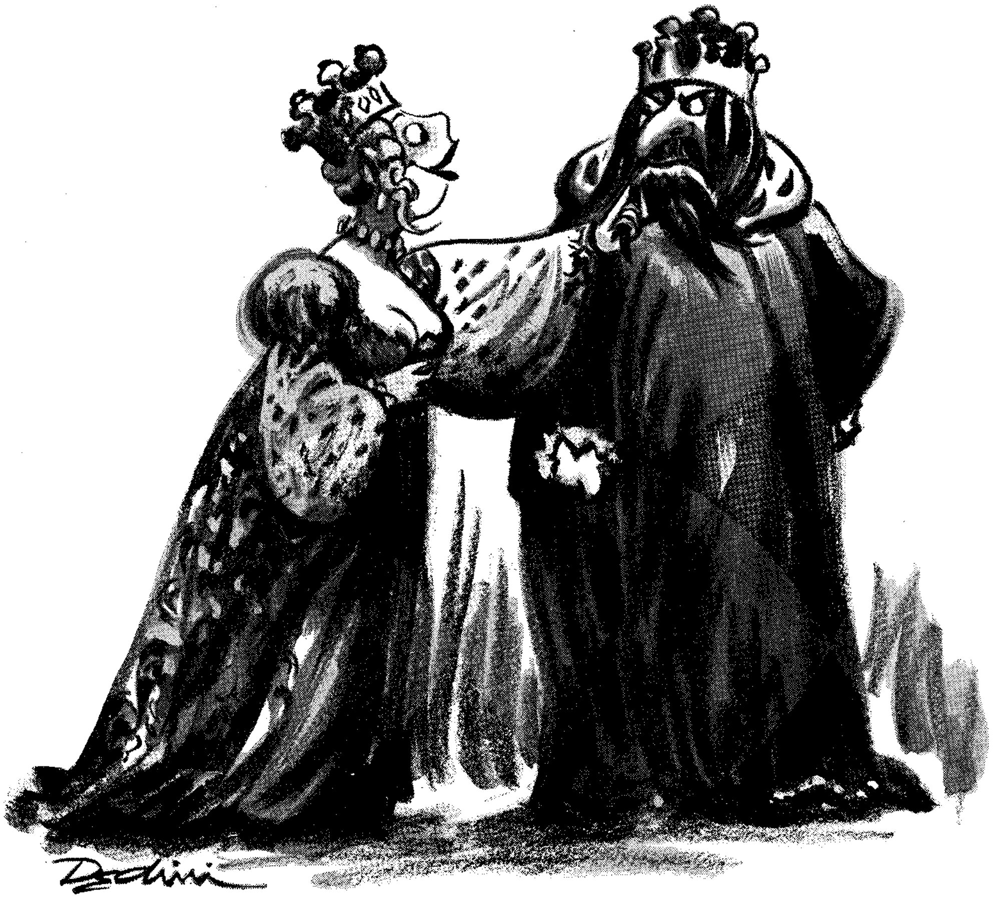
But the city is jammed. I left it too long ago, when we played stickball in the streets between changes of the lights and seldom had to stop for a car. Now I cannot find a place to park.

I go around the blocks I once knew so well, lost in a maze of one-way streets. After almost twenty minutes of wasted driving, Susan suggests I let her and Nancy off to tell Grandma and Grandpa we are here.

And now he has come downstairs with them to watch for me as I pull over to the curb.

"Good morning, my Number One son," he says, leaning in the car and pulling my head toward him so he can kiss me on the cheek, his breath full of cinnamon mouthwash and stale cigar smoke. "Why don't you just pull up and double-park, and we can start bringing the stuff down. Momma only has three truckfuls this time, but it's all light." We laugh, knowing that Momma would put a piano in a paper shopping bag and move it if she could.

"Won't they give me a ticket if I leave the car doubled-parked?" I ask.



"Before you chop off my head, don't you think we should see a counsellor?"

"Not if they see you're only going to be here for a few minutes. Stay down here with it, and I'll get some suitcases. Then you can leave the trunk open with the suitcases in it, so they can see what we're doing, and the girls can stay and watch it while we go up for some more."

By the time we are done, the trunk of the car is full, there are shopping bags along the ledge above the back seat, and Nancy is holding the box with my mother's gray wiglet on her lap.

I can only guess at what is in the shopping bags. Nothing in my family has ever been thrown away: clothes, anger, leftover food, harsh words. Except love; that is taken for granted and seldom entered into the books.

At the ticket counter, they find that the luggage is significantly overweight, and I discover the items Momma has skillfully concealed in the bottom of her shopping bags: a mantelpiece clock in one, underneath a camouflage of bare metal hangers; her jewelry in another, covered by an arsenal of half-used aerosol spray cans of furniture wax, window cleaner, insect repellent, oven cleaner, waterproofing, and hair spray. They decide to pay the extra charge for all the things they cannot carry onto the plane; the wiglet is light, but Momma takes it away from the ticket clerk and asks me to mail it to her when I get home. It takes the three of us to carry all the shopping bags and the small plastic flight bags from the counter.

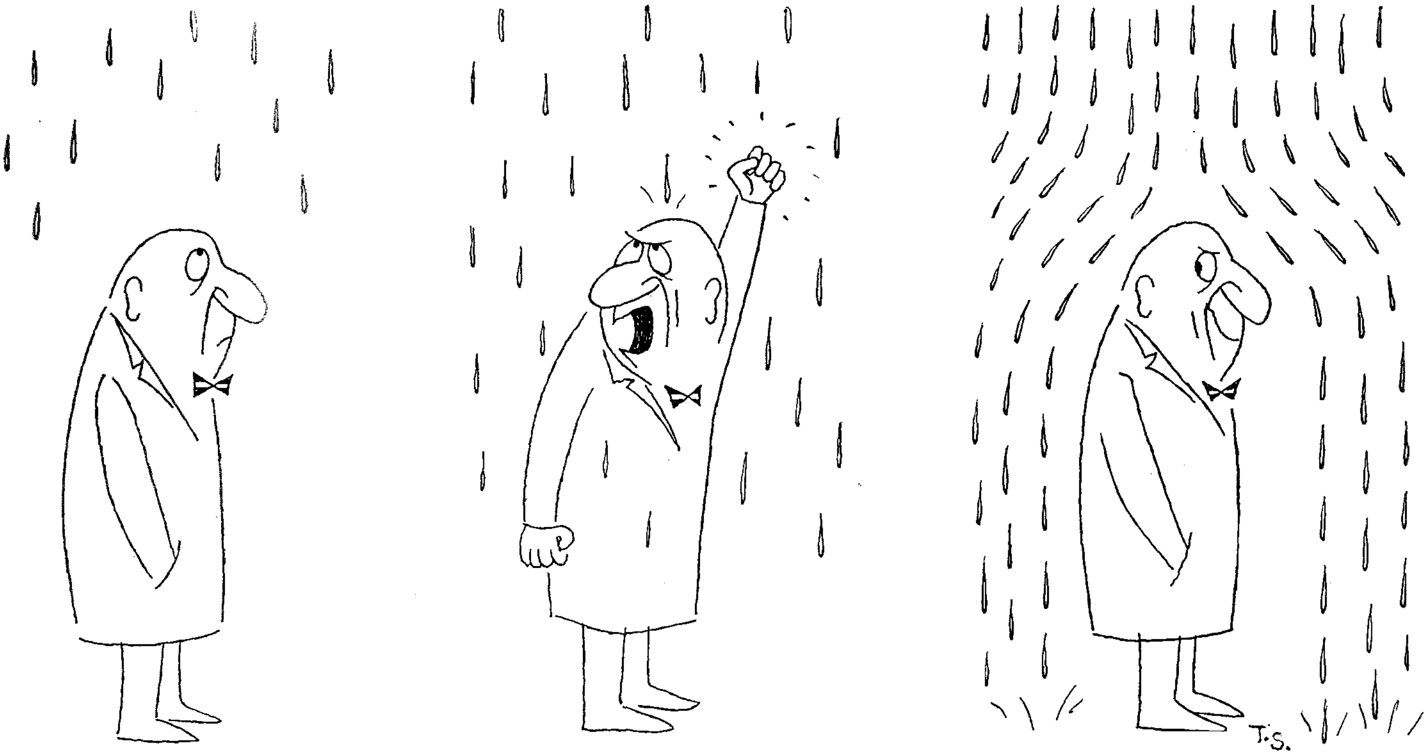
I am afraid of the wiglet and detest the image of it lying flopped in the bottom of the box, for reasons I do not understand. But I agree to mail it anyway.

It is still very early, so we eat breakfast in the terminal, and Susan, after living all of her eleven years in the country, driving to a farm with me every other weekend to buy eggs, wants to know what the menu means when it declares, "Country-fresh eggs—any style."

The box with the wiglet is under the table at my feet, and it almost keeps me from eating breakfast.

We settle in at the waiting area by the gate and watch the mechanics servicing the plane. The movie to be shown on the flight is a variation on a theme by Elvis Presley. Later, we watch the stewardesses walk through. The motif for the flight is Paris, and they are dressed in tight-fitting gold outfits, but something blasé in their faces makes them seem unattractive, and my father and I hardly give them a glance.

A male in an airline jacket welcomes



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everyone in a masculine voice that has probably been selected to breed confidence. He thanks us for choosing this airline, tells us how good the weather will be, and starts passengers through the covered ramps to the plane.

Momma begins kissing the girls, and my father hugs me to him.

"Goodbye, my Number One son," he says, reaching up to kiss my cheek. "Take care of yourself, and take good care of my grandchildren."

"You don't have to worry about that," I say. "Let me know if anything comes up and you need me."

"I will," he says. He pauses, and turns to look out the window. "You know, there's something I always meant to ask you."

"What's that?" Do I love you? Why don't I act like I love Momma more? Am I sorry you're going? Have you been a good father?

"You ought to know the answer to this," he says. "You're an engineer. What the hell keeps those things up in the air?" he asks, gesturing toward the plane with his head.

"Are you kidding?"

"No. I never went past the eighth grade—you know that. I never understood airplanes at all. What keeps a thing that big up in the air?"

"Have you ever heard of Bernoulli's theorem?"

"No."

"Do you see the way the wing is—the way it's curved on top and not on the bottom?"

"Yeah."

"That makes the air going over the top go faster than the air going straight underneath, and it causes a lower pressure on top, so the plane is lifted up."

"Then the engines don't make it go up at all?"

"No. They just make it go forward, so the air goes over the wing, and then it's lifted up."

"I never knew that. You're not kidding me, are you, because I believe you, and I won't know the difference."

"I'm not kidding. That's the way it's supposed to work."

"Did you learn that in engineering school?"

"No. I think it was junior high school."

"It's a good thing at least somebody in the family has some brains." And now he seems complete.

Momma is done with the girls, and moves in for me to kiss her. She has never felt that I showed enough love for her, and I would like to please her now. I lean down so she can kiss me on the cheek, and I try to show the enthusiasm she is looking for when I hug her, but what has taken more than thirty years to establish cannot be overbalanced quickly.

She sorts through the disorder around us, picks out the wiglet, and hands it to me. She picks up two shopping bags and starts to walk slowly toward the ramp, rocking back and forth—the Polish gypsy, on the move again, this time for good. The wooden barrels have been replaced by plastic luggage, but the shopping bags prevail.

My father picks up what is left: he tucks a piece of luggage under each arm and grabs a shopping bag in each hand. He looks at all that he is carrying, at my mother, unperturbed and self-confident, advancing on the ramp: he considers his predicament; he looks over at me, shakes his head, then turns and starts for the plane.

Exit my Father, stage right.

—John Jurkowski

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LONELINESS

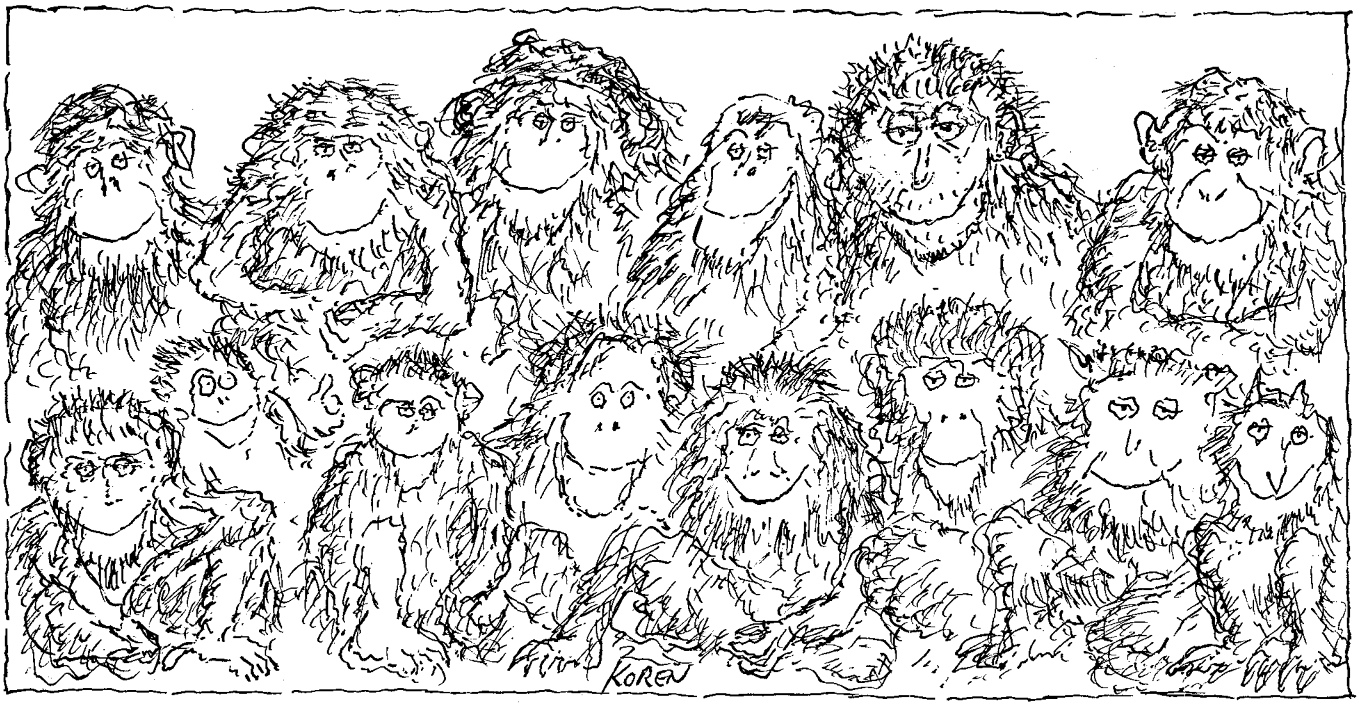
The last year's leaves are on the beech.
The twigs are black; the cold is dry.
To deeps beyond the deepest reach
Bells of an early Easter cry
Oh! Ordered metal clatter-clang,
Are you the song the angels sang?
You fill my heart with joy and grief—
Belief! Belief! and Unbelief,
And though you tell me I will die,
You say not how or when or why.

Indifferent the finches sing.
Unheeding roar the lorries past.
What misery will this year bring
Now spring is in the air at last?
For sure as blackthorn bursts to snow,
Cancer in some of us will grow.
The tasteful crematorium door
May shut from ears the furnace roar,
But church bells open on the blast
Our loneliness, so long and vast.

—John Betjeman

A REPORTER AT LARGE

ON THE SIDE OF THE APES—I

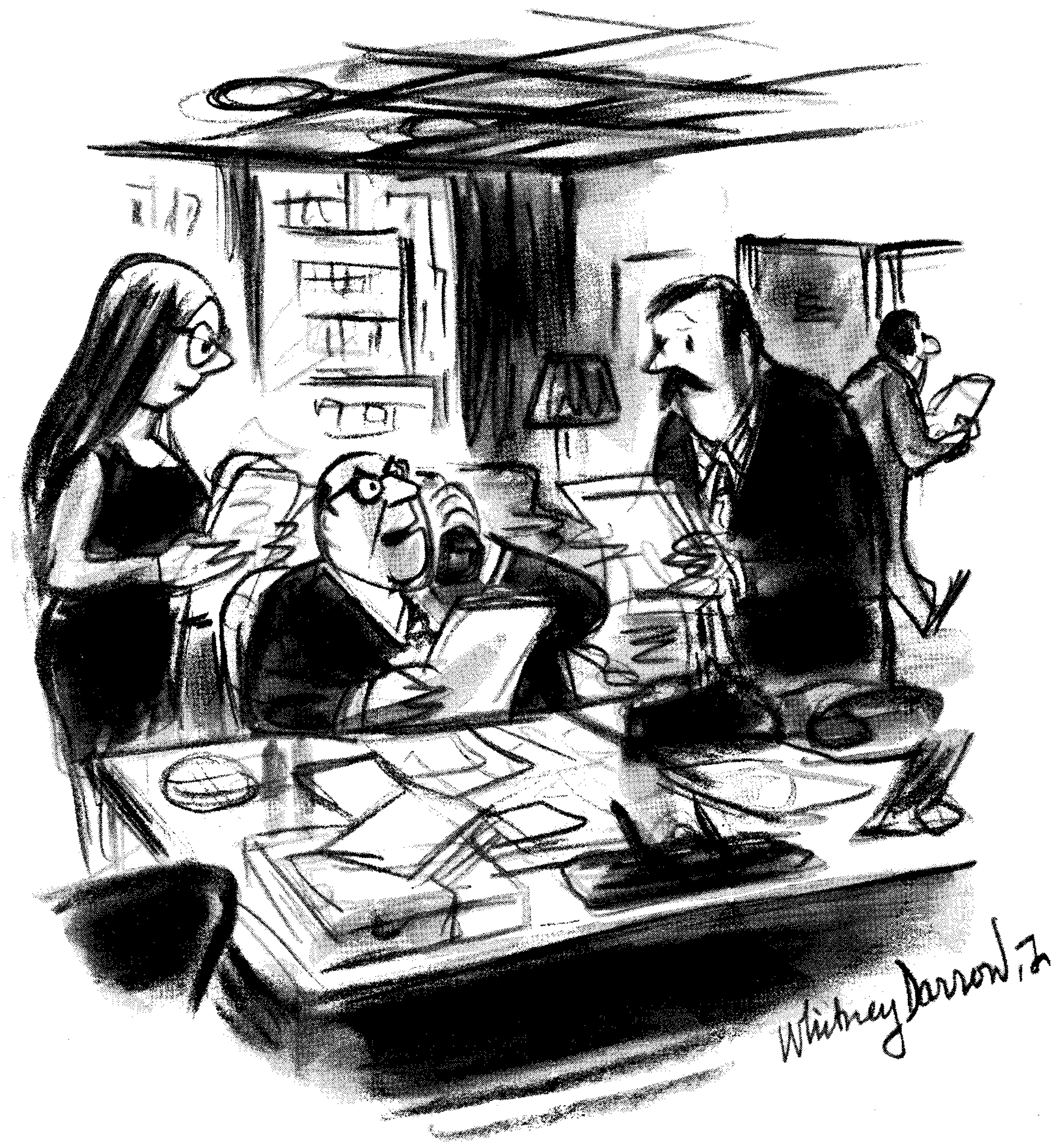


Is man an ape or an angel? I, my lord, I am on the side of the angels. I repudiate with indignation and abhorrence those newfangled theories.—*Benjamin Disraeli, at the Oxford Diocesan Conference, November 25, 1864.*

WHEN Herodotus came back from a trip to Egypt in the fifth century B.C., he had wonderful stories to tell of people he had seen at a king's court—fully adult men no bigger than children. Most scholars believe that these were pygmies, from tribes that still inhabit part of the northeast Congo and western Ruanda, but it seems possible to me that what the Father of History encountered were not men at all but chimpanzees. If he mistook such anthropoid apes for wild, hairy human beings, he would not have been the first or the last to do so. The chimpanzee so much resembles us, and adapts itself so easily to our way of life—even to eating at table, sleeping in bed, and wearing clothes—that many people, including me, find it almost impossible to relegate it to the nonhuman world. At Tange, in the Ituri Forest of what was then the Belgian Congo, where I lived for a time years ago, the Africans referred to pygmies as a different species. "Is he a pygmy or a man?" I heard one villager ask of another in regard to a somewhat undersized stranger. The reverse applied when they spoke of chimpanzees. When I once demanded angrily, "Who pulled down that tent?" the cook replied, "No other person than Chimpo." (Chimpo was a young female chimp I had adopted.) At many points, the line of demarcation is blurred, but there are differences. Pygmies build temporary sleeping places, and so do chimpanzees, but a pygmy house stands on the ground and is roofed over with leaves, whereas a chimpanzee nest is usually up in a tree, and it has no roof. Pygmies can talk our language when they try, while it is a moot point whether chimps can talk; certainly, in recent years, some have been taught to communicate extensively with men. Pygmies are accomplished hunters, stalking and bringing down elephants, but those few chimpanzees that are known to catch animals go after very small game, and in a primitive, slapdash manner at that. Nevertheless, if Herodotus made a mistake we should not wonder at it, even though in the intervening centuries we have become fairly sophisticated about apes.

Probably the first person who specifically mentioned such animals was an English sailor named Andrew Battell, whose report was published in 1613 in a book called "Purchas His Pilgrimage." Battell had for years been kept prisoner in Angola by the Portuguese, and he told of the Angolan province of Mayombe, on the coast, where "the woods are so covered with baboons, monkeys, apes, and parrots that it will fear any man to travel in them alone." Among Battell's creatures were two monsters—an *enormous* one called Pongo, apparently a gorilla, and a slightly smaller one called Engeco, which must have been a chimpanzee. (Gorillas achieve a maximum height of six feet and a weight of more than six hundred pounds, chimpanzees four to four and a half feet and close to two hundred pounds.) The word "chimpanzee" itself derives from an African dialect, and means "mock man." In 1641, an Amsterdam physician and anatomist, Claes Pieterszoon Tulp, published a work titled "Medical Observations," in which there were anatomical drawings of a narwhal and a chimpanzee. His model for the latter was an animal owned by the Prince of Orange, and it was possibly the first living specimen ever to reach Europe. Afterward, more chimpanzees arrived. There were not many of them at first, and they did not live more than a season, but they attracted fascinated attention. If for years people evinced little curiosity about the chimpanzee's nature, this was, in a way, the ape's own fault. To watch the animal make himself at home in houses, to teach him to behave like a human being, was so amusing that it distracted the watchers and led them away from the spirit of inquiry. Men made copious notes of chimpanzee behavior, but the notes were all of how chimps acted in our world, not in their own. Even today, performing chimpanzees are a surefire attraction in the circus, on the stage, on TV shows, and even as night-club acts; people never seem to tire of watching the animals prove that they can use knives and forks, ride tricycles, and roller-skate. Until very recently, the only source of information about chimpanzee behavior—with the honorable exception of the work of an American zoologist named Richard Lynch Garner, who went to Africa in 1896 to observe primates systematically—was stories that Africans told gullible travellers. Then, around the time of the First World War, Robert Mearns Yerkes, of the Yale Department of Psychology, began giving thought to the question—several years before the so-called Scopes Monkey Trial, in Tennessee in 1925, threw into national and world prominence the scientific and religious implications of man's relation to and possible descent from the apes, which the theories of Charles Darwin and others had earlier suggested. By 1925, Yerkes had for some time been working on the idea of setting up a breeding station for primates, to be used in medical and psychobiological research. The word "primate" carries the connotation that apes (an ape can be defined as any member of the Pongidae, a family with no tail, a trunk broader than it is deep, and arms that stretch laterally to the body, in contrast to monkeys' arms, which tend to be stretched forward), monkeys, and lemuroids are at the top of the mammalian heap along with *Homo sapiens*, who dominates them all. It is, no doubt, a boastful claim, but it is not unjustified, since human beings do seem able to outguess the other mammals; at least, if we can't outguess them we can exterminate them.

Thanks in part to the Scopes trial, it is safe to say that most Americans today accept the Darwinian theory or some modification thereof, and take it as fact that we are closely related to the other primates. This is why many research students in medicine, surgery, and the other curative sciences usually prefer to work with primates rather than with so-called "laboratory animals" —guinea pigs, rats, dogs, and so on. Wild primates, however, are difficult to get. Many species are being squeezed out of existence by proliferating mankind, and even the commonest of them cost more than most other laboratory subjects. Quite a few of them are delicate, and most are harder to handle than guinea pigs. A laboratory using primates must be fitted with special living quarters, including strong cages—it is surprising how quickly a baboon or an orangutan can pick a lock—and the temperature of these quarters must be carefully regulated. Moreover, because primates caught in the wild are infested with parasites, inside and out, they must be quarantined after capture and thoroughly cleaned up. So the final cost of such animals is high. The obvious answer is to breed primates in captivity, even though it is a slow process. Chimpanzees, for example, do not become sexually mature for at least eight years—usually more—and the chimpanzee gestation period is nearly as long as ours. So when, about a decade ago, the United States government's National Institutes of Health made grants to set up seven Regional Primate Research Centers, to be operated in collaboration with various universities in different parts of the country, it was the start of an unusually ambitious and imaginative—and, considering its recent origin, unusually productive—program. Of course, there were primatological institutes in the United States before 1960, the most important being one started by Yerkes, and there have long been primate laboratories at some American universities and medical colleges. (The Air Force has maintained primate observation groups of its own, and so, in a smaller way, has the Army.) The chief difference between these places and the centers founded and launched by the N.I.H. was one of scope. Yet in spite of the fact that apes and monkeys hold such a fascination for most people—possibly a fascination of repulsion rather than attraction, but a strong fascination nonetheless—the


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"*Miriam, how many times have I asked you not to bother me when I'm doing my thing?*"

"First, I want to thank the network for giving me this opportunity for rebuttal."

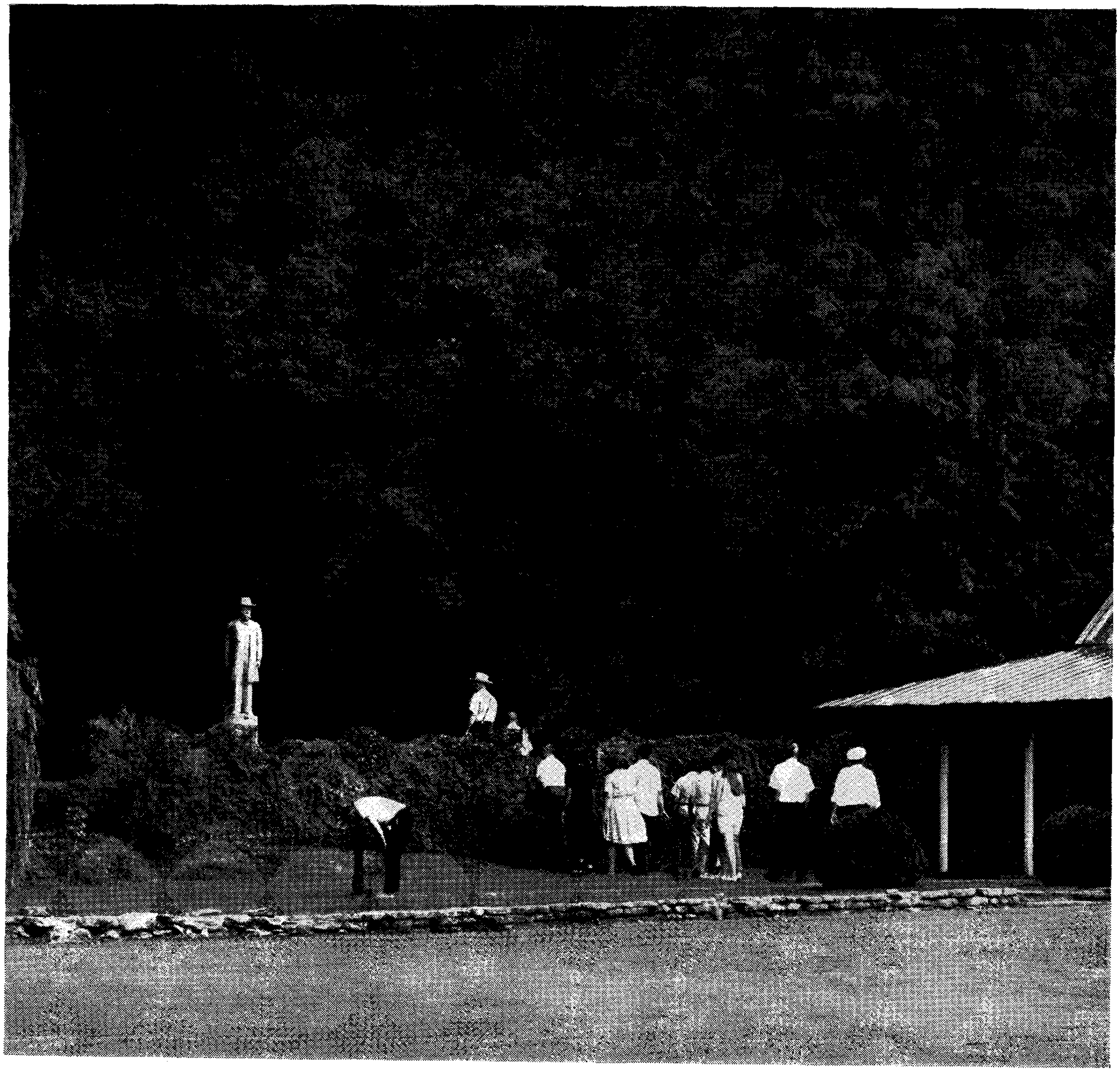
• •

centers are not well known to the general public. Outside their immediate vicinity, few people know anything about them—or, indeed, about primatology generally. There was a lot of publicity about the Salk vaccine and its dependence on the rhesus macaque, but Dr. Salk did not work at one of the centers; there were none in those days.

For a while after I first heard of the Primate Centers, I wondered why they had not received more attention; after all, every newspaper editor knows that a monkey story is always good, even if it is only a routine item about an escaped pet. I found one answer in a piece by Ada Watterson Yerkes, the wife and assistant of Robert Yerkes. "Notoriety is no help to scientific work, nor curiosity of the newspaper and motion-picture type," wrote Mrs. Yerkes. "To the public, all simians make an appeal too humorous to be favorable for a serious undertaking." No doubt because of such a policy of secrecy, it was only through a fluke that I first heard about our country's elaborate group of institutions for raising and studying primates—a discovery that started me off on what has proved a long pilgrimage. An architect I met at a cocktail party mentioned a colleague of his who, he said, was working in San Antonio, Texas, on some sort of dwellings for a thousand baboons. This startled me. Years ago, in the Congo, I had kept—or, at least, chaperoned—a troop of eight or nine baboons. It was possible to carry on an acquaintance with these animals as I did, free of rancor, only because I was living in the forest, with no European neighbors to make objections. I have never forgotten my experience with *Papio anubis*. One baboon alone is a handful; nine baboons were—to put it mildly—distracting, and I could not imagine how a thousand could be maintained in a big city without catastrophe for all concerned. Come to think of it, why should anybody keep baboons in San Antonio? The architect said he believed that baboons were prone to atherosclerosis and that the animals were being studied by doctors who were trying to determine how such things were affected by diet and stress.

For days afterward, I couldn't get those baboons out of my head. My overheated imagination saw them pacing majestically through the city, being subjected to the stresses of modern life and occasionally dropping in at their doctors' offices to be checked for hypertension. I asked various people from Texas about the colony, but no one seemed to have heard of it. Ultimately, I learned that it was called the Southwest Foundation for Research and Education, and that there the baboons dwell pacifically in cages. My search led me to discover many more facts about primates in America. I found that, in addition to the baboonery in Texas, there are, among other things, an experimental breeding station at the San Diego Zoo; several colonies (mostly of rhesuses) living free on islands near San Juan, Puerto Rico; a primate laboratory at Johns Hopkins University; one connected with New York University Medical Center; and, most important of all, the seven large Primate Centers under the auspices of the National Institutes of Health, whose headquarters are in Bethesda, Maryland.

As I made these discoveries, I inevitably kept coming upon the name of Robert Yerkes. Yerkes was born in 1876, the eldest son of a struggling Pennsylvania farmer, who thought that the boy should stay at home and help support the family by working the farm. But Robert had his heart set on getting an education, and at the age of twenty-one, after attending Ursinus College, he went on to Harvard to do graduate work. After studying philosophy with Josiah Royce, William James, and George Herbert Palmer and biology with E. L. Mark and G. H. Parker, he decided he was most attracted to zoology and psychology, where it seemed to him that most of the action was. When he asked Royce's advice about what he should do, the philosopher suggested that he combine his two favorite subjects in a new study called comparative psychology, and work under the great psychologist Hugo Münsterberg if Münsterberg would accept him. Münsterberg did, and Yerkes soon became an instructor in the Philosophy Department (in those days, psychology was considered a mere branch of philosophy). At



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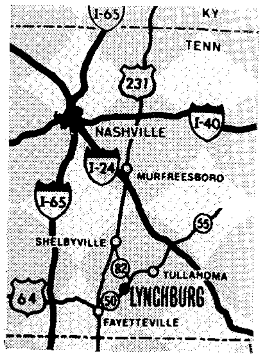
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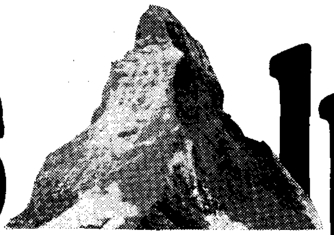
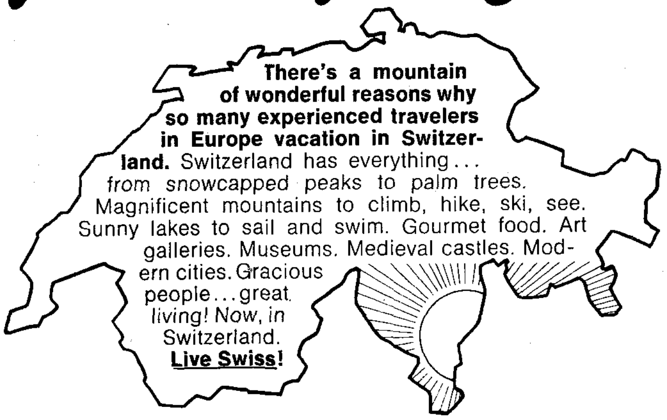
the time, there was no such thing in America as a laboratory devoted exclusively to the study of animal behavior, and Yerkes often wished that there were such a thing as an "institute of comparative psychobiology" for people like him. Lacking it, he, like other workers in his field, studied small beasts that were easily obtained and not much trouble to keep. For a time, Yerkes concentrated on a tiny mammal about which, in 1907, he published his first book, "The Dancing Mouse: A Study in Animal Behavior," describing a typically workmanlike piece of his research. In 1910, with a Harvard associate, he published a paper in the *Psychological Bulletin* entitled "Do Kittens Instinctively Kill Mice?" (He concluded that they did.) Yerkes worked with rats in a maze, and he studied color vision in the ringdove and observed the behavior of crows. In 1915, he returned to mammals with "A Study of the Behavior of the Pig *Sus scrofa* by the Multiple-Choice Method." Through all these studies, he was evolving disciplines that he described under the heading "the measurement of mental ability."

In 1910, an ex-student of Yerkes' named G. V. Hamilton set up a small laboratory of his own in Montecito, California, where he kept a few monkeys and an orangutan and made studies of their nervous and mental disorders, correlating his findings with those concerning similar disorders in human beings. Yerkes went out to visit him during a sabbatical year, 1914-15, and joined in the studies, which he found fascinating. His "daydream," as he called it, became specific: an institute to maintain varieties of primates, where he could breed, rear, and observe them over generations, coördinating his work with that of existing biological research centers. Hamilton and Yerkes were not the only scientists who had been attracted by the thought of working with primates; others elsewhere were by now also keeping such beasts for observation. In France, a Russian named I. Mechnikov was studying the effects of human diseases on primates and trying out remedies on them. In 1912, the Prussian Academy of Science brought several wild chimpanzees to a station at Tenerife, in the Canary Islands, where the zoopsychologist Wolfgang Köhler worked with them. Köhler's work made Yerkes extremely envious, for the German psychologist was finding out all sorts of things as he devised ways of testing the chimps' intelligence. He discovered that chimpanzees would readily use sticks as tools to lengthen their reach when fruit

The Swiss Alps are 68,000,000 years old. Switzerland is only 680.



Just one reason why everybody in our country feels so young.



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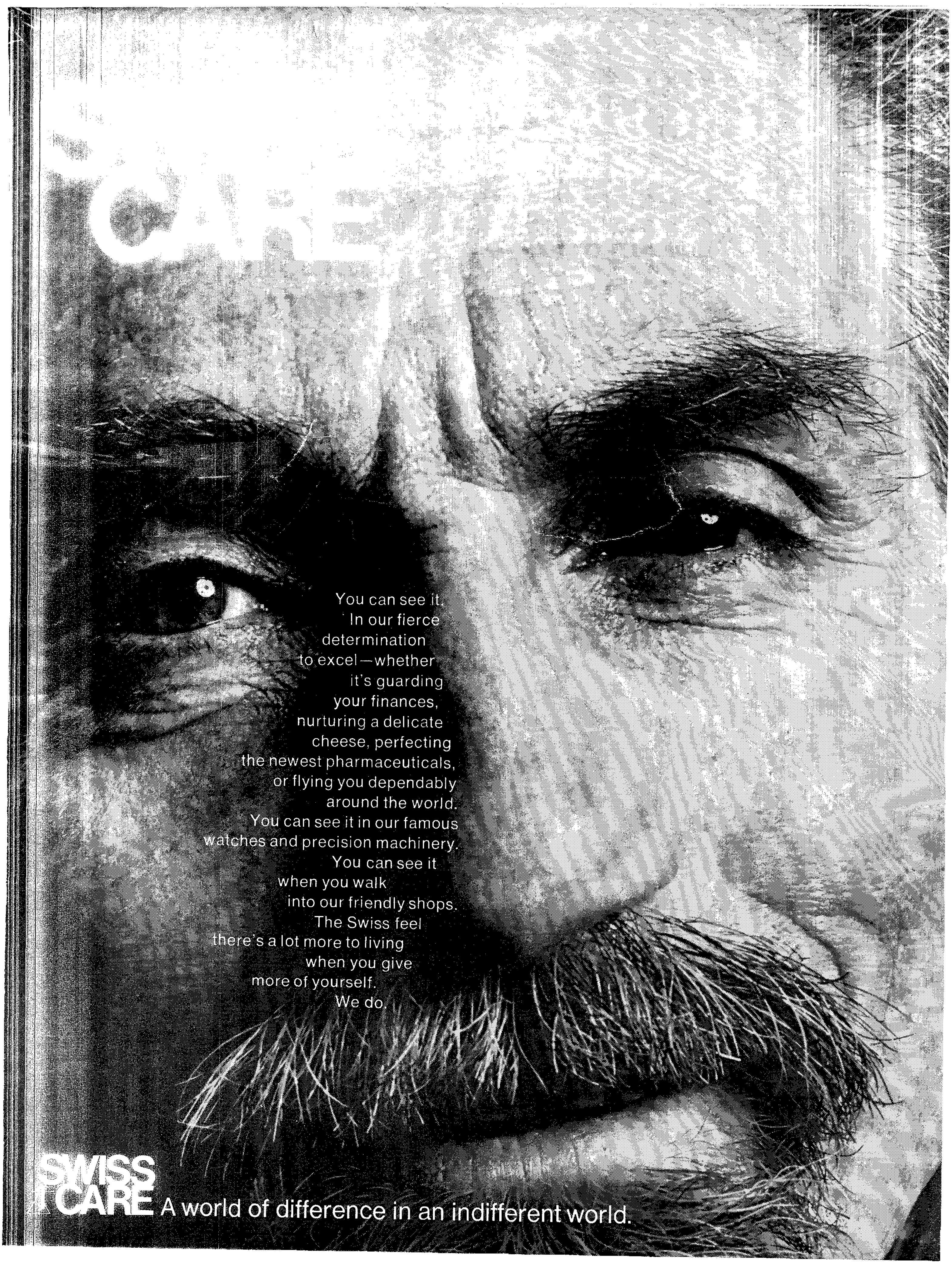

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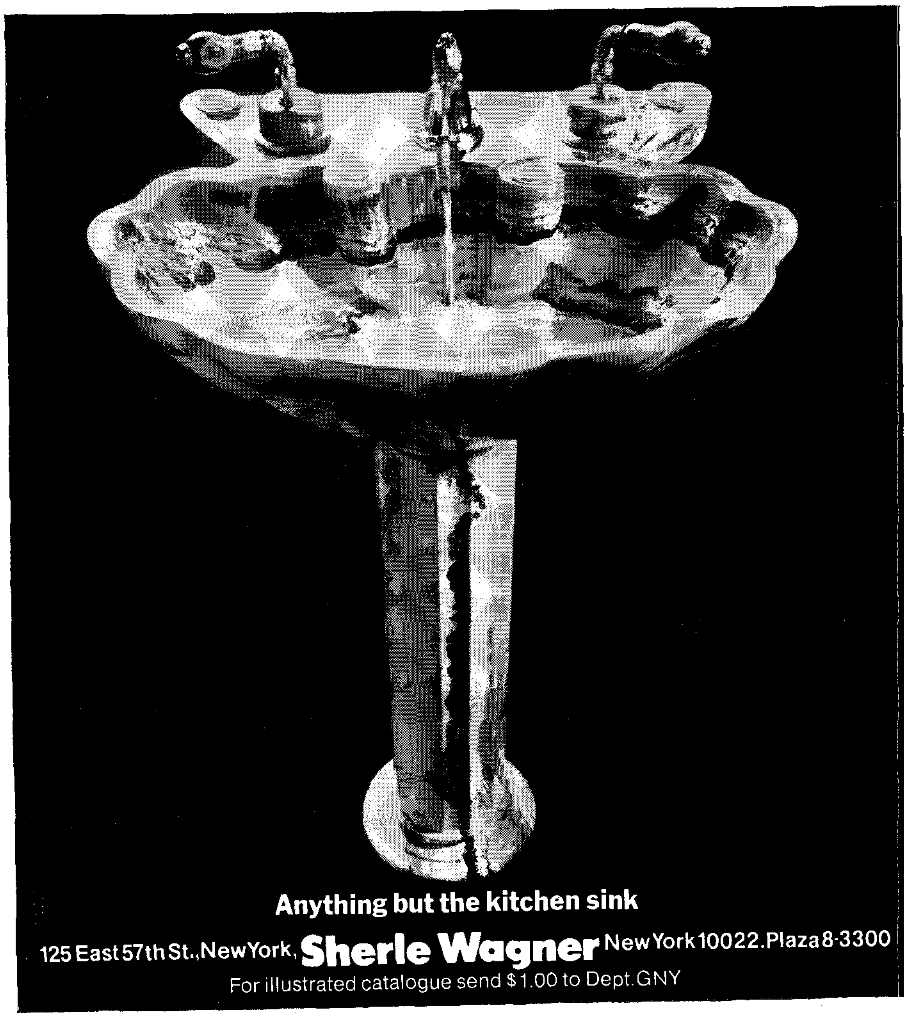
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or other desired food was placed just beyond their grasp, and some of his apes were even clever enough to put together two parts of a jointed stick for this purpose. They also knew how to make themselves taller by piling one box on top of another, and would repeat the exercise when necessary until they had made a tower three or four boxes high. Many of their reactions seemed to indicate that they were capable of reasoning in human terms. Yerkes, more eager than ever to study such animals, did all he could to persuade Harvard to put up money for a primate-research center. The attempt was fruitless, and he returned to his crows and pigs.

The Yerkes family now owned a farm at Franklin, New Hampshire, where they went every summer, and in whose fields Yerkes and his colleagues could work with various animals. He referred to this farm as the Franklin Field Station of the Harvard Laboratory of Animal Psychology. One day in the early summer of 1915, his attention was caught by a newspaper report that in Havana a chimpanzee had been born to a captive mother. "The event was notable," he wrote later, "because there is no previous record of the conception and birth of one of the great apes in captivity anywhere in the Western Hemisphere." The chimpanzee's owner, he discovered, was Señora Rosalía Abreu, a lady of great wealth who was fascinated by apes and monkeys. She spent enormous sums to acquire such animals, and once she had them she kept them under what she considered the best possible conditions—feeding them at a dining table, providing beds for them to sleep in, and so on. (Amateur psychologists might leap to the conclusion that the Señora had a frustrated maternal complex. Actually, she had four or five children of her own. Presumably, she just happened to like apes and monkeys.) Yerkes wrote to Señora Abreu at once, and a long correspondence followed, during which the scientist discussed his plans for a primate laboratory and Señora Abreu described her charges' personalities and activities and repeatedly urged Yerkes to come and see them at her estate, Quinta Palatino. Yerkes finally did make this journey, but not until seven years had passed.

The delay was attributable partly to the First World War, during which Yerkes became a pioneer in the use of intelligence tests. Until 1916, such tests had commanded little more than shaky respect among psychologists, but in that year the Binet test, devised in France

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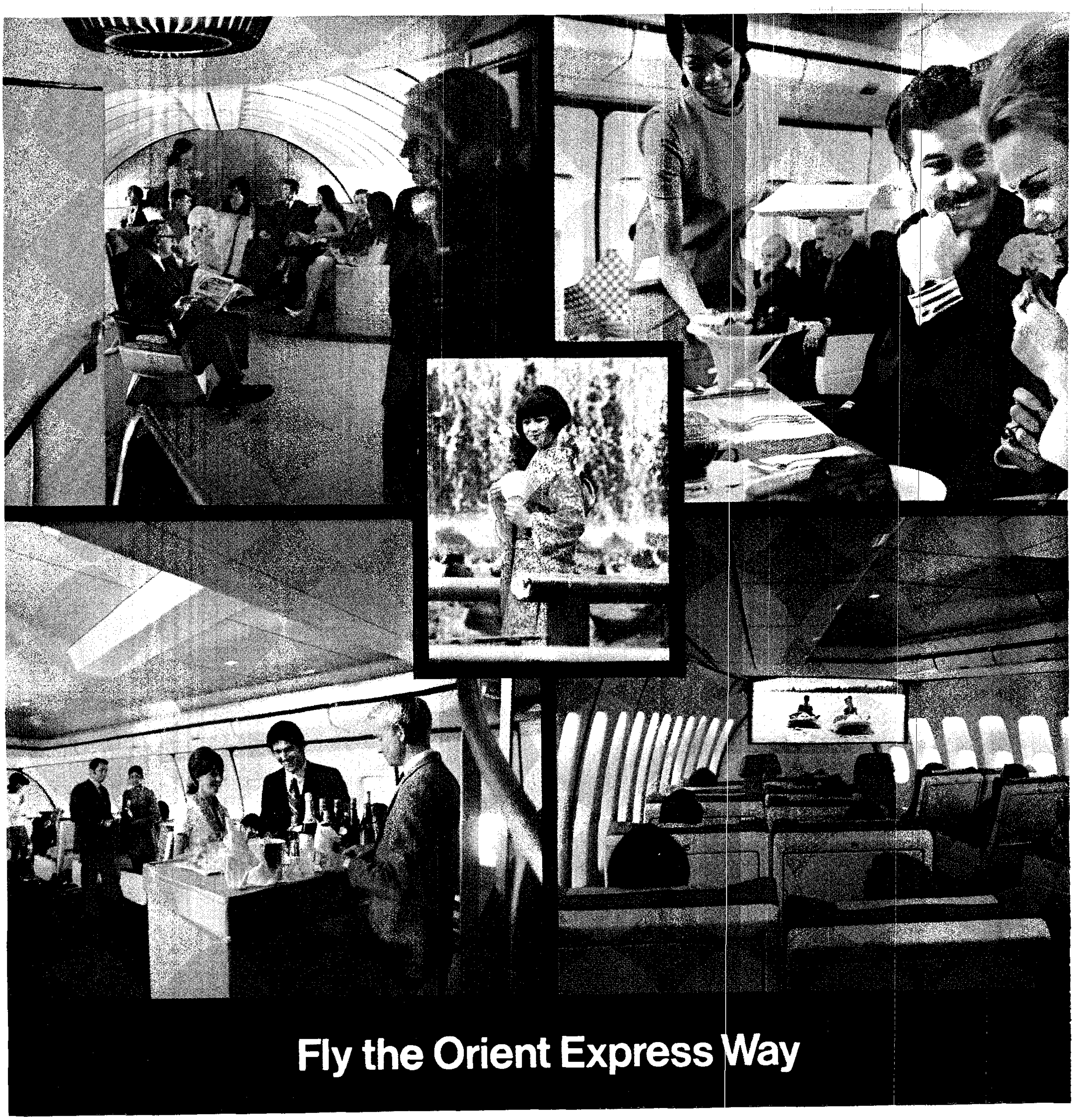
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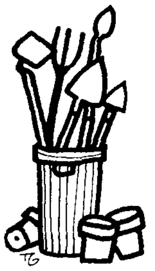
shortly after the turn of the century, was revised by the American psychologist Lewis M. Terman. When the United States entered the war, Yerkes, who was president of the Council of the American Psychological Association, summoned its members for a discussion of the military uses of psychology. As a result, he was asked by the War Department to serve as chairman of a Committee on Psychological Examination of Recruits. For the first time in the long history of wars and armies, there was an effort to classify men scientifically according to how they might be most efficiently employed in the military service. Such a scheme naturally met with considerable resistance from most members of the military establishment, in which officers were still being assigned and promoted largely according to seniority, but fortunately the Surgeon General of the Army thought there might be something in Yerkes' ideas. The program worked well, but after the war the hidebound military mind took over again, and most of it was dropped—although, according to a historian, "Pockets of appreciation for the tests remained among the regular military, particularly among the younger generation of officers. . . . Even more important, the wide use of the examinations during the war had dramatized intelligence testing and made the practice respectable." Yerkes himself had achieved a reputation. When the war ended, he stayed on in Washington as chairman of the Research Information Service of the National Research Council, though he had not dropped his plan for a primate laboratory.



IN the summer of 1923, Yerkes unexpectedly took the first step toward his dream. Though he still had the Washington job, he and his family had moved to the New Hampshire farm, as usual, when he received a letter telling him that two chimpanzees, male and female, which the New York Zoological Park had been boarding temporarily for their owner were for sale. Yerkes went to New York, and the moment he saw the chimpanzees he was captivated. After some agonizing, and with the full support of his wife and their two children, David and Roberta, Yerkes paid two thousand dollars—most of the family savings—for the two animals. Although the female was sickly, the male—a pygmy chimpanzee, or bonobo, which many experts today consider not a mere subspecies but a species in its own right—was exceptionally bright and personable. He named the male Chim and the female Panzee. Still vivid in the mind of Yerkes' daughter, now Mrs. Brand Blanshard, of New Haven, is her father's enthusiasm when Chim built his first nest. It was the first time in history that an anthropoid's nest had been made in New England, and very likely it was the first time such a nest had been built in a birch tree anywhere. To make a nest, a chimpanzee sits in a bush or a tree and pulls down the branches growing nearby. It sits on these or stamps them down until they are beaten into submission and the animal is on a sort of platform with a depression in the middle. "To see the birches of a New Hampshire hill pasture filled with chimpanzee nests makes one feel queer," Yerkes wrote. As for the question why the chimps did not simply take off across the countryside, Mrs. Blanshard has explained that they were by nature both timid and friendly and quickly became very attached to the family.

That fall, after the family, apes and all, had moved back to Washington, Yerkes renewed his correspondence with Señora Abreu, who reported that she now had seventy-five animals in all, representing twenty-five species, among which were three orangutans, two lion-tailed macaques, a small mandrill, a colobus, twelve baboons, one chacma, a pair of woolly monkeys, and "a lovely gibbon, who sings when she sees me appear in the garden." Finally, Yerkes made the first of two visits to Quinta Palatino, in January, 1924. This trip was marred by the death in Washington of the little female chimp, who turned out to have been tubercular. Meanwhile, Yerkes made plans to return to Havana in the summer for more protracted study. In July, a party consisting of Yerkes, two associates, and a secretary went to Havana, taking Chim with them. Describing the summer later, in his book "Almost Human," Yerkes gave a good idea of how all the apes lived amid the lush Latin-American landscaping of Quinta Palatino. A half circle of cages stood close to the Señora's house; they varied in size from small enclosures for marmosets, three or four feet across and four or five feet high, to cages big enough for the anthropoid apes. Jimmy (the paterfamilias chimp who had sired the baby born in 1915) occupied, with his mate and a new infant, a cage nearly sixty feet long, thirty feet wide, and twenty feet high. Each of the great-ape cages was provided with

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nest boxes to serve as beds, and some of the cages were partitioned, with the nest box or boxes in a kind of bedroom. Yerkes approved heartily of bedrooms for the chimpanzees, kept separate from what he called the living room; he only regretted that not all the cages were arranged that way. This was because every night the Señora took the orangutans and most of the chimps indoors with her, where they slept in small cages in or near her bedroom. "Her idea is that they are in this way protected from risk of taking cold or contracting pneumonia from exposure during . . . cold nights," he wrote. "Jimmy, alone of the chimpanzees, is never removed from his outdoor cage." The Señora believed that he was too big and bad-tempered to handle. Yerkes thought the whole business unnecessary. Jimmy stayed healthy out-of-doors, so why should any of them go indoors? "We are inclined to believe that their owner humors the animals somewhat unnecessarily, at the same time indulging her own sympathetic interest in them and her eagerness to be good to them," he wrote. For Robert Yerkes, those were harsh words—even though he was immensely grateful to Señora Abreu for her kindness.

It would have been a marvellous summer for Yerkes save for one tragedy: Chim died. The little chimp had been well, even bouncing, at the beginning. He lived in a large cage of his own, and joined in behavior tests with verve and intelligence, much impressing the working party. Professor Harold C. Bingham, one of Yerkes' associates, remarked that the little ape "seemed to be interested in the causes or conditions of things, whereas his companions did not." But there was a "respiratory epidemic" in the colony at the time of Chim's arrival, and he developed pneumonia. He grew feverish, probably delirious; at least, Yerkes got the distinct impression as he anxiously nursed and tended the little ape that Chim was expecting a caller, some mysterious stranger who never arrived. "Often as I entered the sick-room, I noticed that he was watching eagerly, and although he welcomed me and sometimes even came to me from his bed, he seemed still to be expecting some one," Yerkes wrote. "As I sat by him one day, toward the end of the first week, he talked almost continuously, as though trying to tell me something. This unusual performance was very impressive, for it made one feel that, like a person, he was trying to convey certain meaning for which his vocal expression was inadequate. He was not excited, but seemed calm and

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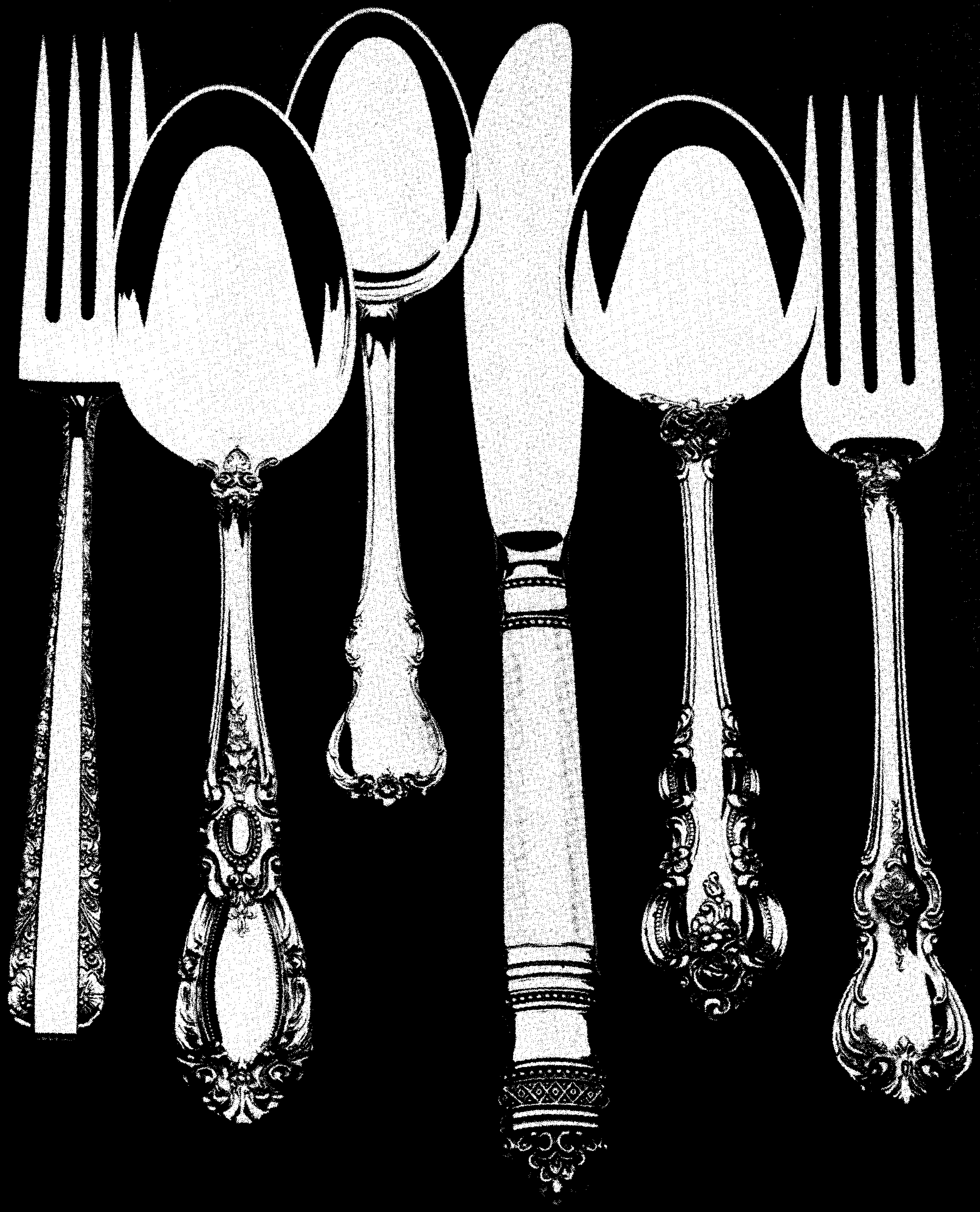

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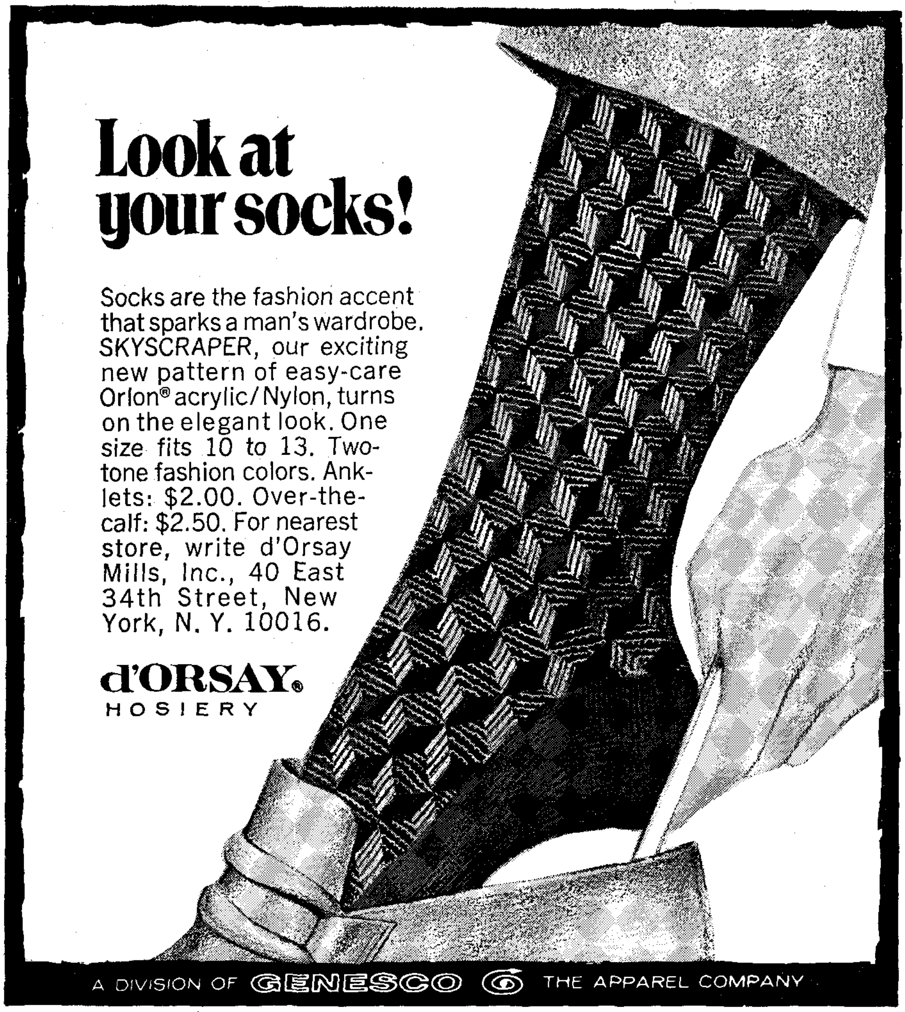

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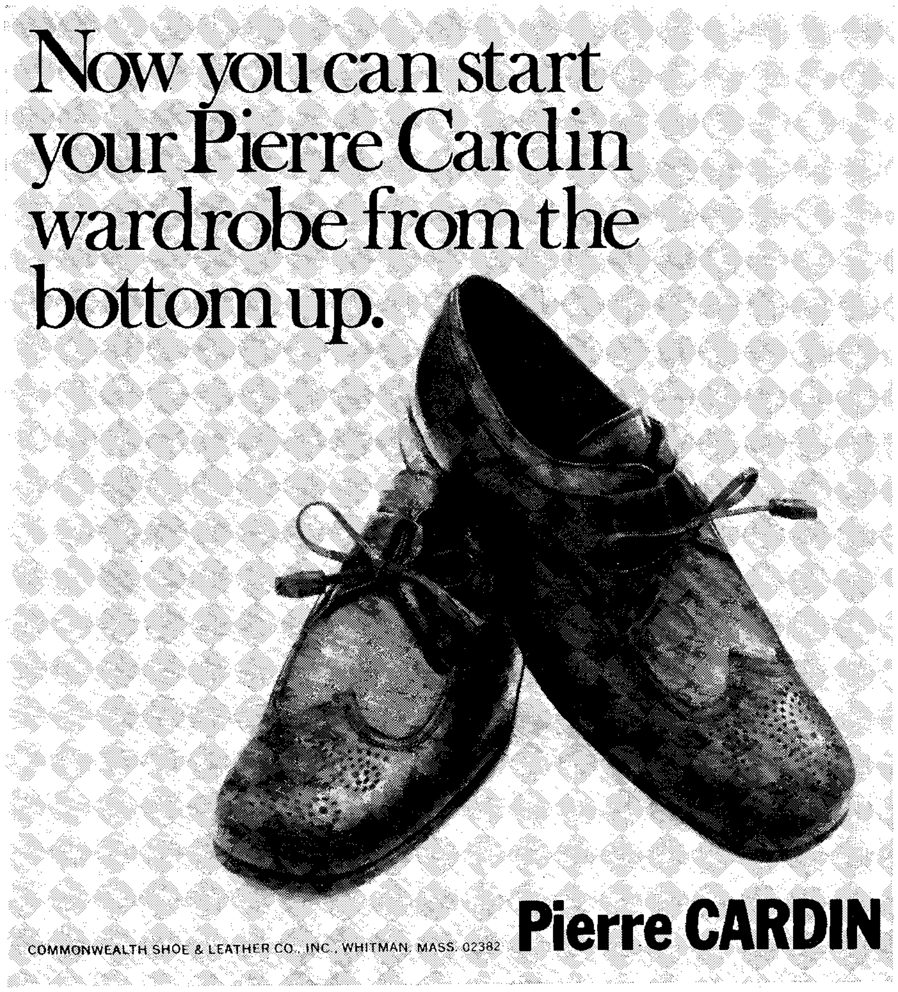

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intent on his task." Of Chim, Yerkes later sadly wrote, "Doubtless there are geniuses even among the anthropoid apes. Prince Chim seems to have been an intellectual genius."

In the end, it was Yale, not Harvard, that helped Yerkes acquire his laboratory. Before James Rowland Angell, a fellow-psychologist, became president of Yale, in 1921, Yerkes had often talked with him about his plans, envisioning a special department for advanced students. One of Angell's first decisions after he was appointed head of Yale was to create a department in conformity with Yerkes' outline, and to invite Yerkes to occupy a Yale chair of psychobiology, with the generous stipulation that he could spend as much time as he chose on research.

Yerkes was not the only man setting up such a project. At about this time, on the other side of the world, the Russians were discussing the creation of a similar laboratory and breeding colony at Sukhumi, Georgia, on the Black Sea. And in 1922 the Pasteur Institute of Paris began a West African primate station called Pastoria, near Kindia, in French Guinea. Pastoria's early records make sad reading, however. Boris M. Lapin, director of the Institute of Experimental Pathology and Therapy of the Academy of Medical Sciences at Sukhumi, and Eman Fridman, chief of the Primate Information Center there, two Russian chroniclers of man's history of experimentation with his primate cousins, described the French colony's miserable beginning:

> In the winter of 1926, according to I. Ivanov's account, the population was about thirty chimpanzees. Of this number, only one female had lived about two years at the station, while other animals had been there not longer than five months. Ivanov noted the high death rate in Pastoria. A female chimpanzee brought to the station on February 3, 1926, was listed as No. 370. Consequently over 340 monkeys had died in Pastoria. . . . The work carried out at Pastoria was in the line of developing methods of BCG vaccination, preparing some other vaccines and sera, and staging experiments in oncology. The basic studies were devoted to problems of tropical medicine.

By 1926, the authors added, not one conception had been recorded among the chimpanzees, or even among the lower primates, including the baboons, which will usually breed even under difficult conditions.

Lapin and Fridman, while acknowledging the start of Yerkes' colony, made this dark comment:

> The history of monkey breeding stations and primatological centres in the

> United States is peculiar. In the 20's, when the use of primates in science became quite necessary, the ideological atmosphere in the U.S.A. was extremely unfavorable for such work, although the country's immense material assets were ample for coping with the problem. In March, 1921, a bill was introduced in the State of Tennessee prohibiting the teaching of evolution at educational establishments. The governor approved the bill. Soon ten more states excluded the evolution theory from curricula, and then other states followed suit. In 1925, the year it was decided to set up a primate station in Sukhumi, the notorious evolution or "monkey" trial was held in Dayton, Tennessee. . . . In this situation . . . it was not easy to speak about experiments on monkeys from the position of their kinship with man.

Somehow, though, Yerkes, with the help of Yale and the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Fund, managed to get going before the station at Sukhumi was built. He saw the project as consisting of three intimately related divisions: one, situated in some large university research center, for the use of primate subjects in investigations; one for the breeding, rearing, and general observation of one or more types of primate; and one for organizing and carrying out field work whereby the primate types represented in the breeding station could be studied in their natural habitat. "The project still appeared extremely ambitious and exacting, but it certainly did not impress competent judges as grandiose," he wrote.

Yerkes and his colleagues decided to specialize in chimpanzees, at least at first, but in late 1925, when he was starting to line up specimens, Yerkes was offered, out of the blue, a chance to study a female mountain gorilla. Congo, as she was called, had been brought to Florida by her captor, Ben Burbidge, who soon sold an interest in her to the Ringling Brothers Circus, with which she toured in summer and wintered in Sarasota. For the next three years, until Congo died, Yerkes spent six to eight weeks in Florida each winter studying the gorilla's behavior and intelligence. Her behavior contrasted strikingly with that of chimpanzees, he reported. For one thing, her response to Köhler-type tests with sticks and boxes was much slower than that of any chimpanzee he had tested. Yet after the ten months that intervened between his first visit and his second, he observed that although she had not touched the apparatus during his absence, she now had a far better idea what to do with it. It was a thousand pities, he reflected as he returned to New Haven, that he couldn't work with more gorillas.

Back up North, Yerkes had already

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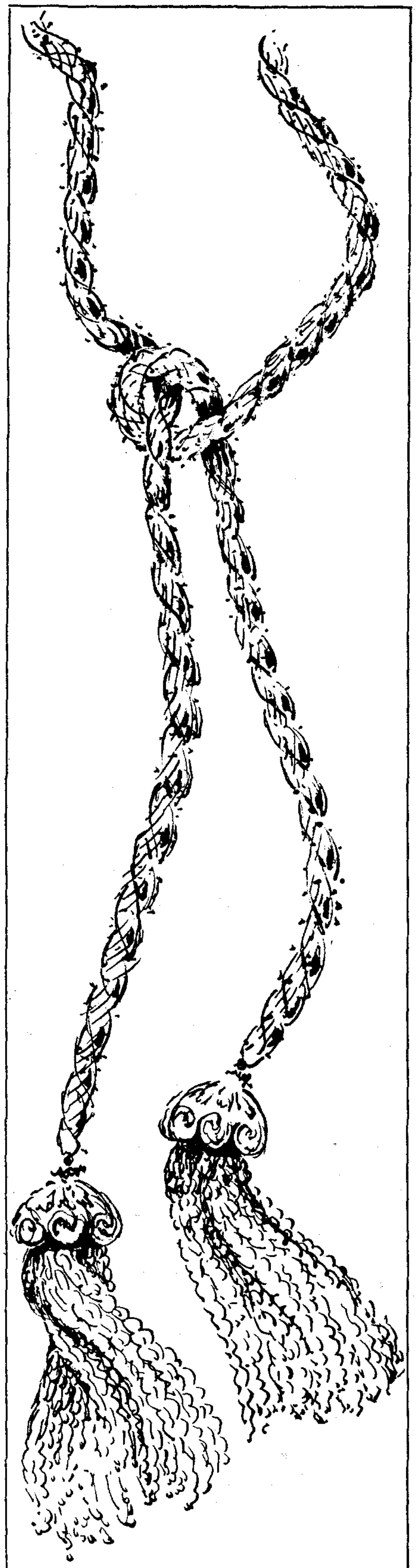

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installed four chimpanzees at the Franklin farm. The first two were a five-year-old male and female he had bought from John L. Buck, an importer of wild animals. The male Yerkes named Bill, after William Jennings Bryan, who vehemently represented the anti-evolutionists in the Monkey Trial, and the female he called Darwina—Dwina for short. In "Creating a Chimpanzee Community," Yerkes wrote, rather apologetically, "Ordinarily, naming an experimental animal seems rather sentimental and less convenient than giving it a number, but in practice we have found it natural and desirable to name our apes. They are highly individualized and their personalities become as distinctive to one who works with them day after day for months or years as do those of one's human companions." In time, a rule of nomenclature was adopted for the station: the females' names were always to end in vowels, the males' in consonants. Late in the summer of 1925, Bill and Dwina had been joined by another pair of small chimps, Pan and Wendy. "Our New England pasture was unique, with chimpanzees swinging from its birches or watching with timid curiosity the herd of grazing cows," their new owner noted. Now that he had four animals, he was able to put some of his earlier ideas into practice. The chimps ate all their meals together, at their own table.

In New Haven, in the autumn, the apes were lodged and studied in a red brick building known to the townspeople as the Manson barn, which had been adapted to this new use. There the primate laboratory operated for its first five years, though the barn was too near the street to suit Yerkes. He complained, "The outdoor cage commonly had a gallery of high-school or college boys. Bill early learned to express his attitude toward them by spitting, filling his mouth with water and squirting it at them, or throwing sand in their faces." Yerkes' daughter recalls that though the passing schoolboys were blamed for teaching Bill to spit, this was something the animal found it especially easy to do, because he had a tooth missing in just the right place. Spitting is, in fact, one of the chimpanzee's few unpleasant habits, and scientists who work with the animals usually become adept at ducking—or spitting back. This could not be said, unfortunately, for Russia's Dr. Ivan Pavlov, the scientist famous for his experiments with the conditioned reflex. In the early days of Yerkes' primate laboratory, Pavlov attended a world zoological congress at Yale, and the authorities took him on a tour of the university. He spoke no English, but he was accompanied by Alexander Petrunkevich, a Russian-born professor of zoology at Yale, who acted as his interpreter. When they entered the room where the apes were kept, a number of lesser fry—assistant teachers and aspiring biologists—waited reverently outside. One of them, who has since become a professor, well remembers what happened next, and he told me about it recently. "Suddenly there was a sort of shout inside there, and the two Russians came out with the laboratory assistant, all talking at once," he said. "Pavlov was furious. Petrunkevich called out to us, 'Oh, the apes bespat *him!* The apes bespat *him!*' Pavlov seemed to want Petrunkevich to say something else, but Petrunkevich obviously didn't want to, and protested. Finally, Pavlov had his way, and Petrunkevich said to us, 'He says this is not science—it is *nonsense*.' "

FOUR years after it was begun, the General Headquarters Laboratory—to give the refurbished barn its proper title—had proved to everyone's satisfaction that chimpanzees could be reared in New Haven and kept healthy there. Very interesting work had been done with them, as Yerkes and his wife reported in their famous book "The Great Apes." For example, in one test, each animal was presented with four boxes of different shapes and colors, one of which held food. The chimps were supposed to remember from trial to trial which box held the food, and often they did remember, even when as much as three hours intervened between the first presentation and the second. Sometimes changes were rung on the boxes—that is, the food might be placed in a box of a different shape but with the position of the new treasure box corresponding to that of the earlier test. It was found that the harder the problem was, the more the chimpanzees persevered—up to a point. At last, if an animal had repeatedly failed to find the food, his assurance would change to what the Yerkes couple described as "hesitation, comparison, watchfulness, and, occasionally, vacillation. His face and behavior might show disappointment, incredulity, mystification, resentment, anger, or depression. Sometimes he lost patience and refused to choose at all. . . ." The chimpanzee, Yerkes concluded, is to a degree capable of limited, delayed response hitherto known only to man.

Though the animals remained well and seemed likely to mature, Yerkes doubted whether they would breed readily in Connecticut, and he wanted to move on right away to the next projected step in his plan—a breeding station in some kinder climate. Again the trustees of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Fund agreed to underwrite the expense. In 1929, nearly two hundred acres of land were bought at Orange Park, Florida, fifteen miles outside Jacksonville. Construction of buildings there began in January, 1930, and the initial unit of the Anthropoid Experiment Station (the first of several names given the place) was finished in June of that year. Bill, Dwina, Pan, and Wendy were transferred immediately, and Yerkes and his wife and associates moved in. Soon the four apes were joined by ten others, from Pastoria—a truly magnificent gift from the Pasteur Institute, whose work was now going very well. In September, Dwina gave birth to Orange Park's first anthropoid infant, Alpha, whose father was Pan. In November, 1930, Señora Abreu died, and her children, who did not share their mother's passion for primates, sent word to Yerkes that they were settling the estate and giving up the collection and he could have his pick of the animals. He hurried to Cuba and selected fifteen chimpanzees, of all ages, from infants to an adult of twenty-five. He felt that the older ones might prove to be the most valuable for his breeding colony, since it takes chimpanzees such a long time to mature. Whether it was this infusion of older blood or merely the salubrious climate of Florida, by 1940 the combined populations in Florida and New Haven had grown to forty-six chimps.

Robert Yerkes does some summing up of these years in "Creating a Chimpanzee Community": "Among the personal rewards of association with chimpanzees as experimental animals, there comes to my mind first of all the discovery that they have an appreciation of kindness and fair play . . . which may be compared with the trust of a human child. . . . Downright honesty is the only safe basis for mutual confidence between ape and man, as between men. This discovery is highly significant, because what I have seen represents, if not the beginnings of human conscience and morality, the intimation or dawn of a comparable development in another type of pri-

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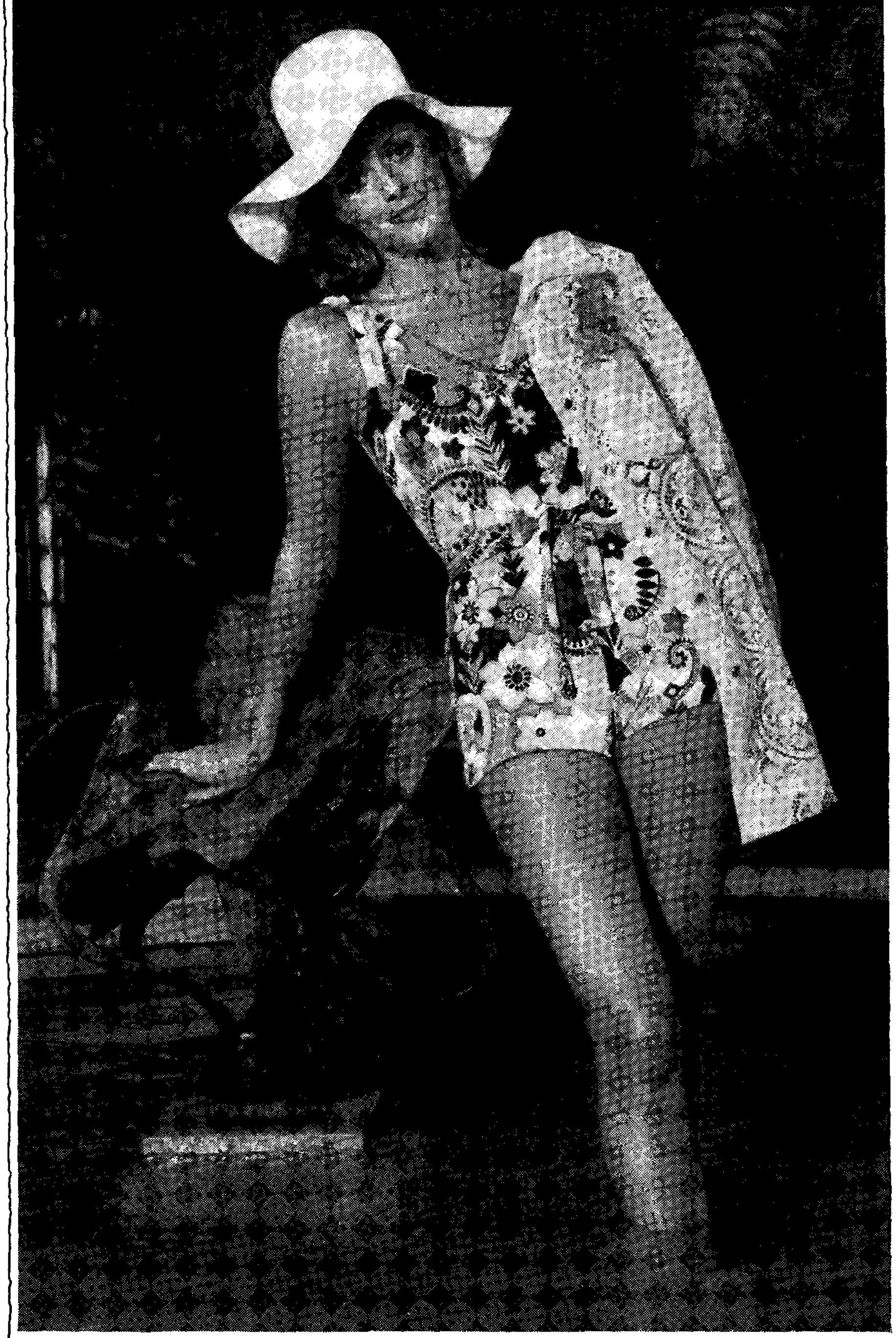

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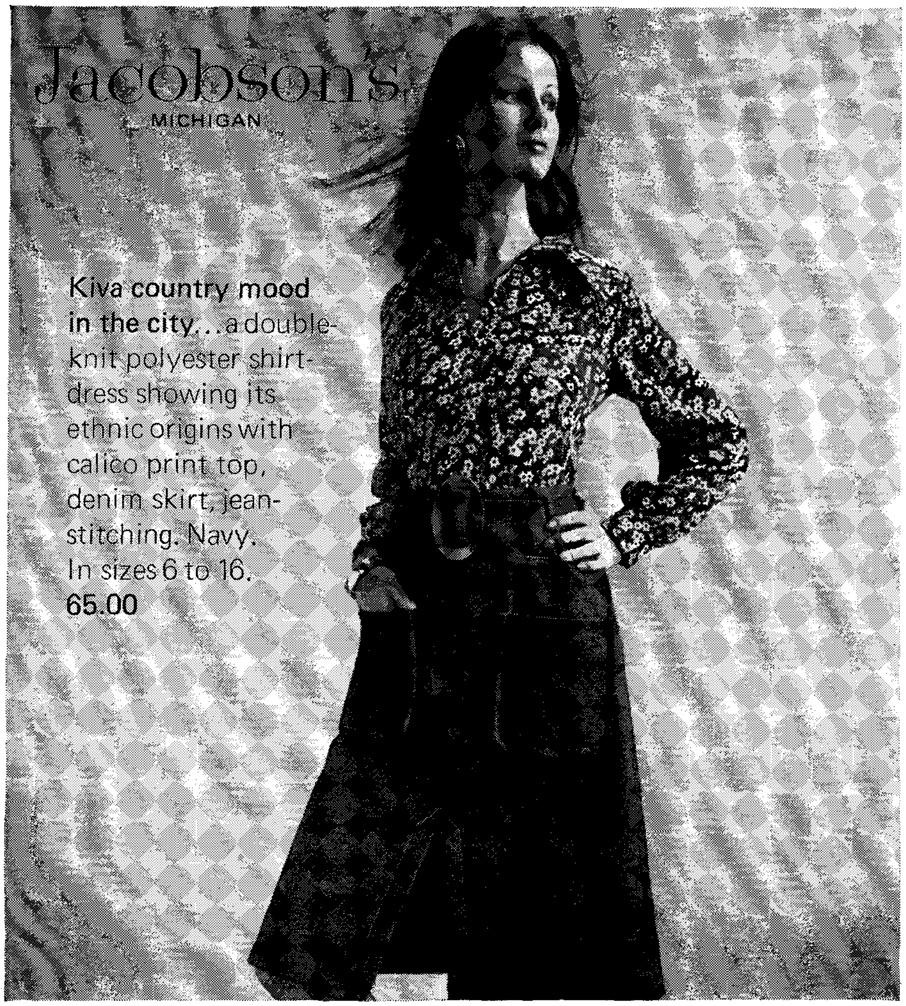

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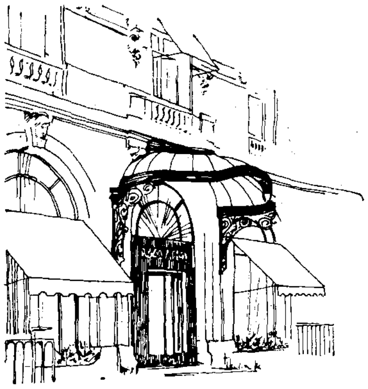

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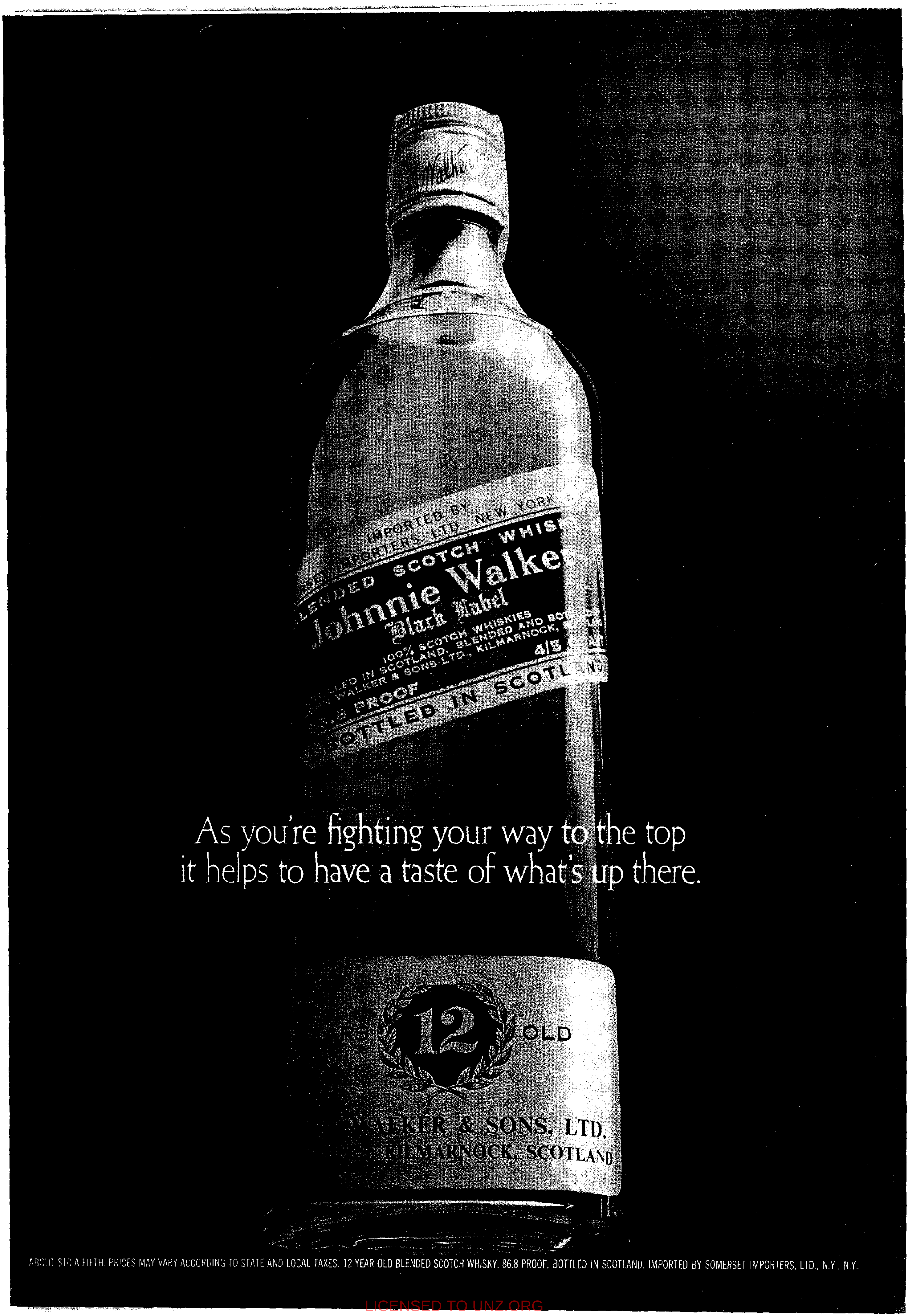
mate. . . . We did much during the first decade of our work to extend and increase knowledge of chimpanzee life and to contribute to the solution of varied biological problems, but the sum seems trivial in comparison with what should be known—a mere beginning."

THE third phase of Yerkes' master plan involved the systematic study of the life of the wild chimpanzee, and after he had made a preliminary trip to Pastoria in 1929 an assistant, Henry W. Nissen, set sail in his turn for French Guinea. There he spent two and a half months roaming an area about fifteen miles in diameter inhabited by large numbers of the chimpanzee subspecies called *Pan troglodytes verus*. The literature on chimpanzees is full of attempts to sort out various subspecies. Early observers in the very young study of primatology made divisions based on all sorts of features—the color of the animal's face (some chimpanzee faces are black, some pink, some freckled), the color of its hair (the hair is sometimes reddish rather than black), the thickness of hair growth, and baldness or lack of it. But such variations have often proved to be individual, not specific, and today's primatologists have more or less agreed to recognize only three or four main subspecies—*Pan troglodytes troglodytes*, *P. troglodytes verus*, *P. troglodytes schweinfurthii*, and perhaps *P. troglodytes paniscus*. The last named may in fact be a separate species, in which case it would be *P. paniscus*—the pygmy chimpanzee.

There were no guidebooks on how to watch chimpanzees, so Nissen started out in the conventional way of the naturalist, by constructing some blinds, with the assistance of African guides. He spent two days sitting in them, and never saw an ape. He concluded that the chimps were too alert to be fooled in this way. Also, using a blind successfully depends on the daily routine of the animal to be observed, and, as Nissen was to discover, there was nothing routine about a chimpanzee's day. The apes might congregate in one clearing for three days, eating fruit that had ripened there; then, for no discernible reason, they would move on to another feeding ground. The easiest way to locate them was to listen, since while moving about the animals made a lot of noise, yelling and rhythmically drumming on hollow trunks or tree buttresses; this often sounded, Nissen reported, like tomtoms, and could be heard a very long way off. Nissen found that when he left his African assistants behind he had better luck in getting close to the apes—at least, close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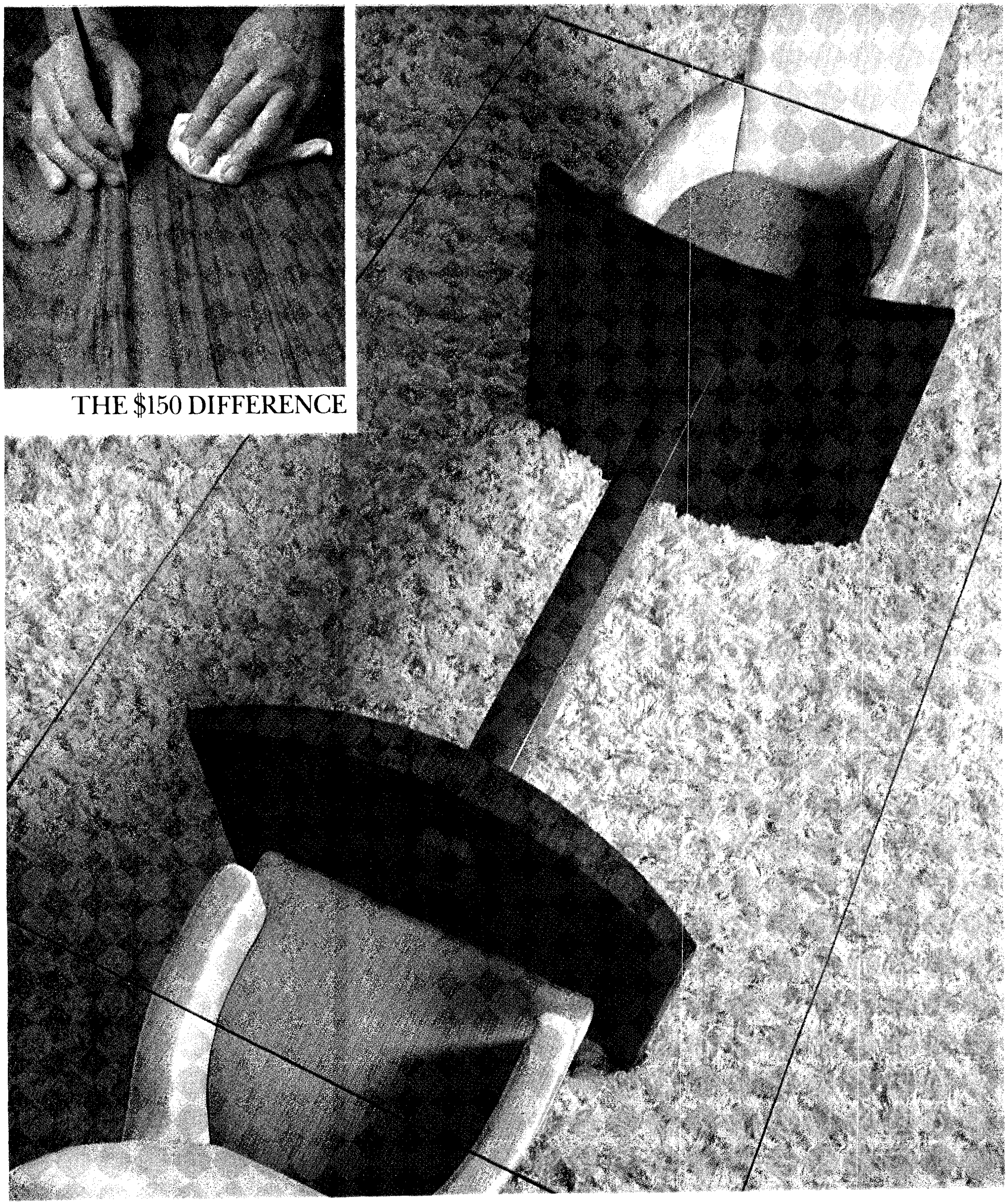

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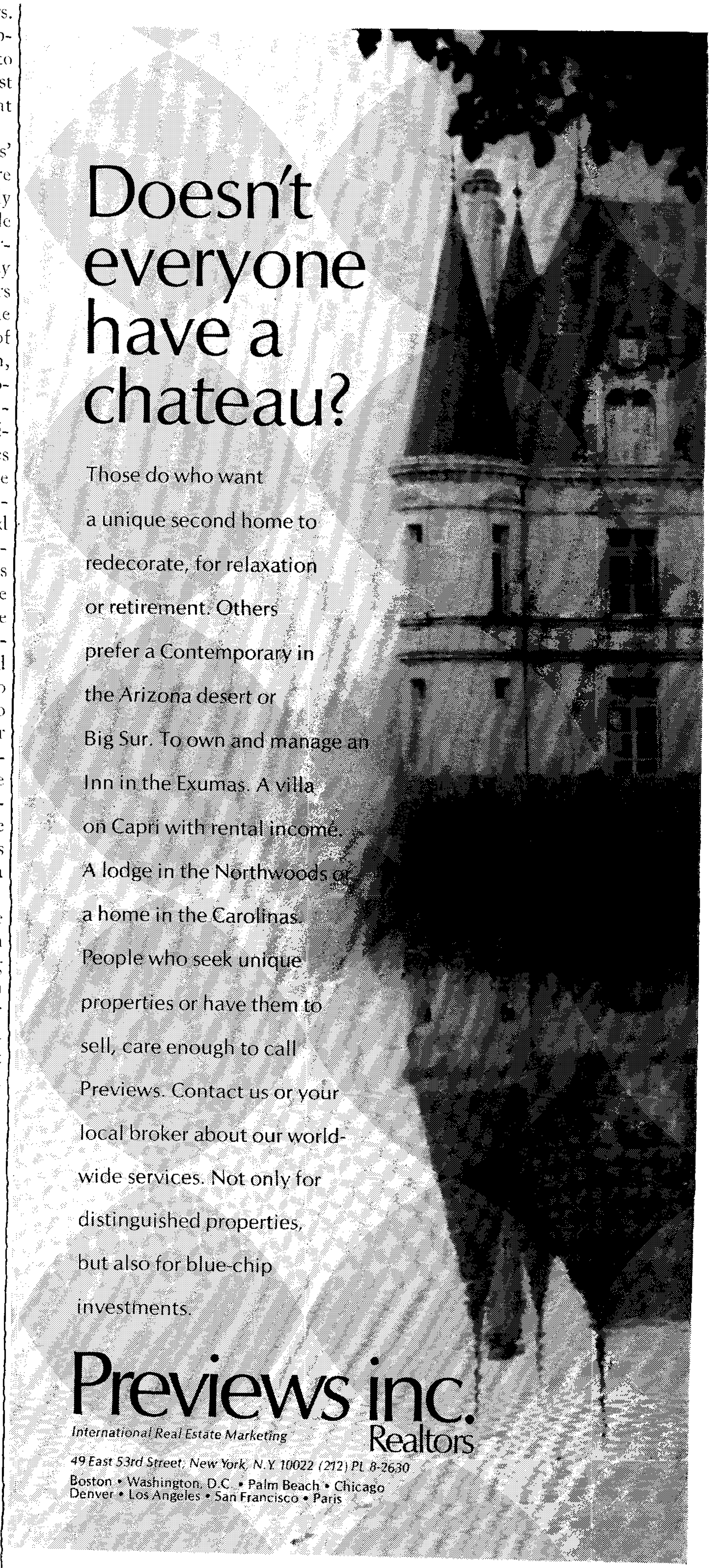
enough to see them with binoculars. Once or twice, he succeeded in approaching a group of chimpanzees to within fifteen or twenty feet, but most of his observations were made from at least fifty feet away.

Nissen was able to confirm Yerkes' observation that chimpanzees were highly socialized and almost invariably lived in bands or groups. Some people called these "families," but Nissen, arguing reasonably that he had no way of knowing what relation the members bore to each other, would not. The smallest group he saw consisted of four chimps, the largest of fourteen, but on two occasions he saw groups together in a sort of mixer, or combination party, of sixteen or eighteen animals. "It is gospel among the natives that a chimpanzee group consists of the male leader, his wives and his children," he wrote in his report, "A Field Study of the Chimpanzee." "The family of the French Guinea Negro is thus constituted, which makes it probable that his observations of the apes are strongly tainted by anthropomorphic interpretation." In fact, six times he had seen groups containing not one but two mature males, and though the two might have been father and son, other interpretations besides that of the "old-man" system were possible. Perhaps, he speculated, neither the male nor the female chimpanzee is limited to a single mate, even temporarily. In time, studies carried out by others were to prove him right.

Reading Nissen's account of the animals' nest-making habits put me in a reminiscent mood. I, too, was having dealings with a chimpanzee in Africa that year, though I was on the other side of the continent. My friend Chimpo was not wild, but she was not captive, either, and she, too, built a nest—but only once, and in a tall tree near my front door. The tree was an ironwood, and looked like a giant feather duster. I don't know why Chimpo suddenly made that nest—or, rather, why she had never done it before. Perhaps it was because she had always been put to bed in the house when dark fell, and so had never had a proper chance. At any rate, the impulse took her at high noon that day. An hour or so later, while I was reading on the veranda, I heard a familiar sound—what seemed to be a goat's bleat—to which I paid no attention at first. Why shouldn't a goat bleat? But my subconscious plucked my sleeve and said insistently, "Goats don't fly. Goats don't fly." I put down the book and really listened. Sure enough, the noise was coming from an unusual direction. I went out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into the yard to look, and there, peering anxiously down from the top of the tree, was a small young goat in a chimpanzee's nest. Having carried him up the tree and deposited him there, Chimpo was no longer with him; she had become bored and gone away on some other project. It took us all afternoon and three ladders tied together to get the goat down.

YERKES hoped to send a full-dress expedition to Africa soon after Nissen's report appeared, but first came the Depression, then the Second World War, then the continuing upheavals in Africa, and he was never able to continue this phase of his project. He died in 1956, and not until 1960 was a second scientific study made of chimpanzees in the wild. The man who undertook it was Adriaan Kortlandt, a Dutchman who went to Africa under the sponsorship of the Institute of National Parks of what was then the Belgian Congo. Kortlandt, whose subjects were *P. troglodytes schweinfurthii*, established himself at the edge of a fruit plantation in the eastern Congo. The local chimpanzees' favorite sleeping place was a wooded hill at the edge of a clearing; it was protected from human marauders by a legend that trespassers who harmed the animals would be destroyed by spirits who lived there—and by another legend that the chimpanzees could catch any spear thrown at them and throw it back with deadly effect. Leopards, which are the apes' greatest animal enemies, would not have dared to cross the cleared land to attack them. Kortlandt prepared a number of blinds, and he had better luck with them than Nissen had had with his. The most spectacular was a platform eighty feet off the ground, in a giant tree that commanded the whole area; the only drawback was that he had to get settled there before the animals appeared in the morning and stay until they had gone away at twilight. They often spent a lot of time in the forest before entering the clearing for their day's feeding, so Kortlandt sometimes waited hours for the curtain to rise. He wrote that he could hear them coming a long time ahead, however, yelling and calling. Suddenly they would fall silent, and then a broad black face would peep cautiously through the leaves. Its owner—usually an adult male—would look all around before advancing into the clearing. Then, one by one, the other males appeared, each one looking around as the first had done before stepping out. Even then, at least one of the animals, or possibly two or three, would walk upright for a

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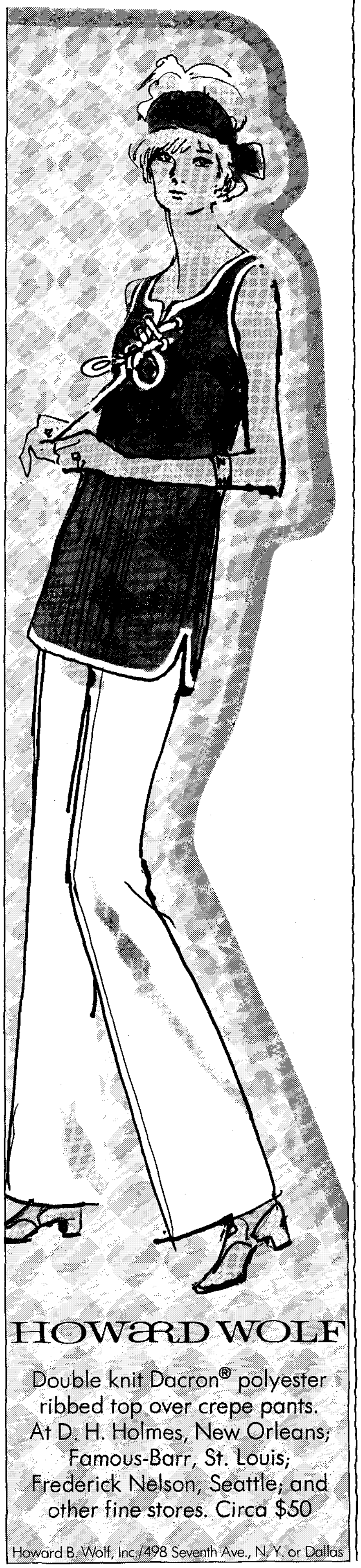

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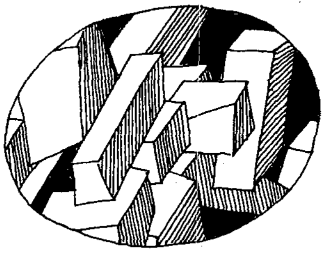
while, looking the land over. All at once, as if they had at last decided they were safe, they would break into what Kortlandt described as a wild and deafening "intimidation display," yelling, shrieking, and chasing each other. "They stamped the ground with hands and feet and smashed tree trunks with an open hand," Kortlandt wrote. "Sometimes they pulled down half-grown papaw trees. Occasionally, one of them would grab a branch and throw it while running full tilt through the group." It was different with the females, whom he describes as almost always silent, wary, and shy—especially when they had children with them. Kortlandt was surprised to see young chimpanzees apparently as old as four years still being carried by their mothers, even for short distances. He had seen many chimpanzee mothers and young in captivity, where the youngsters were far more enterprising and the mothers much more permissive. However, he thought that, apart from being watched so much, the little chimpanzees of the eastern Congo had a wonderful life. By human standards, they were pampered. He saw mothers hand-feeding quite large chimpanzees of six or seven years—adolescents, actually. Also, children could invite themselves, unrebuked, to eat with strange mothers and children. At least twice, he saw a child *run past an adult male and give him a* hard smack on the rump without arousing the big ape's anger. And yet, in spite of all this indulgence, the young, unlike young zoo chimps, did not seem spoiled. They never whined or whimpered, and they always obeyed orders promptly. Another feature of the behavior of these wild chimpanzees was their treatment of the elderly. One male animal Kortlandt called Granddad might have been about forty, he thought. Granddad's back was silver-haired and bent, his crown was gray, and his face sagged. He seemed somewhat handicapped; at least, he avoided climbing and seldom participated in the male intimidation displays. Among other primate species, such an elder would have been treated badly, Kortlandt noted, but Granddad, notwithstanding his years, was the tyrannical leader of the band; all his whims and fancies were indulged, and even the biggest of the active males sought his company. He served as a kind of security inspector, too—a superwatchman, always busy making sure that everything was safe.



In general, the wild chimpanzees seemed livelier than zoo animals, more interested in what was around them—more *human.* "This is probably the reason it was so difficult, when I watched them from close by, to shake off the feeling that I was looking at some strange kind of human beings dressed in furs," Kortlandt wrote. "The chimpanzees were unceasingly alert and curious. . . . Once, I saw a chimpanzee gaze at a particularly beautiful sunset for a full fifteen minutes, watching the changing colors until it became so dark that he had to retire to the forest without stopping to pick a papaw for his evening meal."

Another "human" trait was the way the chimpanzees sometimes seemed to pause and ponder when they were faced with the necessity of making a decision, like whether to turn left or right. Often a chimp would scratch himself while he made up his mind. (Laboratory chimps, too, scratch themselves while they are working out problems.) When Kortlandt was in one of the blinds close to the chimpanzee trail, though the rest of him was hidden his eyes, necessarily, were visible on close inspection. Now and then, a chimpanzee would see them. If it was an adult male, the ape would then come straight toward him, pause about ten feet off, look straight into Kortlandt's eyes, stand there *awhile scratching his arms and chest,* then wander off.

Kortlandt noticed that, except during intimidation displays, the chimpanzees were usually silent. They communicated with each other by gesture or by "changes in posture or facial expression," he wrote. If a mother and child were sitting side by side and the mother thought it was time to move along, she looked at the child, and it immediately jumped onto her back. Or if it wasn't looking at her just then, she tapped it lightly on the shoulder or the arm. These chimpanzees, Kortlandt said, definitely used weapons. They brandished or threw branches and clubs. The natives who said that the apes could catch spears and throw them back were not really exaggerating very much.

IN 1960, soon after Kortlandt had finished his chimp-watching, a young Englishwoman named Jane Goodall, now the Baroness von Lawick-Goodall and a respected primatologist, was encouraged by the anthropologist Louis Leakey to begin her

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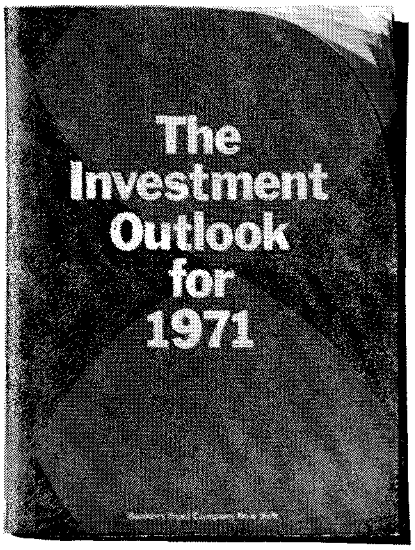
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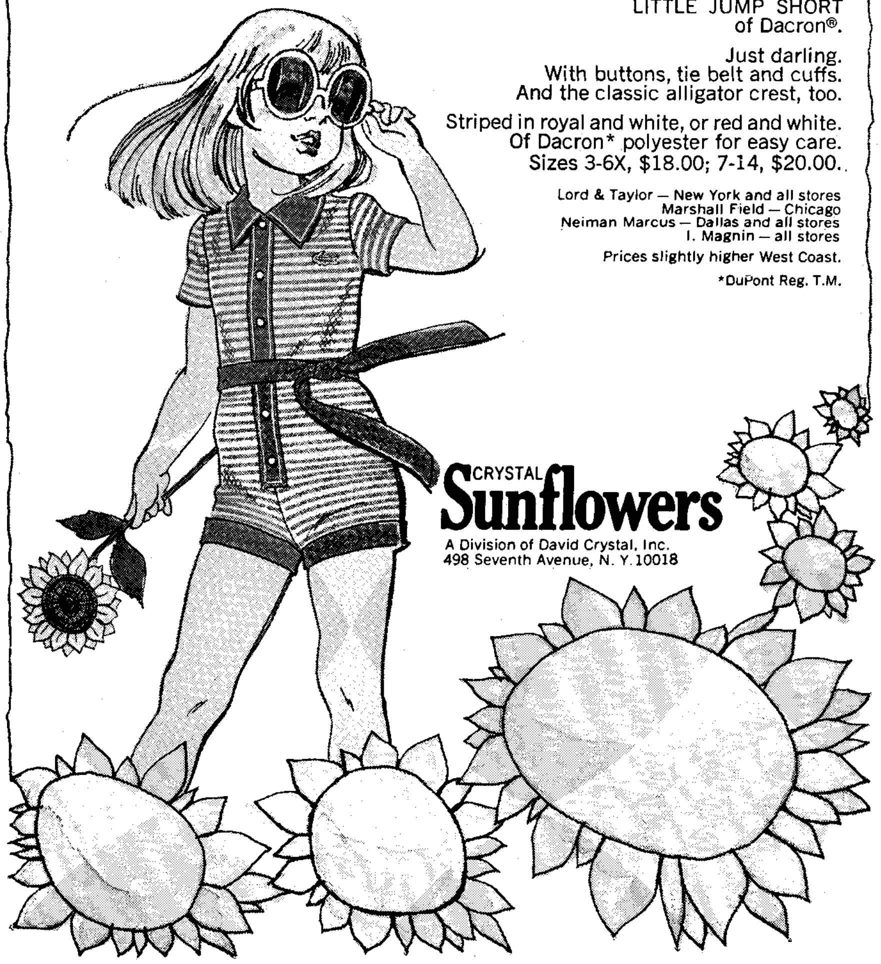

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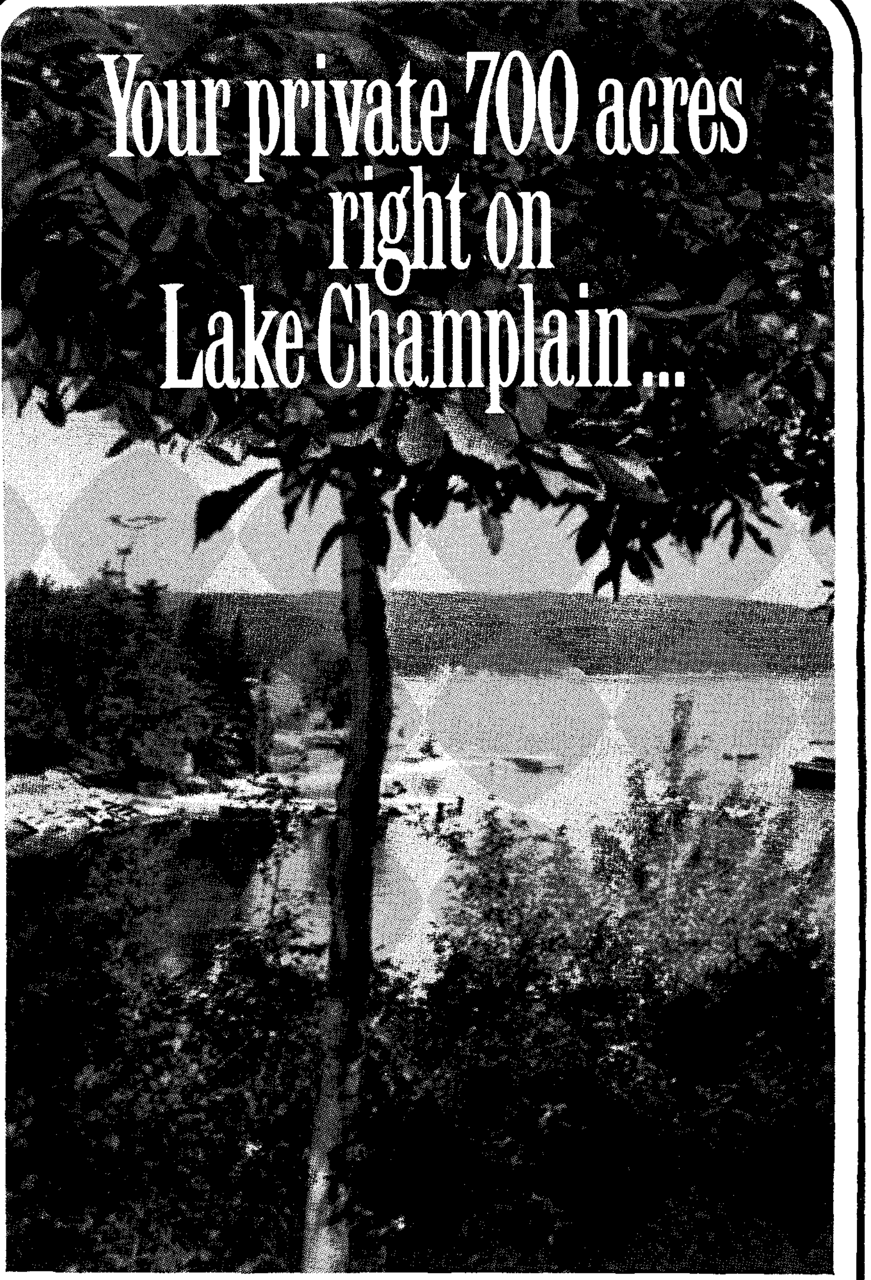
famous observations of the chimpanzees (also *P. troglodytes schweinfurthii*) in the Gombe Stream Game Reserve in Tanganyika, much of which is open country. Miss Goodall, unlike Nissen and Kortlandt, deliberately set out to habituate the animals to her presence. It took a long time—fourteen months—but at last the apes began to carry on their normal activities, feeding, mating, sleeping, when she was as little as thirty feet away. In her early reports, she wrote that the two most interesting behavior patterns she observed were the eating of meat and the use of tools. Both discoveries came as a surprise to the world of anthropology. (The first was no surprise to me, though; Chimpo ate meat whenever I did.) Jane Goodall's chimps caught and ate young monkeys, young bushpigs, bushbuck, and, on one occasion, a young baboon. There has been much discussion of why this particular lot of chimpanzees should have indulged in such unusual behavior. Miss Goodall's discovery that they used tools was not so surprising; other wild chimpanzees had been seen sticking twigs into bee communities for honey. Even here, however, her apes went further than others, for they carefully *prepared* their tools. When one of the chimps selected a twig, for instance, he removed the leaves until he was left with a useful stick about twelve inches long, which he then might carry a long way to a likely-looking termite heap. He would thrust the stick in, wait a little, and draw it out covered with termites, which he would nibble off much as a child nibbles ice cream off a popsicle stick. The Gombe Stream chimpanzees also used another kind of tool, to help them get water. Most chimps in the wild do not drink much water; here and there one had been seen sucking it up from a stream or pond. But Miss Goodall's chimpanzees took big leaves and crumpled them, or even chewed them, and then held them in water like improvised sponges until they were soaked with moisture to be sucked up.

In 1962, while Miss Goodall was still in the middle of her venture, a pair of British scientists, Vernon and Frances Reynolds, began chimp-watching in the Budongo Forest of Bunyoro, in western Uganda, a far more typical habitat. It was in their observations of the chimps' group system that the Reynoldses made their most distinguished contribution to chimpanzee literature. They saw that, at least in the Budongo Forest, the bands were not usually closed or immutable—that the groups were "constantly changing membership, splitting apart, meeting others and joining them, congregating or dispersing." In the Budongo Forest, the shifting around seemed to lead to a lot of noise, sometimes long after the customary bedtime hour. In the Ituri, Chimpo and I used to hear tremendous yelling and drumming at odd times of the day, way off in the trees. "*Yow! Yow!*" screamed the wild chimpanzees, with a great rolling of tomtoms. Once, I remember, the noise began after Chimpo had gone to bed, and it was eerie to hear her answer with a small, gruff, tentative bark in the night. My African friends told me that at these times the chimpanzees were having a dance, stamping around in a circle (as the Africans themselves did) to the beat of the drum. Every once in a while, my informants said, one of the dancers got a step wrong, upon which the others would hit him and make him cry—hence the loud shrieks. Back in 1896, R. L. Garner was told much the same story. As he heard it, the noisy chimpanzees were having a carnival—drumming on a clay drum they had modelled for the purpose, jumping up and down and singing. The Reynoldses thought that this "carnival" might be associated with the meeting at a common food source of bands unfamiliar with each other, and that the noise might be a part of their getting-acquainted routine.

There seemed to be little struggle for dominance among the Reynolds chimpanzees. There was no evidence of a linear hierarchy of dominance in males or females, there were no observations of exclusive rights to receptive females, and *no permanent leaders of groups*. This is so unlike the social structure of other primate species, such as baboons or rhesuses, that it is difficult to believe, but so matters appeared to the Reynoldses. Possibly, they thought, the apparent looseness and instability of chimp groups were misleading. "In fact," they wrote in "Chimpanzees of the Budongo Forest," "one may entertain the hypothesis that chimpanzees possess a social organization so highly developed that it can persist in the absence of immediate visual confirmation normally true for baboons."

AFTER reading about all these projects and adventures and talking with some of the people involved, I set out to visit the centers where primate research was going on in the United States—ranging from that baboonery in San Antonio to the huge National Center for Primate Biology, at Davis, in northern California, where every conceivable aspect of primate breeding and husbandry is studied. At



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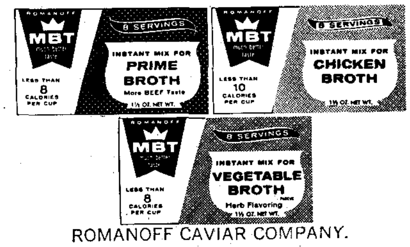
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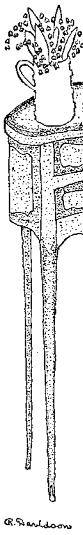
the start of my travels, I decided that the logical place to go was the Yerkes Regional Primate Research Center, at Emory University, just outside Atlanta, which is the direct successor of Yerkes' center at Orange Park. After Yerkes retired, in 1941, the work in New Haven was ended, but Yale (eventually assisted by Harvard) continued to run the Orange Park Laboratories. As time went on and more and more members of the original staff died, the Yale and Harvard authorities found the responsibility of all those chimpanzees so far from New England burdensome. Consequently, when Emory offered to take over the chimp colony, they were glad to accept, and in 1956, the year of Yerkes' death, the entire collection was turned over to Emory as a gift. At first, the colony's new owners couldn't move the apes to Georgia, because they had no facilities for housing anthropoids and no money to build any such facilities. In 1961, the Primate Research Study Section of the National Institutes of Health chose Emory as a host for one of the new Regional Primate Research Centers the government was then establishing, and between 1963 and 1965 Emory completed the present center and moved all the animals up from Florida. Then the university began expanding both its primate work and its primate population, until it now has eighty-seven chimpanzees, fifteen gorillas, thirty-four orangutans, five gibbons, two siamangs, and no fewer than eight hundred and fifty-one other primates.



I was shown around the Yerkes Center by Dr. Norman B. Guilloud, a soft-spoken man who was then head of its Department of Veterinary Medicine. I met doctors, admired equipment—especially a new electron microscope—and peered in at a research library and an operating theatre. Then, accompanied by a jingling of keys, we passed through several doors and arrived at one end of a long covered walk that led past one high, roomy cage after another. All down the line, there was a soft, scurrying rustle as apes hurried to the front of their compartments to see who was coming and to watch us walk past. They sat on cross-poles or stood clutching the wire at the front of their cages, and they stared. They obviously knew Dr. Guilloud but were curious about me, and I thought they looked snobbish, superior, even insolent. I suppose their silence put me off. Once, in prewar England, I was taken to a tea party in South Kensington where nobody had ever seen a real live American before, and they all sat and stared at me in the same way. I still dream about it sometimes, and wake up sweating, but things proved to be a little better than that here. About halfway along, Dr. Guilloud took my arm and propelled me toward the outer edge of the walk, away from the cages, saying, "You'd better stay as far off as you can. Some of the chimps spit, and they have a good aim. Those two ahead are the worst."

One of the two he indicated waited until we were nearly out of reach before he let fly. The other didn't even try, but farther along, as we passed a smaller chimpanzee, the animal spat at Dr. Guilloud. The Doctor stopped short and regarded him in surprise. "Why, you've never done that before!" he said, in a hurt tone, and then suddenly he spat back.

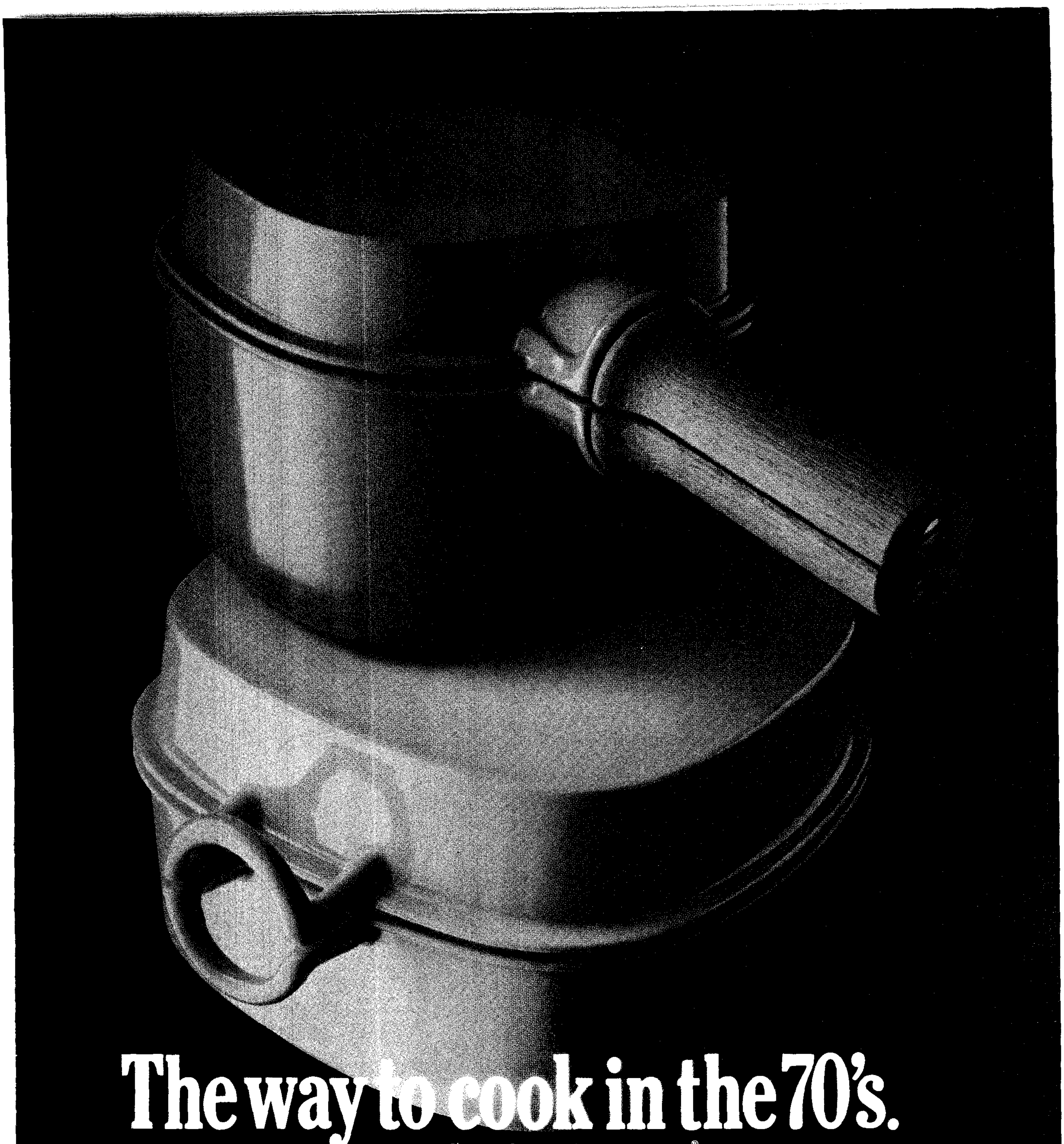
We moved on, and stopped before a large cage to look at an expectant chimpanzee mother. She stared straight past us as if we did not exist. "We keep a close eye on her," said Dr. Guilloud. "She's rather old to be giving birth. Not that age seems to worry chimps in these matters." He added, "You know, we still have one of Dr. Yerkes' original chimps—Wendy."

I was astonished. It was like finding Mrs. Noah alive and well on Ararat.

"She's about forty-six," Dr. Guilloud went on. "We can't be absolutely sure of her age, because Dr. Yerkes himself didn't know exactly how old she was when he got her, but she can't be far off forty-six. She shows almost no physical signs of aging, though she moves a little more deliberately. She probably represents some kind of longevity record."

Outside an orangutan's cage, the Doctor paused and said, "We're really proud of this girl." She was a huge reddish-orange animal, whose eyes, as she crouched comfortably on the floor, were almost level with ours. A lively little orang climbed over and around her, but the mother's intelligent red-brown eyes remained fixed on Dr. Guilloud's.

"We had to do a thoracotomy to save her life," he said. "She had a rent in one lung, which allowed air to escape into the thorax, collapsing the lung. We had to open the thorax and



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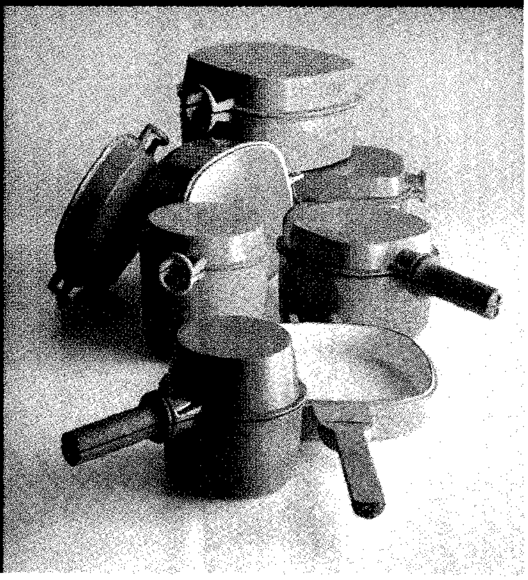

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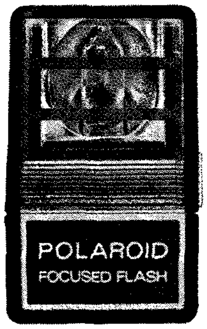
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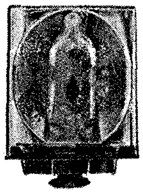

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sew up the lung, but everything turned out fine. How's your boy, Lada?" he asked her. Gently, he scratched the orang's chest through the bars, which were widely spaced. "He looks fine," he continued. "Does you credit." To me, he explained, "You see, we let them rear their own children if they don't reject them—which apes sometimes do—and this one's a good mother."

The little ape sprang suddenly to a side bar and clambered to a point above our heads, from which he blinked down at us. Dr. Guilloud had stopped scratching Lada and was moving away when, in what looked like slow motion but couldn't have been, she grasped his hand and held on to it. She sat with her fingers wrapped around his and with her eyes fixed on his face.

Mildly, Dr. Guilloud said, "Let go, Lada. That's the girl."

Lada did not let go. She didn't do anything else, either. I, too, did nothing; I just stood there. I felt that if Dr. Guilloud wanted me to do anything, such as call out the guard, he would say so.

"Come on, Lada," he said, in an even tone. "I can't stay here all day. You know that. I have other things to do. Come on, girl, let go."

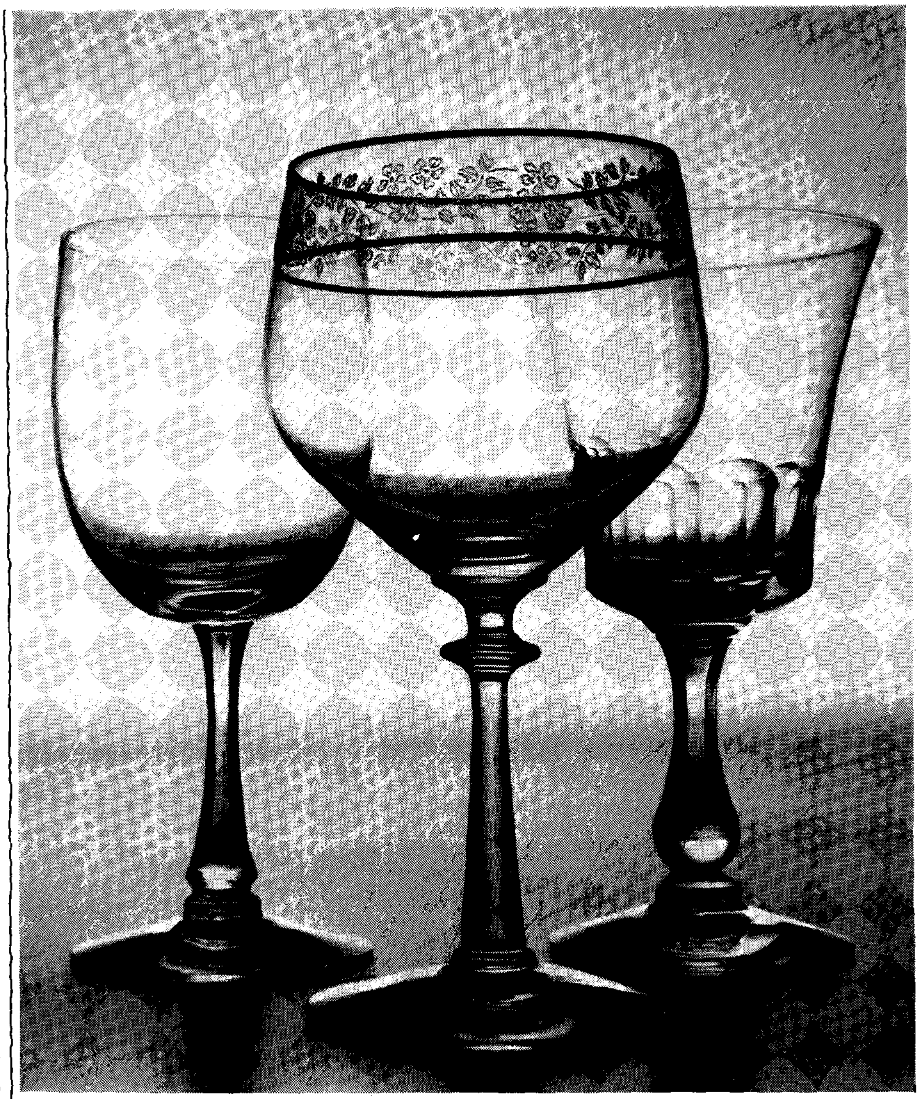
When there was no reaction to this, he lifted his other hand—slowly—and began working at one of her fingers, uncurling it from its grasp. He talked as he worked, like a loquacious oyster-opener: "That's the girl. That's it. That's the girl. A joke's a joke, isn't it, Lada?"

She did not resist, but she didn't help. Now he had that finger pried up, and it hovered where he left it, like a forgotten sausage in a spaceship. Dr. Guilloud calmly set to work on the next finger, forcing it up, while Lada continued to stare into his eyes. Having uncurled that one, he started on the third, which was the last she was using. It seemed to let go more easily, and then he was free. He stepped back—slowly—out of reach. "Good girl, Lada," said Dr. Guilloud.

I asked anxiously, "Are you hurt?"

Fingers to mouth, he shook his head. His words, when they came, were muffled. "Perfectly all right," he said.

I RETURNED to the Yerkes Center a year later, and found, to my regret, that Dr. Guilloud had left; he was now director of the laboratory-animal program for the College of Veterinary Medicine and the Institute of Comparative Medicine at the University of Georgia, in Athens. There had been other changes in the staff,



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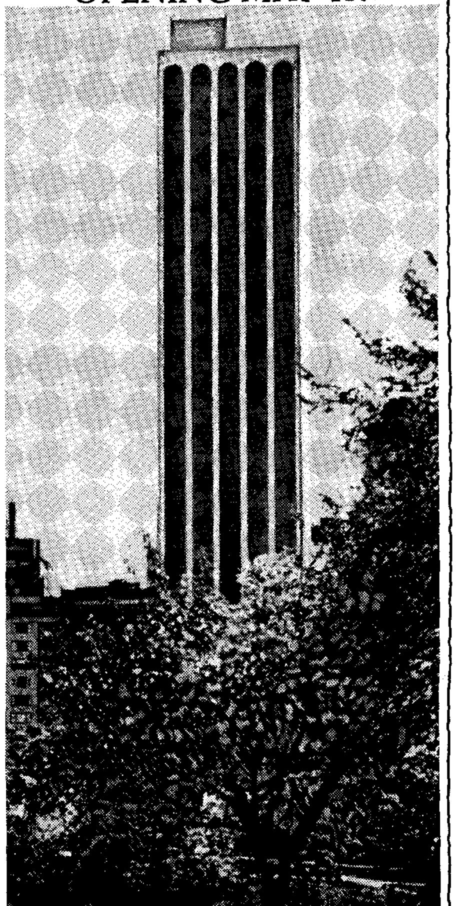

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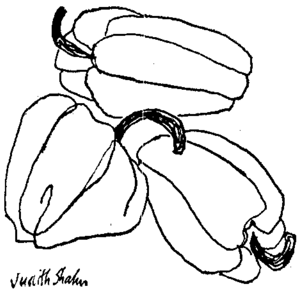
and different studies were being carried out. The director, Dr. Geoffrey H. Bourne, explained that Dr. Duane Rumbaugh, who had been working with primates at the San Diego Zoo for some years, was giving some interesting learning tests to gibbons. Dr. Bourne and I found him in a laboratory, standing next to a big black box—a smaller version of the booths they used to use on TV for quiz shows, in which the contestants were supposed to go through agonies of thought before giving their answers. Inside the box was a cage that held an animal. Near the top, inside the cage, were two small windows that kept lighting up, and from somewhere at the back came faint mechanical noises rather like muted "pings." A white-coated girl sat by the box and took notes.



"We have a gibbon in there," explained Dr. Rumbaugh after he had greeted me. "She's running through tests on a learning-set task. She's looking at two patterns that are repeated in an irregular sequence of right-left position. One of the patterns is the correct answer. Every time she sees that one, whether it's on the left or on the right, she is supposed to touch its window and get a reward—something to eat."

I watched the windows and listened for the score: light, ping; light, ping; light, no ping; light, ping . . .

"She's got this pair learned pretty well now," he said with satisfaction.

I asked Dr. Rumbaugh, "How do gibbons do on these tests? Do they catch on quickly?"

He shook his head regretfully. "They're notoriously slow by the accepted methods of testing," he said. "Here, let me show you a graph that gives comparisons. This curve represents the work done by a chimpanzee. You can see here, down in the corner, at the beginning of the series, that she was fumbling, and for several days the line stays on a level. Then, suddenly—see?—it turns up, and the curve continues pretty regularly, until she's making practically perfect scores all the time. In other words, she has caught on—she's developed that learning-set. And this curve is rhesus, which follows the chimps' performance almost exactly. Sometimes rhesus monkeys are even better than chimps. But here, look at this record." His finger traced a line that stayed close to the baseline day after day. It did lift for a little, but only to slump again. "And that, I am afraid, is for the gibbons," Dr. Rumbaugh said.

I was sorry to hear it, I said. I am very fond of gibbons. I know they haven't the same sort of logic—if one can call it that—that chimpanzees or monkeys have, but I have never for a moment thought them stupid.

Since that visit, I have heard that members of the three other anthropoid genera (assuming, as not all scientists do, that gibbons belong in that family) are receiving the benefits of civilization through a highly modern medium. When I saw Dr. Bourne, he was worried by the fact that these intelligent animals tend to mope in captivity, especially when they are kept in isolation for various medical tests, as they must sometimes be at Yerkes. Symptoms of this boredom—which include a decline in health—are summed up in the term "cage fatigue." It occurred to Dr. Bourne that television might relieve cage fatigue, and he said so in a newspaper interview. A public-relations man for Sylvania, a firm that makes TV sets, picked up the item, and Sylvania offered twelve sets to the center. Dr. Bourne was happy to accept. The experiment has been a complete success. According to a local newspaper, one of the chimps, Dobbs, who had been living and working with a Santa Barbara woman before he came to Atlanta, was already a TV addict. He shows a marked predilection for Westerns. "Dobbs can even tell the bad guys from the good guys," Dr. Bourne told the reporter. "He associates the bad guy with violence, and sometimes he starts jumping up and down even before the heavy says anything rough." Moreover, once, when Dobbs had watched a non-Western picture in which two chimpanzee actors tore up the inside of a house, he did the same thing to his cage. The apes are not allowed unlimited viewing. On most days, they may watch programs for only eight hours, from nine to five, and then the sets are turned off. Even so, the apes are much happier nowadays. "We feel that TV is a real contribution here," Dr. Bourne said.

AT the time of my second visit to Emory, Dr. Walter A. Pieper, a psychobiologist, was busy there on a project of particular interest to the Department of Justice—a study of the effects of marijuana. He told me, "We're a long way from getting any

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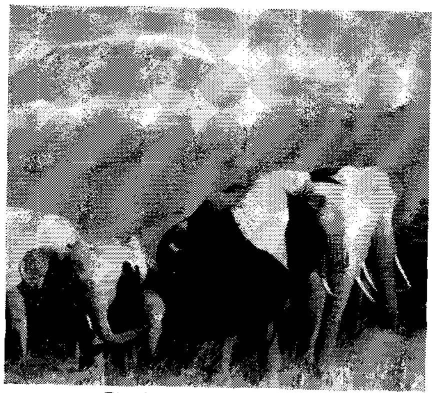

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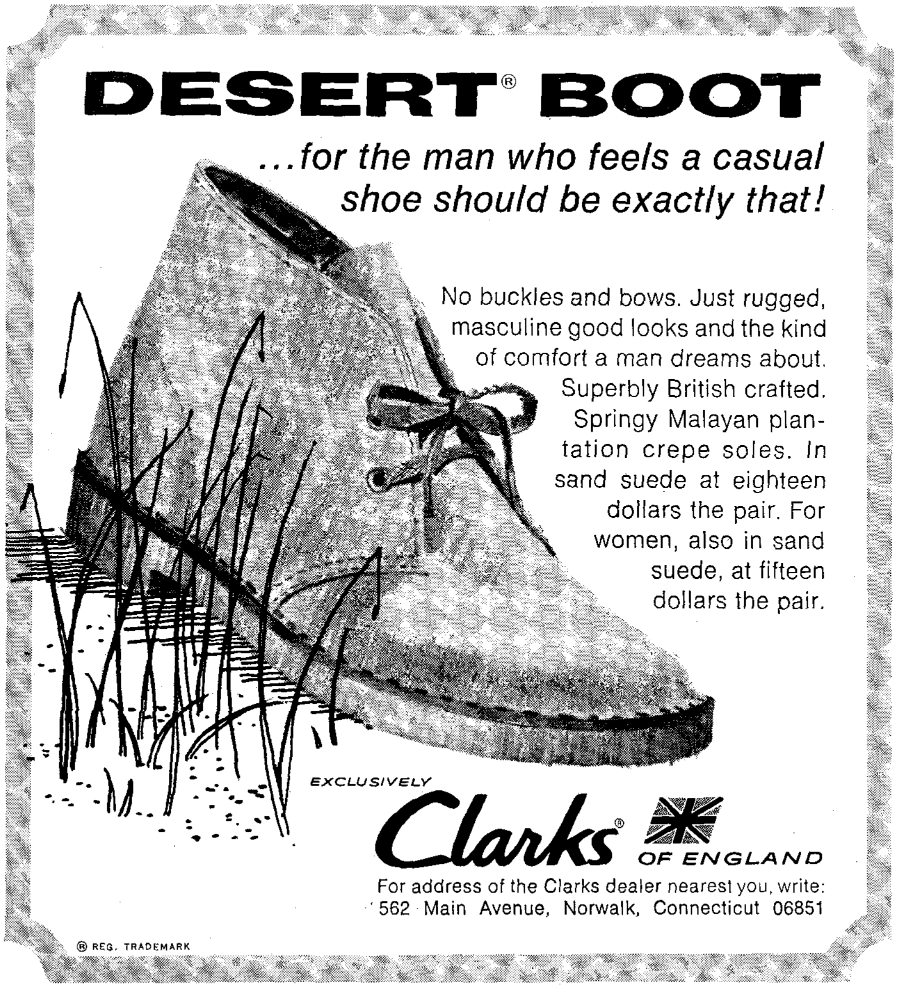

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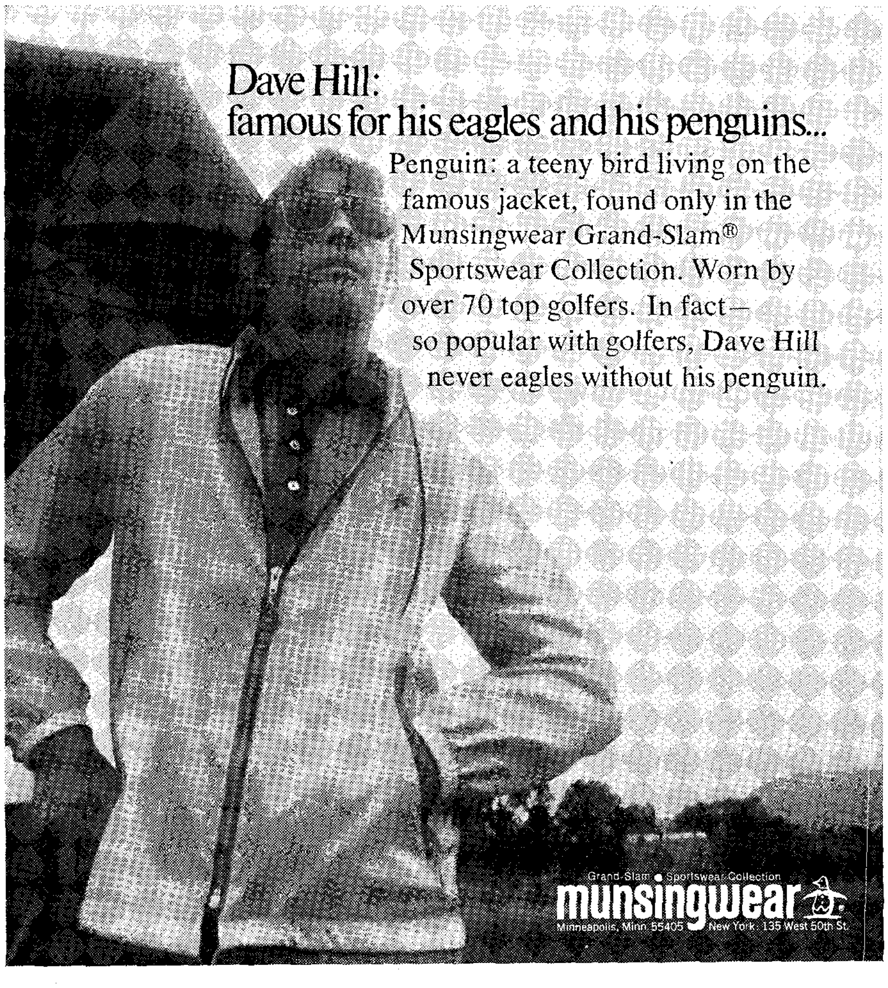

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answers. The chimpanzee seemed the ideal animal to study, but we ran into a snag right away: it seems that chimps don't normally inhale. They can be taught to smoke cigarettes and cigars, but they aren't really inhaling. I'm trying to make this animal drag longer and longer." We were watching a large chimpanzee who had a sort of wheel attached to his cage; around the edge of the wheel was a circle of little holes, some of which held cigarettes. The whole thing looked like an oversized pencil sharpener. "What we want is for the smoke to get into contact with the respiratory mucosa," Dr. Pieper said. (A New York doctor later gave it as his opinion that it wasn't necessary to inhale marijuana to get an effect; if it came into contact with mucosa in the mouth, that did it.) "We have been trying to evaluate the animal's efficiency when he's smoked by giving him these cigarettes in rotation. One day he has regular cigarettes, the next day regular cigarettes plus marijuana distillate, and so forth. During one session, he'll have six cigarettes. We've had one result that may mean something; for instance, his efficiency ratio dropped on marijuana, and next day on plain tobacco it came up again. Sometimes on marijuana the ratio drops from eighty-five per cent to four per cent, which is pretty striking—if it means anything. We can't be sure as yet." He rubbed his forehead. "Of course, this work isn't focussed exclusively on marijuana. If all the marijuana in the world were suddenly to disappear, we could still use this method for studying other drugs that are inhaled or smoked."

Dr. Pieper brooded for a minute, then brightened up. "We're looking into other problems, too," he said. "Alcoholism, for one. It's better understood than marijuana, but there is still a lot to find out, and for this we depend on Charlie—another chimp. Charlie is five and a half months old now, and he gets alcohol in each of his daily bottles of milk. He's been drinking what in a hundred-and-seventy-pound man would equal a quart of beverage alcohol a day, and after every eight or ten weeks we take him off it. As far as we can tell without verbal communication, he gets the usual withdrawal symptoms: hyperreflexia, spastic rigidity, photophobia, sweaty palms and feet, increased responsivity to tactile stimulation. We're also following the progress of the case with liver studies—electron-microscope examination of specimens taken by needle biopsy. Charlie's liver is showing the beginning of changes similar to what you'd expect in a human alcoholic's liver. This work is supported in part by the National Center for the Prevention and Control of Alcoholism, which is part of the National Institute of Mental Health, but the center here provides the resource—namely, Charlie. By evening, Charlie's blood count shows that he has from two to three hundred milligrams of alcohol for every hundred millilitres of blood. Most states say that a hundred and fifty milligrams per hundred millilitres makes you too drunk to drive, you know. At his drunkest, Charlie just sleeps; we'd say he has passed out. It's almost impossible to rouse him. Certainly he's well beyond the point where he's too drunk to drive. However, we don't want to depend on Charlie alone, and we'll be beginning observations on another chimpanzee soon—a female. She'll ultimately be put on the same schedule, but she's still too small."

ANYONE who has ever undertaken, more or less alone, to raise a chimpanzee, as I once did, can bear witness that it is not easy; for instance, Arthur R. Watson, the director of the Baltimore Zoo, who some years ago kept a young one in his house, told me, "I had him here for two years, and that's a lot of chimp." So I paid attention when I heard that Professor William B. Lemmon, of the Psychology Department of the University of Oklahoma, kept about twenty chimps, and some other primates as well, at his own house and some of his neighbors' houses in and around the town of Norman. I got busy right away on what I could find of Dr. Lemmon's writings, and discovered that he had been working on the familiar question of what we used to call instinct—or, in his words, the question of which aspects of behavior can be considered "pre-wired" and which ones are learned. Specifically, he and his associates had set out about ten years ago "to investigate sexual and maternal behavior under circumstances where direct learning or imitation could be controlled." They soon discovered, however, that it was by no means easy to get newborn chimpanzees, male or female, and only after a two-year search were they able to acquire two such female animals—each one on the day it was born. The chimpanzees were half sisters, and each was immediately placed, by adoption, as it were, with a faculty family, in "absolute species isolation"—meaning in situations where there was no chance of her seeing any other chimpanzees. For three years thereafter, Dr. Lemmon wrote, the chimpanzees'

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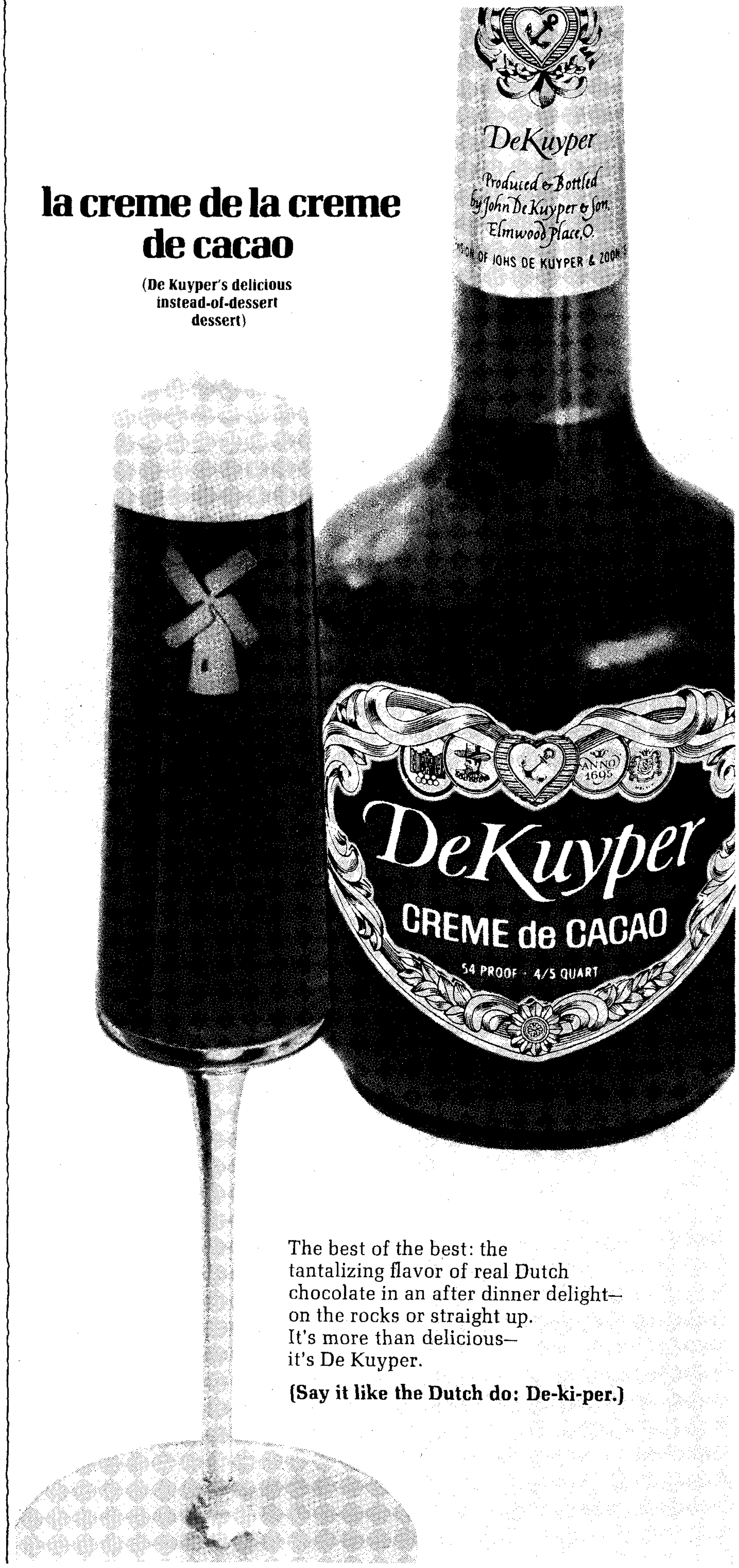

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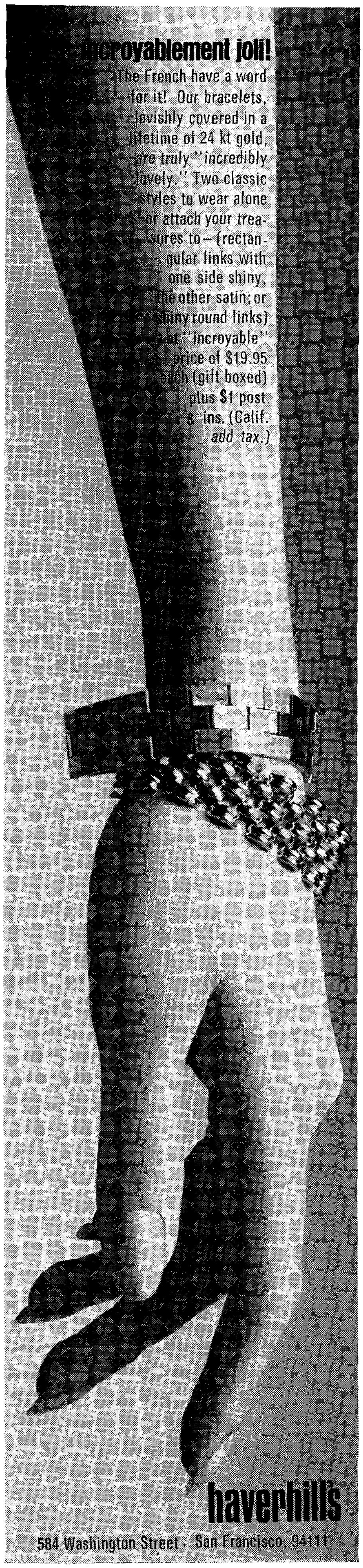
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social behavior and development had been closely followed and observed. But it seemed clear that if he wanted enough chimpanzees to carry the experiments through he would have to breed his own. He began collecting adult animals, and by the end of 1967 he had assembled thirteen from zoos, dealers, animal trainers, and others. Within a year, four females had successfully given birth to healthy infants. Immediately after each birth, Dr. Lemmon noted, each mother gave her baby a mouth-to-mouth "breath-of-life" treatment, but none of the mothers put her infant spontaneously to her breast; the infant had to find the food source itself. "The mother is initially tolerant of nursing, and never becomes more than passively facilitating," Dr. Lemmon reported. On two occasions, the observers took a baby from its mother, then later reunited the two. In both cases, the mother didn't seem to recognize her baby until it cried (or, in scientese, "vocalized"); then all was well. But there was no evidence of "felt loss" on a mother's part if her infant was removed, Dr. Lemmon said. She didn't look for it, and she experienced no apparent grief. Mothers whose infants had been removed were not interested when they were offered stuffed animals as substitutes. (The other adult chimpanzees seemed scared to death of these inanimate objects, though.) By the age of eight months, Dr. Lemmon said, the babies had learned to beg from their mothers "with rather more arrogance than do adult chimpanzees." The little chimps took liberties with all the adults, but the mature apes were invariably gentle with them—even when the babies were not their own, and when they were making pests of themselves. "Adult females, particularly, behave in a gentle, if reproving, fashion under these circumstances—in a fashion which cannot but be socializing to the infant," wrote Dr. Lemmon. Summing up, he said that if one accepted the observation made by another scientist that "'below the level of the cortex the chimpanzee's central nervous system is impossible to distinguish from that of the human by any physiological measure,' it would seem possible to raise the question as to whether, in fact, there are not many more 'pre-wired' socially significant behaviors in both *Homo* and *Pan* than it is now fashionable to assume."

When I went out to Norman to see Dr. Lemmon, he received me in his office. He is a large man, with informal manners, and he wears an under-the-chin goatee, which he pulls at regularly while talking or lecturing. He tugged at it now, sitting back comfortably. "There's been a lot of nonsense circulated about primate behavior," he began. "The present god of behaviorists is B. F. Skinner, of Harvard, as you must have discovered. He's got a really bright gang working there. Yerkes started it all, of course—he was pure, quite pure, and he had all the best people of his time. I'd say that at least half the psychologists worth anything today were once at Orange Park. After all, Yerkes had the only chimpanzee reservoir in the world after Köhler's laboratory packed up. He trained his people to be objective, *purely* objective." I suddenly realized that Dr. Lemmon's eyes were fixed on me defiantly as he went on, "And, as a result, they *missed a lot*."

"I'm sure they did," I said heartily.

Dr. Lemmon relaxed and continued. "Yerkes had this terror of anthropomorphism. All his people came out of Orange Park with a clinical objection to applying the principles of primate behavior to human behavior. But you've *got* to."

I nodded with enthusiasm, and he took a fresh breath.

"I used to work in federal prisons here for a while as a consultant. It was fascinating. I found out a lot about the Oedipus myth while I was on that job. Freud was right, you know, absolutely right after all—if for the wrong reasons. The Oedipus thing is there all right, in our origins. If I'd doubted it before, the prisoners would have taught me it's there, but I didn't know until I moved on to animals that it's biologically determined. It's wired in—the whole thing."

I said, "See if I've got this straight. I can hardly believe— You mean *chimps* have an Oedipus complex?"

He nodded seriously. "I'll give you a copy of something I've written about this, but we'd better talk about it first. Right now, I think we'd better go and see the family—we keep them out in the country."

It was a bright September day. We drove through rolling land in which I could see very few houses; even fences were not much in evidence. After some miles, we turned in at the Lemmons' driveway, and the Doctor stopped the car near a white farmhouse with a

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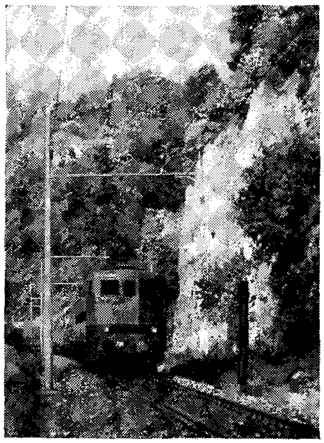

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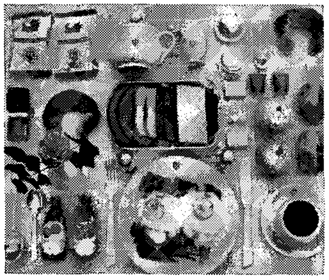

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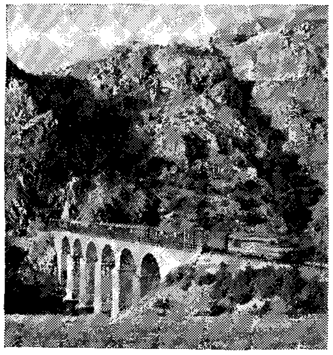

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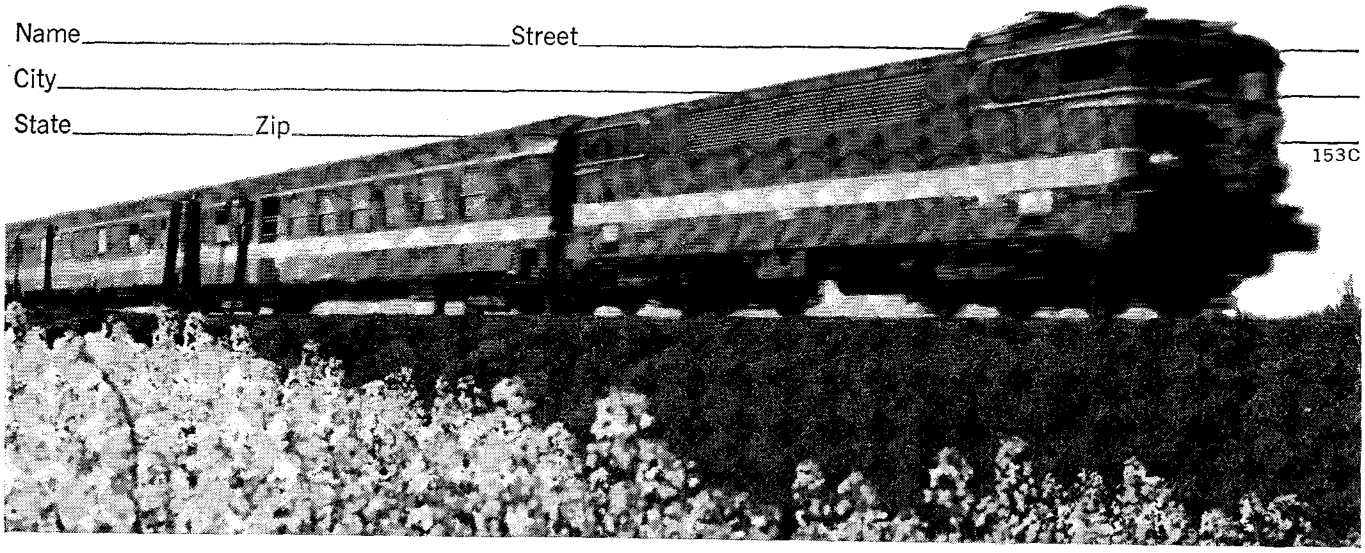

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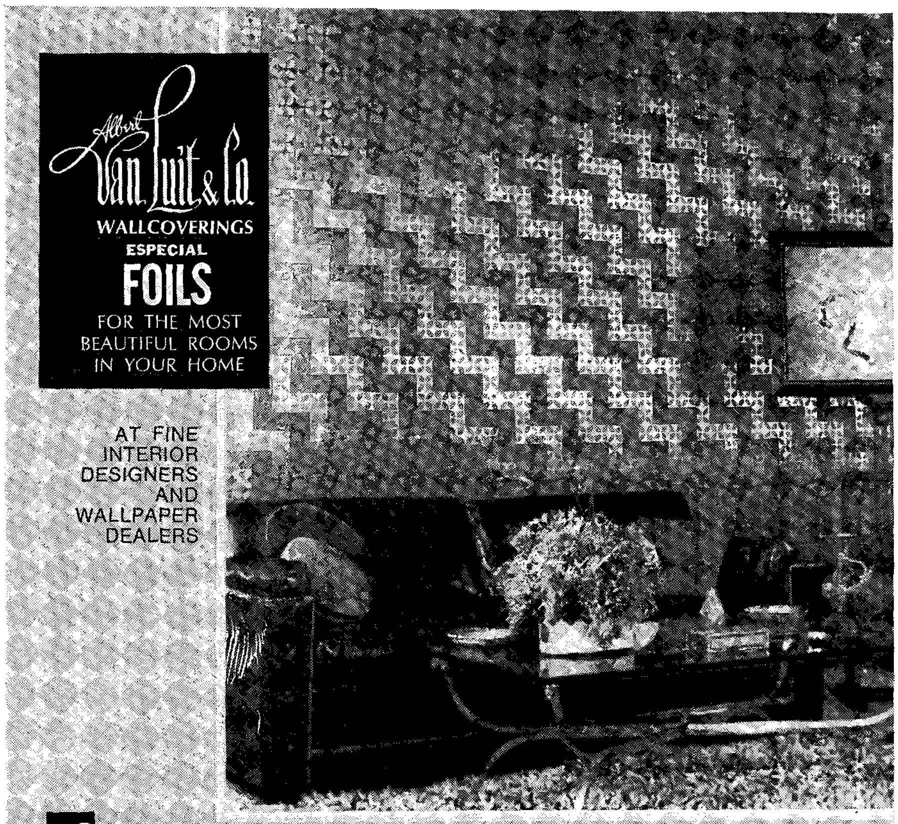

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cluster of buildings behind it and a big cage off to one side. On our right was a wide ravine, which looked as though it might at times be a streambed. The red Oklahoma soil supported bushes, tall grass, and on the near side of the ravine a pretty grove, like a little park, overlooking some ponds. The trees were surrounded by a fence, behind which an animal suddenly leaped from one branch to another. It could not be a squirrel, I said to myself—the branches shook too much for that. I squinted for a better look.

"They're gibbons," said Dr. Lemmon. "I have a pair, and she's expecting an infant one of these days."

He led the way around the house to the outbuildings, pausing on the way to greet a young man in a white coat. Another young man, in blue overalls, opened a door for us, and we stepped into a large, shadowy room and, at the same time, into a many-layered noise so palpable that for a minute I had the illusion that I couldn't even see—a deafening uproar of screams and roars above the *bong, bong, bong* of what sounded like a huge iron drum but turned out to be apes banging on metal doors. Directly in front of us, a wall of strong steel mesh extended from floor to ceiling, forming a room within the room, and inside the inner room were smaller rooms, all walled off by mesh. I saw numerous faces peering out at us between great fists grasping the mesh—chimps, a large number of chimps, staring raptly at Dr. Lemmon, though now and then a pair of caramel-colored eyes slid over to look at me for a flickering moment. Some of the animals stood up, or at least stooped in a standing position. Some chose to leap up and hang high. In one corner, a mother hung carelessly, one hand on a vertical bar and the other on a ceiling bar, her baby peering out from behind her shoulder. The baby, too, watched Dr. Lemmon, who was talking steadily, pointing the animals out and giving me little biographical sketches:

"This one used to work in a circus, and he still does tricks sometimes for his own amusement—or maybe it's for mine." To the chimp he said, "Here you are," and he put a lighted cigarette between the black fingers. The ape took the cigarette delicately and put it in his mouth, lit end first. I cried, "He'll burn himself!" Dr. Lemmon signalled to me to be quiet. A moment later, the chimpanzee moved his mouth and showed us the cigarette in the proper position, with the fire outward. He then began to smoke it, with manifest pleasure, surveying me with a

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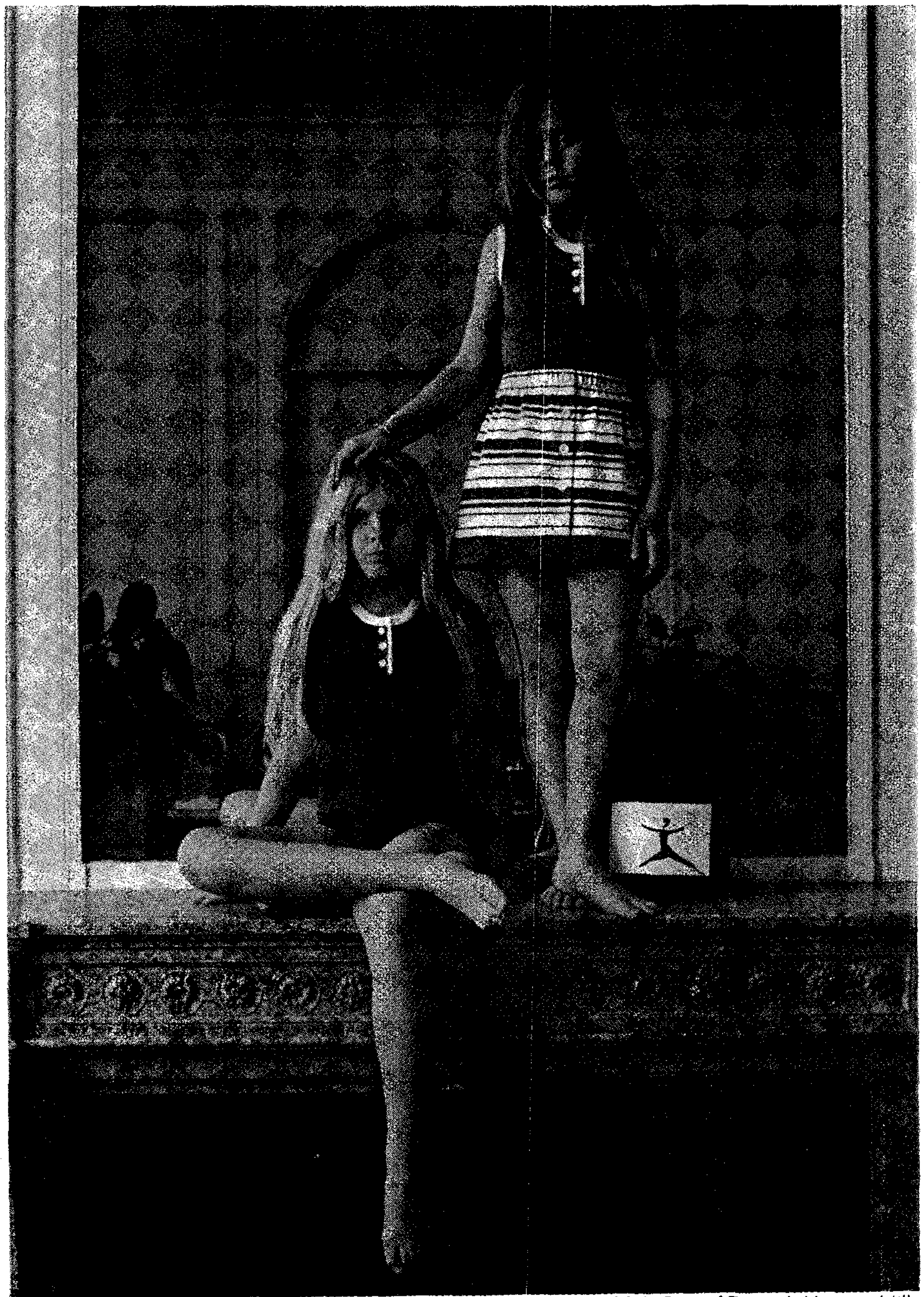

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touch of complacency. Another ape banged a door violently, and several animals screamed as if in tune. In a rear compartment, water was streaming out of a faucet; a younger animal had just turned it on. Dr. Lemmon roared, "Turn that off!" and the young chimpanzee hastily obeyed.

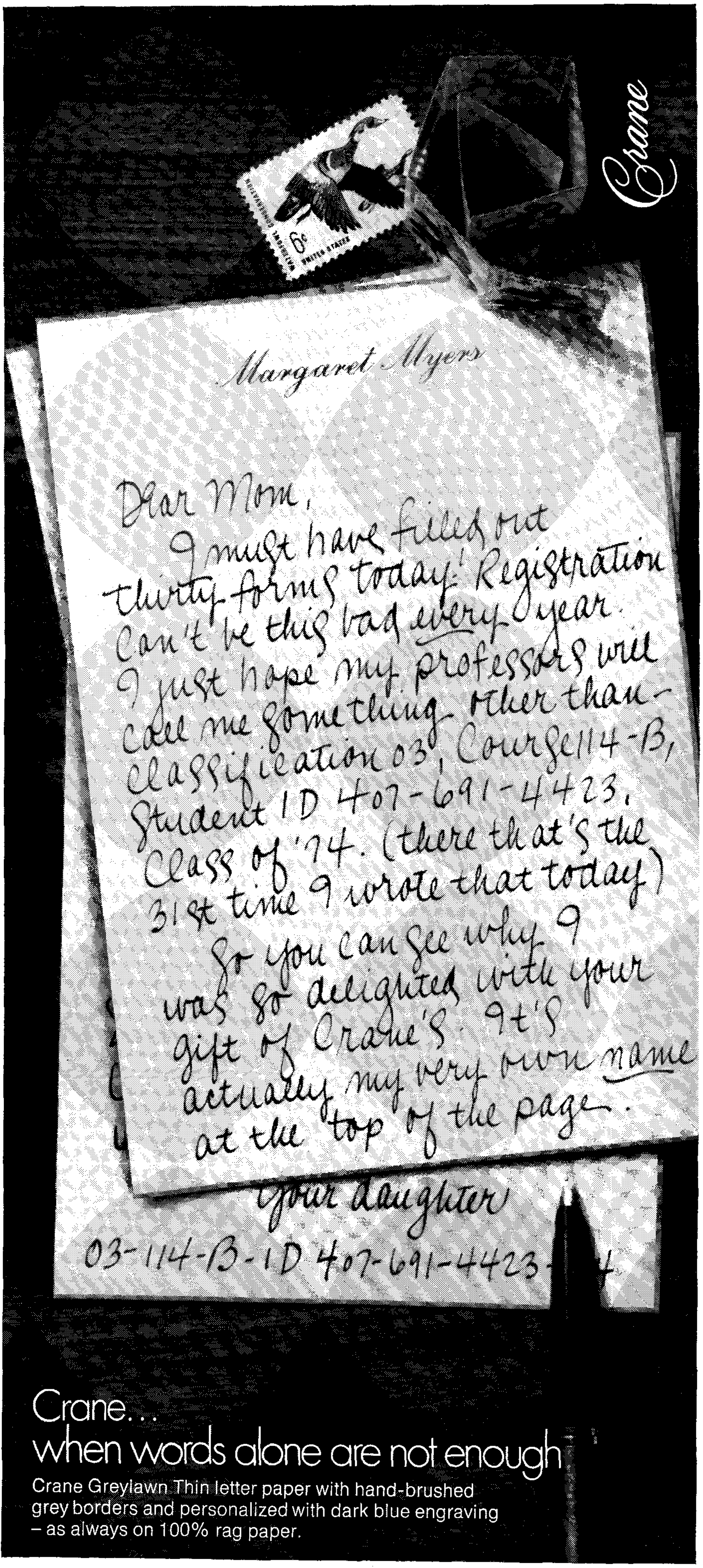
"He understood you," I said.

"Of course he did—they understand a lot," he replied. "Yerkes didn't give them enough credit. He was so afraid of the wrong interpretations. But I assure you that a chimp can put two and two together and get twenty-two if he feels like it. Mind you, they won't obey just anybody. They wouldn't obey you, for instance."

He moved farther into the room and mounted a couple of ironwork steps, like those of a fire escape, leading to a passageway. As I followed, a long, wiry finger with a heavy curved fingernail came up from beneath and hooked itself around the side of my left shoe. For the first time, I realized that a chimpanzee was beneath the grillwork. I leaped away in time to retain my shoe. But as soon as I landed on another spot, *two* hairy fingers poked up, and this time nearly succeeded in removing the shoe before Dr. Lemmon's shouting sent the hidden beast scuttling out into the open cage. There he sat down and looked pleased with himself. Another animal began pounding on an aluminum door, sending out great waves of percussion, and several of the chimps shrieked. We left rather quickly.

Outside, Dr. Lemmon told me that when some of the chimps were small they had spent a few weeks or months in the house with him and his wife to get accustomed to civilized life. "One funny thing about that was the way they remembered," he said. "I keep a lot of plants in the house, and they were taught not to meddle with them. When the chimps got bigger, they went out to join the rest, but the other day we had a jailbreak; one of the assistants was careless about shutting a door, and a lot of them got out. My wife and I were in town when it happened, and for several hours nobody could reach us, but finally we heard a radio broadcast, and I can tell you we skimmed the top of the hedges on the way back. Nine of the chimps had gone through the house, and everything was a mess—except my plants. They hadn't touched one of them, though outside they'd rooted up everything in the greenhouse."

I asked how he had got the big chimpanzees back into their cages,



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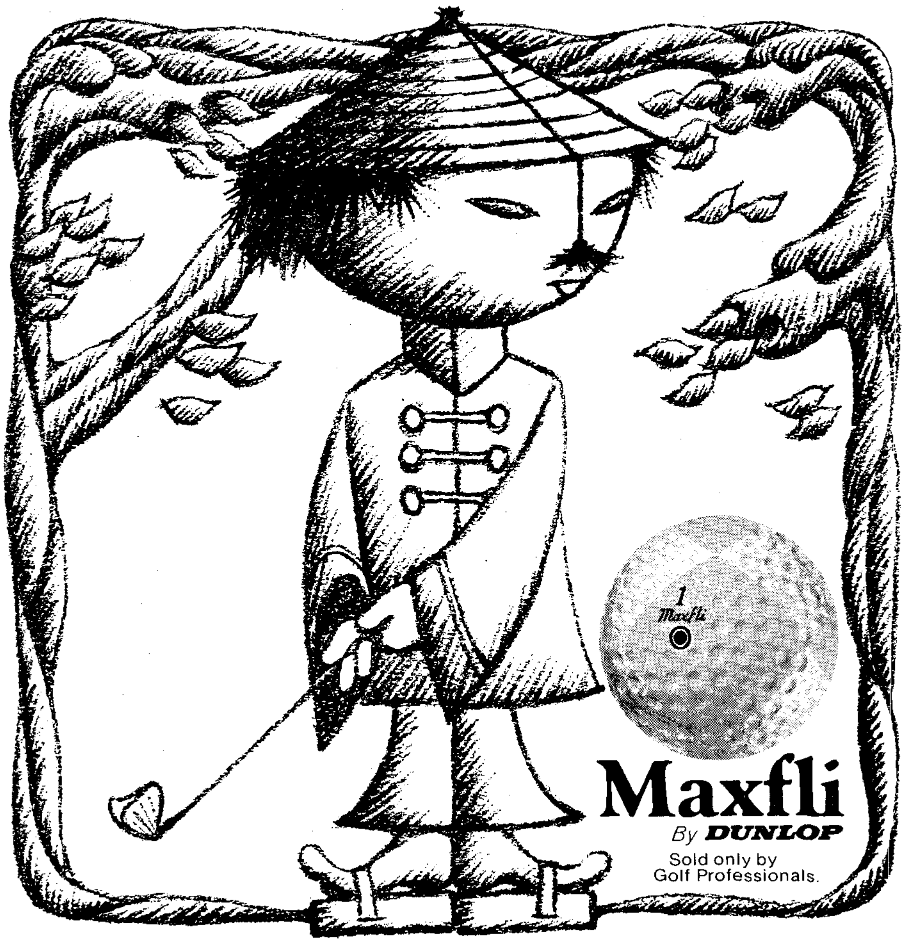

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and he looked surprised and a little offended. "I took them by the hand and led them in, of course," he said.

We passed a cage that held a mother chimp and her young baby, a lively little male. "Oh yes, that reminds me," I said. "What was that about the Oedipus myth?"

"The point is that none of the male infants I've ever watched have shown the slightest sexual interest in their mothers," he said. "They start very young investigating other females, but they never make advances to their own mothers. It's something very deep. And it doesn't work the other way around. Mothers sometimes behave seductively toward their sons, but the sons ignore their advances."

"Does this hold for fathers and daughters, too?"

"No, that's different, but you'd expect it to be," Dr. Lemmon said. "How is a male chimpanzee to know whether a young female is his child or not? It's the mother-son relationship that's so interesting. I maintain that the taboo is wired in. On the other hand, male infants do feel protective toward their mothers—if you threaten a mother chimp, her son will fly at you—but the female infants don't behave like that."

He talked about the odd, repetitious behavior shown by young chimpanzees deprived of maternal care—head-banging, eye-poking, rocking, and twirling—while we walked around the grounds and looked at his other primates. In one lot of cages lived a colony of stump-tailed macaques, who, Dr. Lemmon said, show built-in masochistic behavior patterns: they pluck themselves when they are left alone. "Sometimes they even hallucinate," he said. "Now, over here is another species—the *Macaca nemestrina*, or pig-tailed macaque. It's quite striking how these animals differ in one respect. Physically and in most kinds of behavior, they aren't very different, but in this one way they are. The female of the *Macaca arctoides*, or stump-tail, makes a very permissive mother. You can see for yourself that she lets her children run all over the place, playing with the others from quite an early age. But pig-tail females are the exact opposite—they're clutchy. I call them Portnoy mothers. Look at those two, hugging their babies to within an inch of their lives. I'm considering an experiment—to arrange for some of each species to have babies at the same time, then exchange the babies and see what happens to their behavior as they grow up. They might adapt to the very uncharacteristic behavior of their foster mothers or they might not."

NEXT day, Dr. Lemmon and a girl assistant picked me up at my hotel, and we started off to survey some of the young chimpanzees who had, as the Doctor put it, been placed in foster homes.

"What's the object of this exercise?" I asked. "And how do you find foster parents for an odd job like this? Are they all members of the faculty?"

"No, not all of them. Some are people who can afford the extra time and trouble involved, and who are willing. All our foster parents are volunteers."

"You sold them a bill of goods, you mean?"

"Not a bit of it," he said. "Any time one of the parents wants to give up the animal, I'll take it back; they all know that. But women tend to get emotionally involved with chimpanzee babies once they start taking care of them."

"Childless women, I imagine," I said.

Dr. Lemmon shook his head. "I look for a normal family life for my chimp infants—preferably a place where the animal will have siblings. The first people we're going to visit, for instance, have several other children."

The house we entered in a few minutes was a luxurious one, with archways and tiled floors and a conservatory. Our hostess, who wore a lacy tea gown, greeted us with the announcement that we simply had to have a drink, and we did not protest. Several adolescent children came in to say hello. Our hostess said, "Ephraim's being changed, but he'll be in in a minute. How's Connie doing? We'll have to have a birthday party for the two of them."

Dr. Lemmon rose to the bait. "No species contact!" he said fiercely. "You know that. If I hear of those two chimps' meeting each other—"

"There, there, I didn't mean it," she said as a woman in an apron came in, carrying a three-month-old chimp baby, swaddled in a fluffy blue blanket. Everyone said, "Isn't he the sweetest thing?" and the children hovered over the infant. Eventually, he was put in my lap and I was able to get a look at his tiny black face. Then he pulled himself out of the blanket and attached himself to my clothing, as young chimpanzees like to do. He was dressed in a warm bunny suit. "Isn't he adorable?" the foster mother asked, and she gave us all another drink. The chimp was passed from hand to hand, from chest to chest; he leaned out and felt a leaf of

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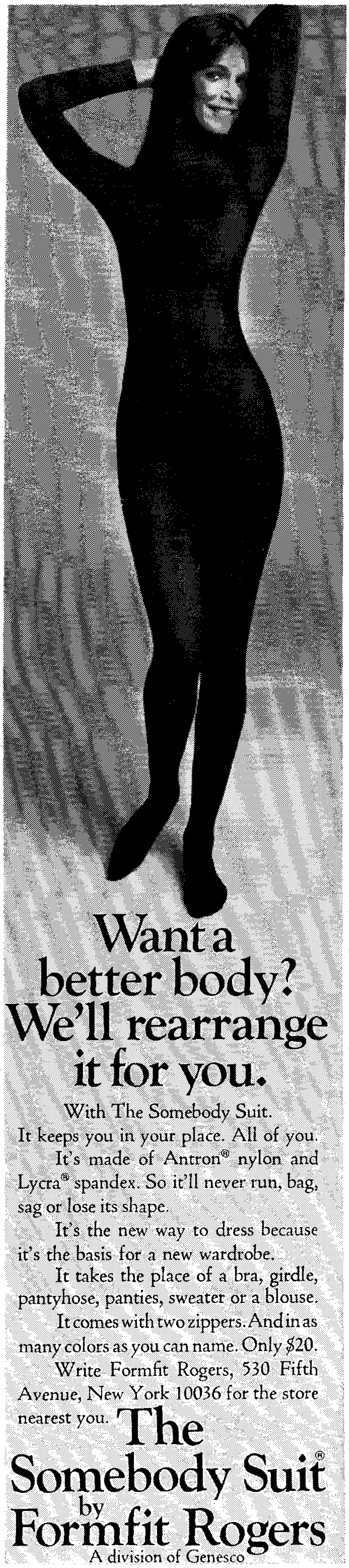

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some potted lilies with tentative, small fingers.

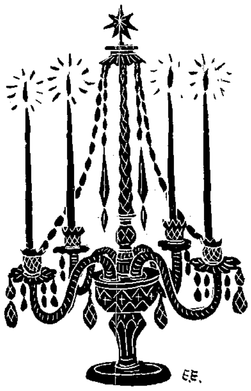
Our next call was at the home of Dr. Lemmon's secretary, Jane Temerlin, a faculty wife whose husband is also a member of the Psychology Department. As we entered the living room, Dr. Lemmon said, "Notice how chimp-proof this place is. Plastic furniture covers, washable walls, special locks on the doors."

"You learn as you go along," Jane said. "We had to replace a lot of stuff at first, but now we know more about it. Lucy ought to be home pretty soon—she's out shopping with her father."

The door opened, and a chimpanzee three or four years old came in, followed by Jane's husband, Maury.

"I get more impatient with people all the time," said Lucy's foster father, handing packages to his wife. "Whenever I park the car downtown and they see Lucy, they crowd around. It's natural, I suppose, but then some idiot is sure to say, 'Is that a monkey?' "

Lucy sat down, picked up my handbag, and began with practiced fingers to open the zipper. Then she paused and looked up at Dr. Lemmon, who said, "She didn't say no, Lucy," and the chimpanzee immediately turned back to the bag and opened it all the way, took out each thing one by one and examined it. She recognized my compact, and opened it to powder her nose while gazing into the little mirror; then, with one careful finger, she traced the line of her eyebrow. She opened a bottle of eyedrops, sniffed at it, and replaced the cap. When everything had been looked at, she returned it all to the bag and closed the zipper. Seeing a smoldering cigarette stub in an ashtray, she leaped up on a chair and tamped it down, extinguishing the spark. Jane was telling Dr. Lemmon about some additions they were having built onto the house: a cage on the roof, with a steel-mesh passageway leading up to it from a steel-mesh room in the interior. This well-locked apartment was to keep Lucy in during the day. "We've simply got to do it," she said. "She's getting so clever with locks and doorknobs there's no holding her in the house as it is, and we both have to spend a lot of time at work."



LATER, when I had left Oklahoma, I thought often about Dr. Lemmon's colony, about Lucy, and about the other adopted infants I saw that day. I particularly remembered one foster mother whom I had heard pleading with Dr. Lemmon, "You're not taking Gordon away, are you, Bill?" But mostly I thought about Lucy, and when I returned to Norman after a few months I was glad to hear that all was well at Jane's house. Before I went to see for myself, however, I was to watch the Lemmon apes at work. By appointment, I joined Dr. Lemmon and a graduate student named Jerry Hodan, and we drove out together to the farm. Dr. Lemmon told me that Jerry was working on a Ph.D. thesis with the title "Dominance in Chimpanzee Relationships."

"According to Jane Goodall's observations, dominance interactions are rare in the wild, but in the chimpanzee consortium at Holloman Air Force Base, in New Mexico, there is certainly a lot of interaction of this kind," Dr. Lemmon said. "The question we want to answer is: Is it simply a matter of less space? Jerry is trying to find out by reducing the already reduced living space of our chimpanzees still further, to see what happens. Yerkes said that every animal in captivity strives for status in its group. Very likely, we thought, you'll get a linear dominance hierarchy when you reduce the space—in fact, if animals didn't have it, they would probably go under. If this is true, then as space is again increased the hierarchy will dissolve. And that is how things actually do work out in these experiments, with an added result: Not only is there a constant struggle for simple dominance but you get coalitions in the group against the boss. We say 'coalition' because it's a favorite word just now among minority groups. This is what happens: Suppose you have a group of three—A, B, and C. C becomes dominant, whereupon A teams up with B to form a coalition with which to overthrow C. So far, we know this—really know it, that is—only of human beings and their behavior, and we also know that in this struggle human males and females are usually different—males are aggressive, females passive. Is the same thing true of chimpanzees? Jerry is trying to work that out, combining the ideas of space effect and coalition."

"Here's how we're doing it," Jerry said. "First we'd put only two animals in a very small place to see if we got a linear hierarchy. And we found that we did. Every single pair relationship

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came out like that. There was no *permanent* chief, but for the moment the relationship was fixed. I'd better explain our system for making sure. We have a dispensing machine on top of one of the cages in which we put grapes, pieces of banana, or anything else that chimps like. The dispenser is connected with a slot machine in an adjoining cage. If a chimp puts a nickel (which we give him) into the slot and pulls a lever, a grape or a piece of banana falls out of the dispenser into the first cage. Now, the chimp with the nickel is in a disadvantageous position. There's no direct way from cage to cage—he's got to run out of the door of the slot-machine cage and through the door of the dispenser cage before he reaches the fruit—but if he's the dominant one the other chimp will probably be afraid to take it. However, if the other chimp is dominant he grabs the fruit right away. All we have to do is count the grapes each animal gets, and the one who gets more is the dominant one—at that time. This holds true even when you've got more than two chimps. Suppose you have three. If you start out with a hundred and twenty grapes and one animal gets sixty-eight of them, that leaves fifty-two divided between the others. One may get only eighteen, say, while the other gets thirty-four. This means that the situation is fairly stable. But now we get the coalitions. Let's start again with three chimpanzees, with a hundred and fifty grapes this time, of which the high man gets seventy and the two lower get fifty and thirty. Fifty and thirty add up to eighty, and that's more grapes than the dominant chimp has scored.

"There are all kinds of complications. For instance, once in a while the chimp who is supposed to put the nickel in won't do it—he'll just refuse. That's stalemate. In the two-cage system, the nickel-dropping chimp catches on very quickly that he'll never have enough time to get into the dispenser cage before the grape drops. Withholding the nickel is a subtle manipulation. And there's another manipulation they've figured out: In a group of four or more, two or three of the ones who aren't putting the nickel in start romping around and playing, hoping to take No. 1's mind off that grape just before it drops."

Upon arriving at the Lemmons' house, we went straight to the cages. Two of the assistants came in with us, and, to the accompaniment of tremendous noise, they lifted some doors and lowered others, shooing indignant apes this way and that until they had one male, named Pan, and two females,

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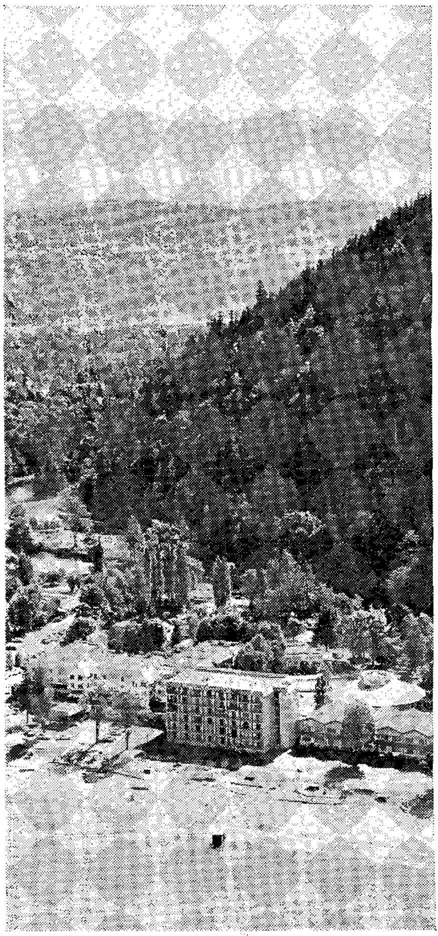

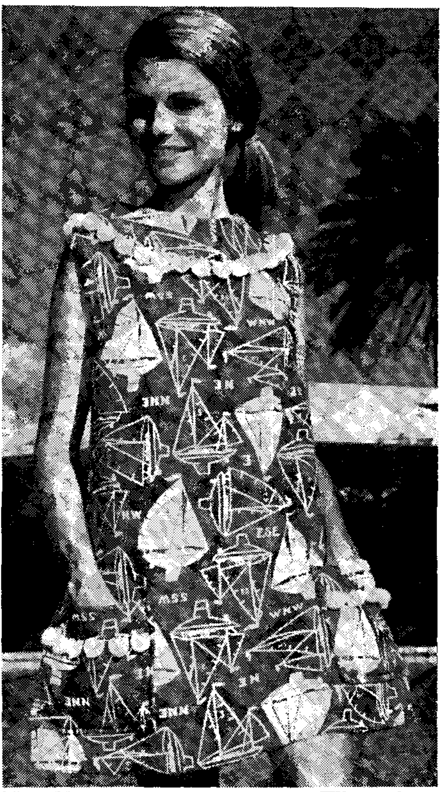

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named Mona and Wendy, isolated in two cages, each with a door at the side, so that to move from one cage to the other a chimpanzee had to detour. A flat black machine for dispensing the fruit hung over the nearer cage, and on the floor of the other stood the slot machine. The tests began when all three apes were in the front cage, with the fruit machine above their heads. One of the assistants handed a nickel to Wendy, and Dr. Lemmon said, "O.K., Wendy, put it in the slot."

Though Wendy was clearly reluctant to leave the two others, she obeyed, shambling out through the front-cage door and in through the rear-cage door, where she put the nickel in the proper slot. For a second or two, nothing happened except that Wendy started running back as fast as she could. Then, with a wheeze and a clank, the fruit machine dropped a grape, right into Pan's hand. He swallowed it.

"That's the way it usually turns out with these three," Jerry said.

"But sometimes the girls go on strike," Dr. Lemmon said. "Once—but only once—Wendy was dominant. That didn't last long, though."

The third chimpanzee, Mona, had made no attempt to get anywhere near the source of the fruit but had remained hanging on the bars, clutching them with hands and feet, and paying no attention to the game. Again Wendy put a nickel in and raced back, and again Pan calmly grabbed the prize. The Doctor said, "Mona completely ignores the power struggle, you see, and doesn't even try for a grape. She's detached except in special circumstances. We'll give her a chance later on."

Two or three times more, Pan picked up the grape. Then the men decided that we ought to have a change. To the accompaniment of more screaming and shooing, Wendy was removed and another chimpanzee, named Mimi, was put in. Mona became the one who put the nickel in, and there was a new development when Pan, perhaps lulled into carelessness, didn't grab for the grape quite as quickly as he had before and Mona bustled back and nearly got it. Pan saw her just in time. On the next occasion, she actually picked up the grape, but then he started for her in a threatening manner. She dropped the grape and ran away.

"Both girls are scared to death of Pan," Dr. Lemmon said. "That is, they nearly always are. Coalitions seldom work against him, and the girls don't even try to overthrow him—they're licked before they start. But

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sometimes you see coalitions among the lower echelons even when Pan's running the show."

Now Pan and Mona were removed and two new females appeared to work with Mimi—Carrie and Peggy. The men told me in advance that Carrie was stupid and Peggy, only half her age, was smart. It was Peggy who had first figured out that if she got up close to the hole the fruit came through she would get it. "She's the only one who even tries to manipulate Pan," said Dr. Lemmon. "But don't sell Mimi short, either—she's smart socially. This is a difficult combination; each tries to outwit the others, and the pattern is never distinct."

A nickel was handed to Peggy, and she went slowly about the task of dropping it in the slot. Suddenly the two others, Mimi and Carrie, began wrestling with each other on the floor just under the dispenser. Such struggles, such tickling and gasping! They never rolled away from the spot directly under the machine, though Peggy, for her part, stopped short to watch before dropping the nickel.

"Peggy's not suckered, not for a minute," said Dr. Lemmon. But she dropped the nickel at last, the grape fell, and Mimi grabbed it.

"Poor, dumb Carrie," Jerry said. "She never wins." As for Peggy, she sulked.

I was told that Mimi once kept a nickel hidden in her mouth all weekend, from Friday to Monday—a day when the game wasn't played—until she saw her chance to put it in the machine and get the reward. "She *planned* it," Dr. Lemmon said proudly. Suddenly he roared, "Mimi, leave that apparatus alone!" Turning back to me, he explained, "She's learned how to break it. If she puts the nickel in a little crooked, the whole thing stops, and when she's had a losing streak she's apt to do it." He grew pensive. "It's funny about money and all that. Once, Mimi actually took the nickel away from the three other girls, Carrie, Mona, and Peggy. She didn't take food, mind you—she took money. Pan will sometimes take food out of the others' mouths, but even he has never committed that sort of robbery."

THAT evening after work, Jane Temerlin drove me out to her house for dinner, confessing on the way that she was a little apprehensive about what we would find when we got there. Lucy's cage was finished at last. "It's the first time I've left her alone the whole day in her new apart-

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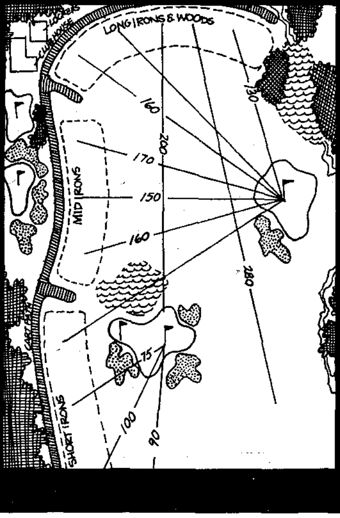

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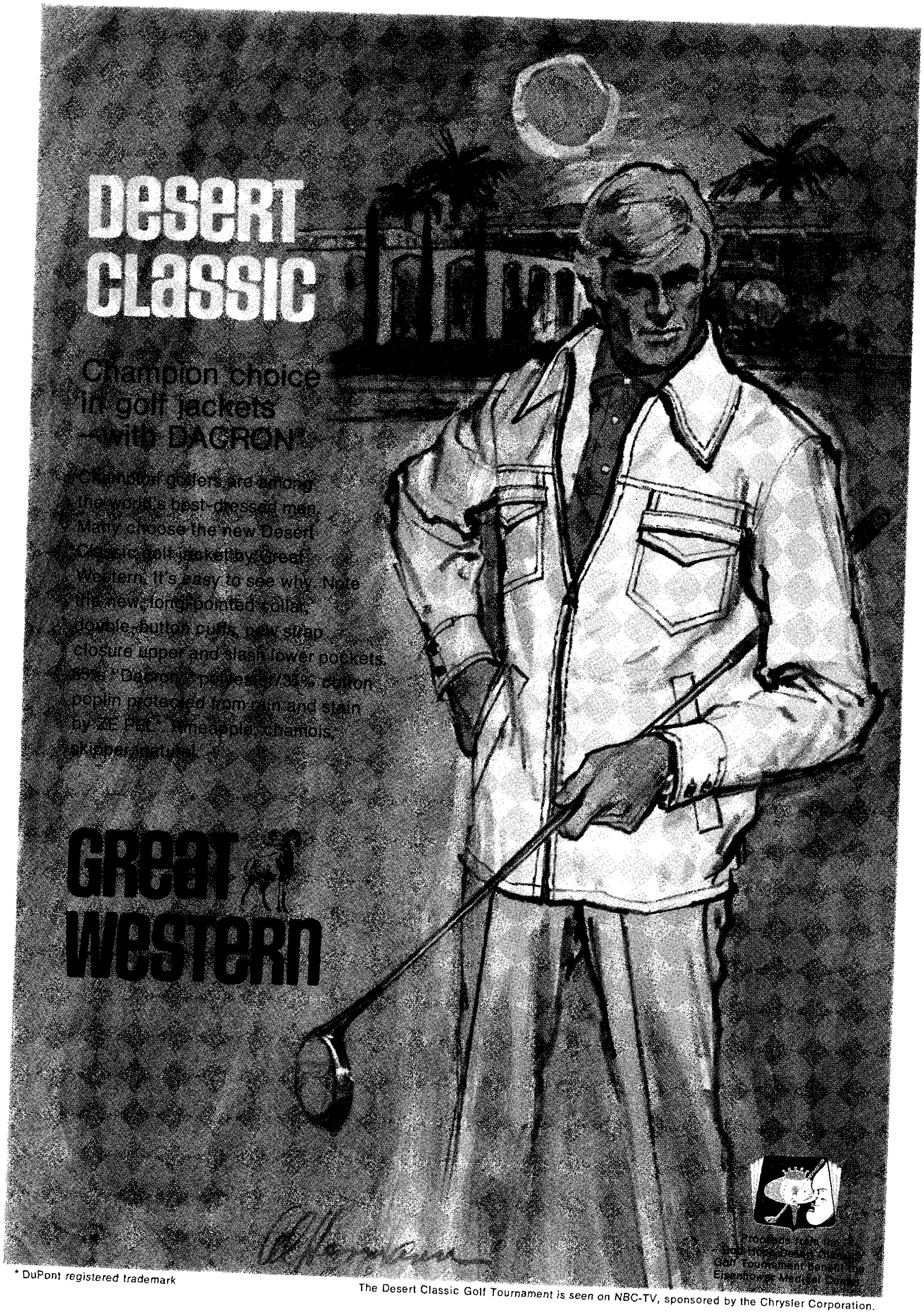

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ment, and I hated to do it," she said. "But our son's away at school practically as long as we're at work. He's sixteen, and I can't expect him to play nursemaid." As we got near the house, she said, "I don't see her up there, do you?" We looked hard but saw no sign of Lucy. "I expect she heard the car and she's waiting in the downstairs part of the cage, where we keep her toys," Jane said as we hurried into the house. Sure enough, there was Lucy behind the mesh, sitting in a basket and rocking busily back and forth. She gave us only a fleeting glance.

"Hello, darling," said Jane. "You're mad at us, aren't you? Rocking like that just to make me feel worse." She unlocked the gate. Lucy got out of her basket and ran past Jane, arms outstretched, to embrace me. "She's punishing me," said Jane. "I wonder how long she's going to sulk."

Lucy sulked nearly all evening. She ignored Jane, who was cooking in the kitchen, though Jane's husband and her son Steve got big welcomes when they arrived, and so did Dr. Lemmon, who was dining with us. While we had cocktails, the chimpanzee played with me, teased the men, and had a wrestling match with her foster brother. She sat at table with us and ate her dinner, but continued to ignore Jane. Suddenly she snatched at a wineglass, and Jane scolded her. Then, almost quicker than the eye could follow, Lucy grabbed a piece of pineapple from her dessert plate and shoved it into Jane's mouth. The gesture seemed to mark the end of the feud, for a few minutes later she fell asleep on Jane's lap.

—EMILY HAHN

(This is the first of two articles on primates.)

•

DEAR DR. SCHWARZ:

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How're things in Memphis generally, Dr. Larkspur?

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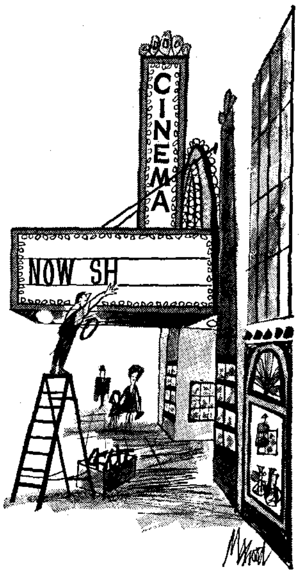
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Ho-Hum

"AND the robin sings 'ho!' on the orchard bough," Noël Coward once asserted, in a folk song that he blandly wrote for Beatrice Lillie. When she gets to the line in performance, she is likely to interrupt herself, glare at the pianist rambling on, and say firmly to the audience, "The robin does *not* sing 'ho!' " To pinch a term, the idea of family entertainment that is being pumped out by film-distributing companies this Easter is a lot of ho. It is *not* what children go for—or, in the rare case when it is, the job is done in such a pious and craven way that it may drive parents up the wall.



Item. "Melody"—an English story of preteens-against-the-grownups, directed by Waris Hussein and beautifully photographed by Peter Suschitzky—slips by pleasantly for under-sevens in the audience, but an adult is likely to find it as long as "The Ring," and anyone rising ten could justly call it naïve and a grovel to the enemy.

Item. "Mad Dogs & Englishmen"—a film report of the American tour of Joe Cocker, English rock star, accompanied by a horde of friends and family and a dog—is quite a cheerful celebration of noise, but noise isn't everything, and this film seems to concuss the small into furtive sleep, as if they were staying up at some rackety but secretly boring grown-up party. One of the successful sequences is a passage in which the dog is flying somewhere by jet and gets fed on the way with a hamburger. Children, who differ from grownups signally in their attitude toward food on airplanes, seem to respond to the scene with keen envy.

Item. The Western of the holiday season, "Valdez Is Coming," has a general-public certificate, but no one vulnerable should be invited to sit through the gore in it for a second. Burt Lancaster plays a Mexican-American who has an instinct—rather a patronized, noble-savage instinct—to do the right things in racist situations. There is a bullish sequence that has him staggering exhausted through some terrain or other with a colossal crucifix on his back and pinning his arms, but he hasn't much mind, this underwritten and undersold character, and when he blunders toward two trees that are too close together to let the width of the crucifix through, he crashes at them, head on, three times. The third time, the wood of the crucifix snaps into his back and the blood pours. The first time, any toddler, or even an engineering-minded monkey, would wonder why the man doesn't think of going through the gap sidewise.

Item, most ho of all. A musical cartoon of Don Marquis's archy-and-mehitabel stories, called "Shinbone Alley," with music by George Kleinsinger, lyrics by Joe Darion, and a screenplay by Darion drawn from the Broadway musical of 1957 that he wrote with Mel Brooks. archy is sung by Eddie Bracken, mehitabel by Carol Channing. archy is the poet who has transmigrated after suicide into the form of a cockroach; archy is the expressive insect who finds his way to a newspaper typewriter and lollops on the keys but can't manage the one for capital letters; archy is your Manhattan fighter; archy is cute. mehitabel is the wambling alley cat with guts who is auditioned by a braggadocio tomcat impresario for stardom on Broadway; mehitabel is the whore with a heart of gold, the illiterate who suddenly hears the beat in Shakespeare and can make "Romeo and Juliet" swing; mehitabel is the raucous trouper who reminds you of every terrific woman star in every terrific musical you've ever seen; and mehitabel is a slight pain in the eardrums and the neck. Even though the film looks like a cartoon, and even though it's about a love affair between a bug and a cat, "Shinbone Alley" is all wrong for children. In fact, it is pretty inaccessible to anyone who hasn't been marinated for a good fifty years in the treacle and old typewriter ribbons of Broadway's myth about itself, which is where the film's characters and notions of the admirable come from.

There used to be a party trick in which people with mildly double-jointed elbows turned their backs and fondled their necks and shoulders as if their hands were someone else's. This is the hidden image of "Shinbone Alley" (though by no means of the original "archy and mehitabel"): your own hand clapping you on the back. The cartoon is a full-throated paean by show biz in love with itself; to see it is to see the rule of the alley cat's jungle glamorized by equation with the rule of the entertainment industry. It is a rule that admires push and elevates star quality into a metaphor for the workings of individualist society, as though the travail of competing for an Oscar contained some harsh authentic heart of democracy. The cockroach is a loner but a winner, a male version of the French *jolie laide*, small and cranky, with four arms of a wild, rhythmic sort and two feet like driving gloves. His nose, in the shape of the head of a blackthorn walking stick, looks boozy and gnarled, and the lines in his face are deep-bitten. The life of dirt has cost him dear, you feel, and mehitabel is rough on him. mehitabel is a frivolous she-cat, worthy of a study by Women's Lib if it could be done with a sense of humor, who seems to think that feminine courage consists in going past "21" with a swagger even if you have a hole in your tights. This is not stamina as children would see it, but it is stamina as Broadway musicals see it. Her left ear is ragged and there are lumps on her hide, says the film, which has a rather overmanicured grasp of the pathetic, and which belts home the ragged-ear sorrow by means of a Broadway aria that is in the oldest Broadway tradition of celebrating waifs and the out-of-step as long as they are played by the privileged and recognized. "Life always treats her in the same ugly way," says the aria, but she stays gay, "*toujours gai.*" She does indeed. The energy is unremitting. Simple energy, which is a moral neutral elsewhere, is a virtue in the system of values erected by musicals. And she may go hungry—the spoiled, unrooted fable stresses poverty and hunger a lot, as though this were a Depression tale gone off the rails, which it certainly is—but, says the picture, when you're living in a colony where everyone is at the bottom of the heap, "if someone knocks you dead, at least you know it's a friend." Friend? Ask anyone in Harlem about traitors in the midst, any child. This is one of the sentimentalities that Broadway musicals are fuelled by—the hallowing of gutter camaraderie.

"Shinbone Alley" may be lousy for children, but it is interesting to us, because of the things it glories in. Spunk, go, drive, heroes and hero worship, the rule of chance, the singeing of wings. There is a hymn to a moth in praise of "playing with fire," which is the highest thing for the idol of any musical to do—to fly bang into "the secret heart of a flame." mehitabel, the rangy, promiscuous cat, eventually finds redemption in giving up an interlude of rich bourgeois life and regressing to the alley; archy says longingly about the moth that he wishes he had the soul of someone who wanted most in the world "to fry." Thus Broadway rounds the circle, and closes it to the Zen dabblers and the pot smokers whose salvation is becalmed excess. mehitabel has claws that are like long black evening gloves, and hair that flops over one eye to show only a single blue iris surrounded by green; she actually looks a bit histrionic and untrustworthy, this gad of the polluted rooftops, deified by an entertainment system as though she were staunch and good. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

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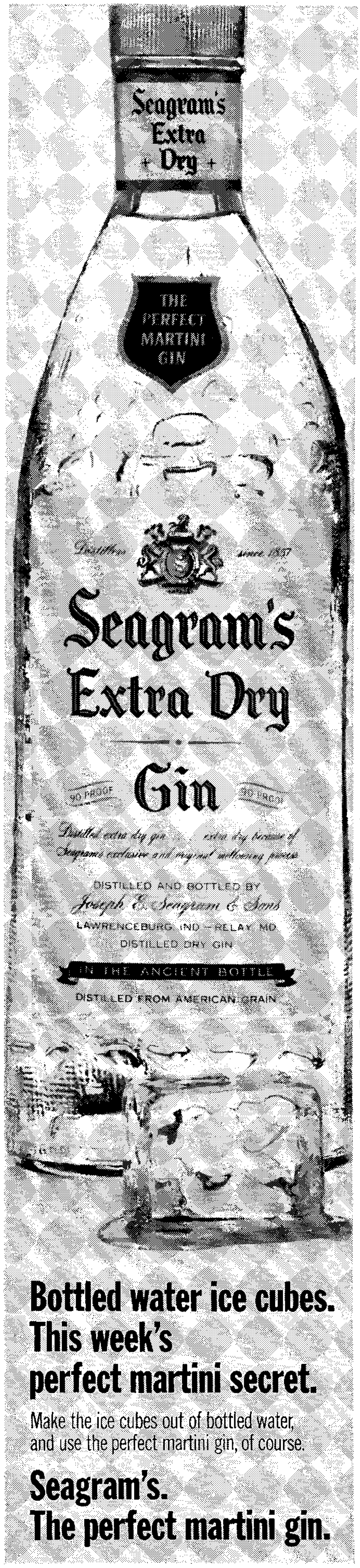

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THE RACE TRACK

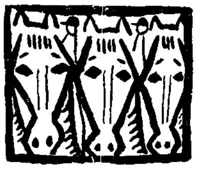
New Game in Town

OFF-TRACK betting within the law is off and running in New York. After many postponements, it was inaugurated at Grand Central Terminal last Thursday morning, with the usual cutting of a ribbon, with speeches by Mayor John Lindsay and Howard Samuels, who is head of the Off-Track Betting Corporation, operator of the enterprise, and with a touch of hoopla, before a crowd that packed the main concourse. It also got a bigger play on television that evening than Vietnam. As this is written, I'd say that it's a go.

Although it was even harder to get a bet down than Mayor Lindsay and Mr. Samuels say it will be to find a bookie this time next year, $66,091 was wagered at the off-track offices on the trots at Roosevelt Raceway that evening. Of this, $31,146 was placed at Grand Central Terminal, and it would have been more if the ticket-sellers hadn't run out of betting slips; $18,148 was placed at the branch office in Forest Hills; and $16,797 was placed over the telephone. (Mr. Samuels had said he hoped to take in $10,000 from the whole operation.) Next day, the total from the two shops and over the wire was $77,352, with $44,042 from Grand Central, $18,264 from Forest Hills, and $15,046 over the phone. Not bad. Still, it's far behind the $200,000 a day it is said that O.-T.B. must handle to break even on the operating cost before a dollar goes into Mr. Lindsay's treasury. (The take is seventeen per cent—plus the breakage—about eleven per cent of which the city and the state split 80–20.) No doubt the Big Handle will come when the mutuel unions at O.-T.B. and the New York Racing Association settle their various differences and the union at Yonkers Raceway falls into line, when the computers all get together (the one at O.-T.B. has been acting up), and when more of the seventeen other sites for betting shops have opened. The one in the Pennsylvania Station may open next week.

Right now, O.-T.B.'s problem is how to sell tickets faster. The eager customers swamp the sellers' windows and wait interminably for their tickets, because the transaction is manual and slow. After a player makes his selection in ink on the betting slip, which is in triplicate, it takes the seller, if he's quick at it, at least five minutes to record the wager. Anyone who buys, let's say, a dozen tickets on the double might spend the rest of the afternoon getting them processed.

AQUEDUCT held up pretty well under the strain of the competition, if you could call it that. On Good Friday, a crowd of 47,146 bet $5,450,767, and on Saturday a crowd of 47,480 bet $5,391,311. Loud, whose race a week before showed that he was in form again, won the Excelsior Handicap, at nine furlongs, comfortably by a length and a half from Personality, who nosed Knight in Armor out of second place in the last few strides. Last of the nine starters out of the gate, Loud didn't pick up the leaders until they had only three furlongs to go, and then he was on the outside of five horses as they swung into the stretch abreast. It was a pretty sight, and a bang-up effort for Loud. Personality had no mishaps.



Once more, no luck for Fort Marcy in the San Juan Capistrano Handicap, the final fixture at Santa Anita. In 1969, he was second to Petrone; last year, he was a nose behind Fiddle Isle and Quicken Tree, who finished in a dead heat; and last Saturday he was second again, three lengths behind Cougar II. Not only that, but he had his number taken down for crowding Try Sheep, who, in turn, crowded Lonny's Secret, the pace setter, causing him to fall. . . . And, for the record, Chompion beat Snow Sporting, One for All, and eleven others in the Pan American Handicap at Gulfstream Park, the last big one of the Florida season.

THE Wood Memorial Stakes comes up at Aqueduct this weekend. Among the probable starters, to name the likeliest, are Jim French, who is now the 3–1 favorite in the Caliente future book on the Kentucky Derby; Calumet Farm's pair, Eastern Fleet and Bold and Able (the latter turned in a smart effort at the Big A last week); Droll Role; and Sole Mio. It should be a good show. . . . And perhaps you'll be pleased to know that Hoist the Flag is doing well. Keep your fingers crossed. —AUDAX MINOR

* * *

Fromen was raised in Israel but grew up in Cleveland, Ohio.—*Nyack (N.Y.) Rockland County Journal-News.*

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U.S. JOURNAL: CRYSTAL CITY, TEXAS

NEW CHEERLEADERS

FOR a number of years, there was a place for a Mexican-American among the four cheerleaders of Crystal City High School, more or less the way there was a Jewish seat on the Supreme Court. It was nothing official, but townspeople who went out to the football game to cheer on the Hawgs (known officially as the Javelins, the name given the wild boars found in South Texas) could be confident that three out of the four girls leading them in cheers would be non-Mexican-American whites—the people known in the Southwest as Anglos. Only about fifteen per cent of the people in Crystal City are Anglos, but they had always been accustomed to leading the high-school cheers or anything else that was considered at all important to lead. A lot of the Mexican-Americans in Crystal City migrate to the Midwest for farm work from spring to fall and support themselves off and on in Crystal City during the winter by picking spinach or onions or working in the Del Monte plant. When the schools were segregated in Crystal City, only an elementary school had to be provided for Mexican-Americans, since virtually all of them dropped out before high school anyway.

Even in the late forties, a Crystal City High School graduating class consisted typically of twenty-five or thirty Anglos and one or two Mexican-Americans. Gradually, the percentage of Mexican-Americans in the high school grew, until it nearly reflected the Mexican-American majority in the town. But the student organizations and activities remained basically Anglo—partly because the Anglos had the self-confidence that comes from having always run things, partly because a lot of Mexican-American students didn't take much interest, partly because the overwhelmingly Anglo faculty and administration arranged it that way. The football team, which was ordinarily dominated by Anglos, elected its own Football Sweetheart, but the baseball team, which always had a Mexican-American majority, was told to elect two Baseball Sweethearts—one Mexican-American and one Anglo. Honors such as Most Beautiful or Most Representative were distributed by methods that included faculty committees and even sending pictures off to someone like Troy Donahue or Glen Campbell for judging—but rarely included popular elections. And the teachers selecting cheerleaders always seemed to settle on one Mexican-American and three Anglos. In Crystal City, having Anglo cheerleaders was one symbol to the Anglos that their high school was still effectively Anglo even after becoming predominantly Mexican-American. It happened to be the same kind of symbol to the Mexican-American students: after the usual cheerleader selection was made in the spring of 1969, they began a protest that eventually led to Crystal City's having all Mexican-American cheerleaders, a Mexican-American majority on the school board, a Mexican-American superintendent, a lot of Mexican-American teachers, and a lot of enraged Anglos.

IN quieter times, Crystal City was best known for calling itself the Spinach Capital of the World—or, really, for symbolizing that claim with a statue of Popeye in front of the municipal building. It's a town of nine thousand, about a hundred miles southwest of San Antonio, in a part of South Texas called the Winter Garden—dry scrubland developed fifty or sixty years ago when it was discovered that a winter crop of vegetables could be produced on it. Although Crystal City has always had a certain number of open, straightforward bigots, it has not been the kind of place in which Anglo control is maintained by violence or even by denying Mexican-Americans the right to vote. The Anglos own everything. They like to tell visitors about the decent, hard-working Mexicans they grew up with—Mexicans who would have been appalled at people who wanted something for nothing or at people who tried to create friction between the races. Having taken political as well as economic control more or less for granted, the Anglos were startled in 1963 when, after a quiet registration campaign conducted by the Teamsters and some other outside organizers, the Mexican-Americans took over the city council—a victory that is sometimes spoken of as the beginning of political activism among Mexican-Americans in Texas. But those elected had little experience, no lo-

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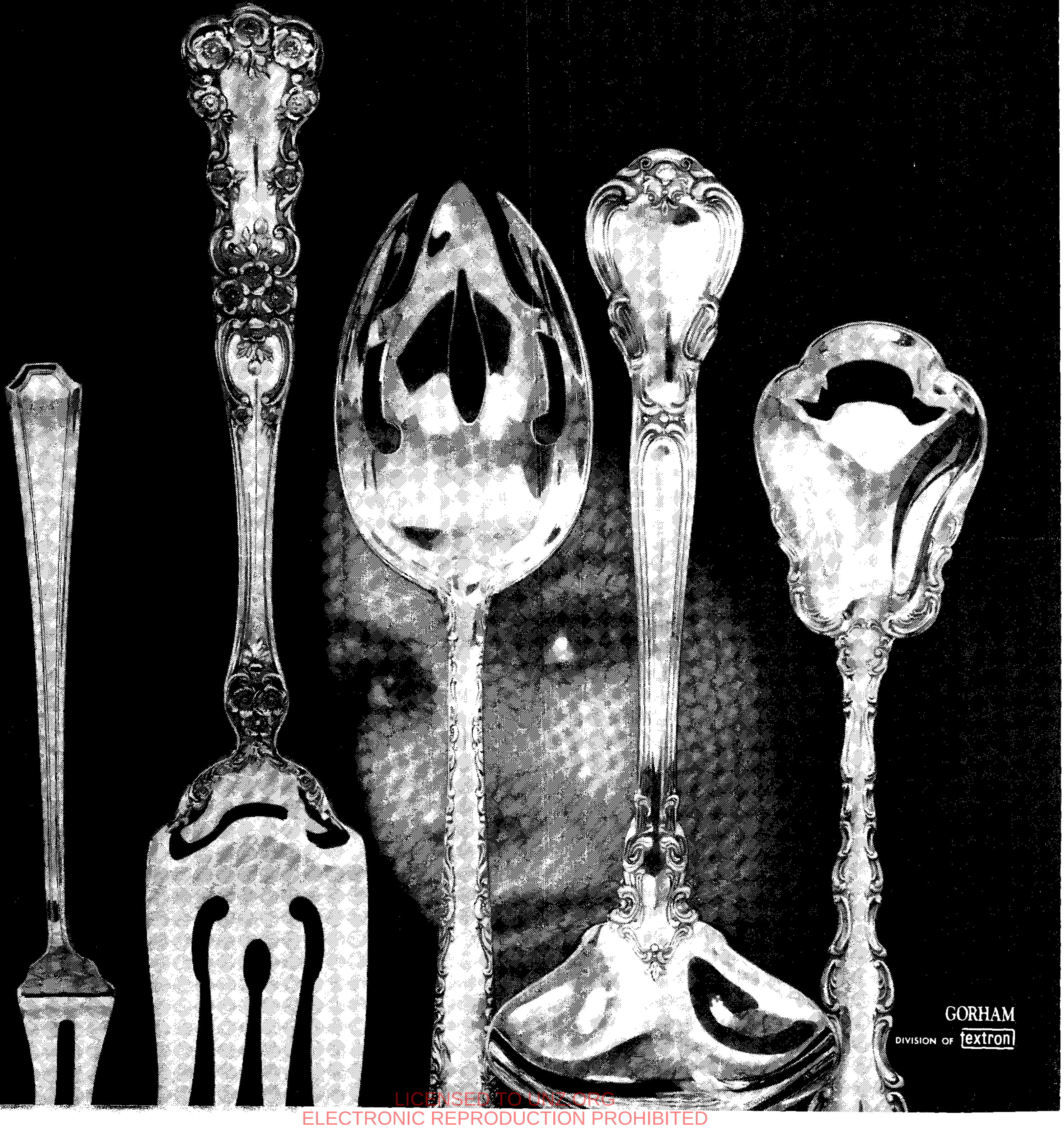

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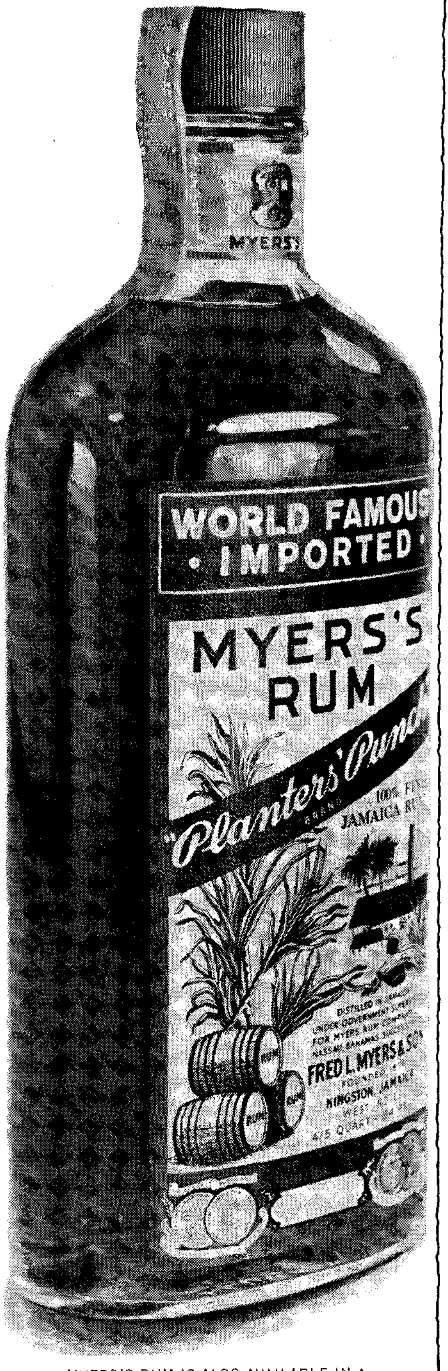

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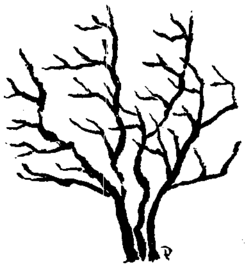
cal organization that extended much past the election victory in ideology or commitment, and no continuing help from those who organized the campaign—one theory being that Texas liberals were so accustomed to participating in glorious defeats that an actual victory left them too stunned to continue. The Anglos were soon back in control.

At first, the student protest in 1969 seemed manageable. The school superintendent decided that the Mexican-Americans as well as the Anglos would have three cheerleaders, and the school year ended with the Hawg teams' being bi-ethnically cheered toward victory. But the following fall the protest was still alive. The alumni association had announced plans to choose a Homecoming Queen, to be elected by the alumni from among high-school girls who had at least one parent who had graduated from Crystal City High School—an eligibility requirement that meant almost no Mexican-American girls even qualified for rejection. The Mexican-American students—who increasingly tended to refer to themselves as Chicanos rather than Mexican-Americans—began arguing not only about the Homecoming Queen but about the need for bilingual education and about the inequities of tests based on cultural background and about discrimination or neglect by Anglo teachers. In December, they began to boycott the school.



It is traditional to blame outside agitators for such protests, and the Anglos of Crystal City blamed a young man named José Ángel Gutiérrez, who did in fact have all the attributes of an outside agitator except that he was born in Crystal City and had been the president of the 1962 senior class at Crystal City High School. The son of a doctor, Gutiérrez had been the kind of student Anglos liked to point to as an example of how a bright and ambitious Mexican-American could get ahead. After high school, Gutiérrez went off to San Antonio to win a master's degree in government. But then, after founding a militant Chicano group called the Mexican-American Youth Organization, he came back to Crystal City as an organizer—with the announced intention of engineering a Mexican-American takeover in three Winter Garden counties.

As an organizing tool for Gutiérrez, the boycott became a movement—with mass meetings in the plaza of the neighborhood known as Mexico Chico and shouts of "Viva La Raza!" and reluctant adults' being drawn in by the participation of their children. After a month, the school board granted most of the student demands. The boycott organization remained intact, and that spring Gutiérrez and two other Chicanos ran for the school board as candidates of La Raza Unida, a third party for Texas Chicanos that Gutiérrez had helped found. The Raza school-board candidates won (as did those who were trying to capture the city council), and joined with a Mexican-American already on the board to form a four-to-three majority. The majority's first act was to elect José Ángel Gutiérrez president of the Crystal City school board—not quite the sort of getting ahead the Anglos had in mind. The school-board meetings, formerly held in a conference room, had to be moved to the high-school cafeteria and then to the high-school auditorium in order to accommodate the citizens who wanted to ask questions or state opinions or shout "Viva!"

THE Anglos in town are often at a loss for words hideous enough to describe Gutiérrez, although they ordinarily make do with "Communist" until one comes to mind. His past as the model honor student of Crystal City High School has meant not that he is considered less of an outside agitator but merely that he is considered an outside agitator who also happens to be an ingrate. Conversations with Crystal City Anglos about Gutiérrez almost always include stories of how some of his dedicated Anglo teachers used to drive him to far-off public-speaking and debating engagements when he was in high school. "In their own cars," the speaker will often say, shaking his head at how far ingratitude can go. "With their own gas."

In return, Anglos say, Gutiérrez has come back to Crystal City to divide the races rather than bring them together—an accusation Gutiérrez doesn't really deny, since he operated from the start on the theory that the only way to build a movement to give Mexican-Americans some political power in Crystal City would be to shake them from their dependence on Anglos and Anglo values. Gutiérrez still provides some gringo-baiting speeches for the local Anglos to point to in horror, and no human-relations specialist will ever use the first year of Mexican-American control of the Crystal City schools as an example of how to make a transition as painless as possible for the people who were used to being in control. The new board not only began bilingual education and established the federal free-lunch program in the high school but also declared Mexican Independence Day a half-day school holiday and banned nonunion lettuce from the cafeterias. Anglo teachers who were considered insensitive to their Mexican-American students have not had their contracts renewed. An Anglo who had been hired as superintendent just before the election and given a three-year contract ("to preserve continuity," one of the Anglo board members has said) was fired despite his contract, accused of not implementing the board's new policies. The armed-services recruiters who had always made routine stops at Crystal City High School were informed that they would no longer be permitted on school property. (In the board's reasoning, the traditional assumption that the relatively few Mexican-American boys who did make it through high school would go right into the service had prevented some of them from considering the possibility of college and had been partly responsible for the fact that eleven of them had been killed in Vietnam. The realities of military conscription were not ignored; the board appointed a draft counsellor to advise students—and teachers—of their rights.) The school board passed a resolution opposing the war in Vietnam. The school board accepted the transfer of boycotting Chicano students from another South Texas town. The school board banned intelligence testing. For a while, the school board even placed a moratorium on corporal punishment—a break with Crystal City tradition that proved too radical even for José Ángel Gutiérrez, who eventually settled for a set of safeguards to protect the rights of the students being paddled.

Of all the changes made, nothing has angered the Anglos more than the new practice of the band director's announcing half-time formations at the high-school football game in Spanish as well as English. The same Anglo students who say they have nothing at all against the start being made in bilingual education find it difficult to talk about the band director's Spanish without raising their voices and repeating "This is the United States of America" again and again. The first time the director spoke Spanish over the press-box public-

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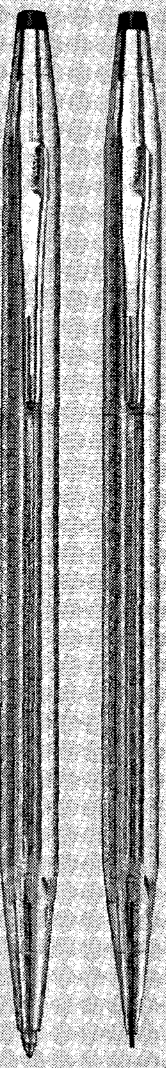

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address system at the Crystal City football field, someone turned out the press-box lights. Throughout the season, the reaction to the Spanish was so raucous—with shouts of "Go back to Mexico!" from the Anglos and "Viva La Raza!" from the Chicanos—that the band director began walking up through the stands to the press box in the company of two Chicano bodyguards. The Chicanos say that Spanish translations are not unreasonable in a town where many of the students' parents and grandparents have an uncertain grasp of English. But the Anglos believe that the director—a Raza Unida supporter—started speaking Spanish only to provoke them. The Anglo students were particularly upset when the Spanish translations were used even for away games. There, for all the people in Carrizo Springs or Uvalde to see, would be Crystal City High School with Mexican-American cheerleaders and a band that played the Mexican "Jalisco" as well as the old Hawg fight song and a half-time show being announced in Spanish—a Chicano school.

THE Anglos retaliated with constant letters in the county weekly—most of them signed by an anonymous citizens' committee—accusing the board of crimes ranging from political firings to sloppiness in handling the cafeteria funds. The citizens' committee sent a letter around asking Anglos to withhold their school taxes, and some of them did—including one of the Anglo members of the school board, a local rancher. (At the last meeting before the rancher's term expired, Gutiérrez, to the delight of the large crowd of Mexican-Americans in attendance, refused to count the rancher's vote because of the tax delinquency. When the rancher read a statement suggesting that "there is being propagated in our own school a system of ideas that is alien to our American way of life," a woman in the audience shouted, "Go ahead and pay your taxes, and then you talk!")

A lot of Anglos who didn't withhold taxes or write letters to the county weekly were confident that the school board would be recaptured, just as the city council had been recaptured. "Your Mexican'll always revert," a local rancher said recently. Two seats on the board came up this month, and, in the belief that people with Anglo names no longer win elections in Crystal City, the Anglos ran two candidates who are actually Mexican-Americans—people thought of by La Raza Unida support-

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ers as *vendidos*, or sellouts. They were easily defeated by La Raza Unida candidates. The victory means that La Raza Unida is guaranteed control of the board for several years, no matter how many times Mexicans revert, and next fall Anglos will have to face the decision of whether to pull their children out of school or move from Crystal City or make some accommodation.

At Crystal City High School, Anglos and Chicanos lead separate lives. The Anglos say the division is a result of Gutiérrez' racism; the Chicanos say it's merely that the division that always existed is now acknowledged by both sides. Some people say that the classes are slightly less orderly, and some people say that Chicanos are now slightly more willing to speak up. The Anglos who played in the band have quit, and so have the Anglos who were on the staff of the yearbook. They give a variety of reasons. Chicanos say that what is really bothering the Anglo students is the same thing that is bothering their parents—that they are no longer in charge. There are some Anglo students who talk openly about their belief that Mexican-Americans are constitutionally incapable of being in charge. A conversation about changes in the school can sometimes lead to talk about Mexican-Americans' returning from the Midwest with new cars to drive to the welfare office. A few of the Anglo students acknowledge that there might have been some inequities in the past. But the most widespread attitude among them seems to be a feeling of having been personally injured by the injection of racism and politics and hatred into a school that they and their families had found so friendly and comfortable for so many years. Like their parents, they always regarded the status quo as nonpolitical and the traditional arrangement of control by race as nonracist. "These are supposed to be a person's best years," a former cheerleader said recently. "And mine have been ruined."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

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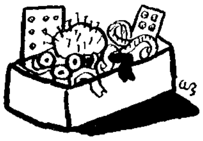
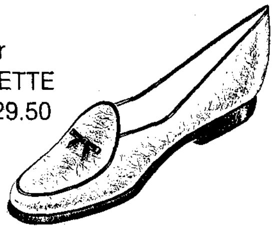


THE clothes of Catherine Capriotti, like those of Chanel, are a language and a discipline, and their timelessness is almost arrogant. Miss Capriotti leaves other designers to their weekly skirmishes with newly minted whims and looks calmly, from season to season, to the pearl buttons on her crêpe blouses, the pockets of her tailored jackets, and the fabric for her perfect trousers. While others are obsessed with legs and bosoms, she is content to create a curving seam that gives a woman's back more dignity. Her spring collection is at the General Store at I. Miller (the one on Fifth Avenue at 57th Street), and it is more than welcome. Proof that she is not simply trifling with detail on conventional shapes is found in the importance given to ankle-length skirts for day as well as night. Apart from trousers, one of the new groups of separates—in a tweedy, loosely woven red-white-and-blue cotton—provides only a button-down ankle-length skirt (no short skirt) as companion to a long-sleeved, four-pocketed jacket. The trousers are $44, the skirt is $58, and the jacket $165. A range in polyester twill also includes an ankle-length skirt ($48), in white, scarlet, beige, navy, or dark brown. The group is continued by babies' sunhats with a row of pearl buttons above a stitched brim, at $18, and it is augmented by shorts, at $22. Like Miss Capriotti's classic trousers, the shorts are zipped in back, and they are slightly flared. (The flare is not worth much, since the shorts are really far too short; under the matching blazer they would be almost invisible.) The new madras separates are on very firm ground. This designer has taken a theme that is safely established—colorful and alien dress, be it Indian, Mexican, or native pioneer—and given it quality and style. The fabric is made into long-sleeved blouses with standup collars and ankle-length skirts that have shirred dirndl waistbands. A set is $65. The madras is predominantly red and orange, and is almost imperceptibly stitched in red and yellow. The set might be worn as a suit over a peasant blouse in white or beige muslin; $48. This is smocked around the neckline and worked with self-embroideries into cobweb traceries. The neck and the long sleeves are gathered in by drawstrings that end in minute silken tassels. The shirred waistband reappears in a group of long skirts and U-neck blouses in an airy cotton knit. Sets are shown in four unusually gentle flecked shades—tones of beige, pink, yellow, or peach. These groups of separates are only the bones of the General Store. The shop's salesgirls are conspicuously friendly and fond of the clothes they sell. Having settled that a customer is properly flattered by the cut of a pair of trousers, they will guide her to shelves of ribbed cotton sweaters and pore over them like bookworms in a library. Fine lines of contrasting colors run round the wrists and the U neck of some of the prettiest of these tops. A white sweater might have bands of leaf green and rose, or of brown and yellow. A salesgirl may suggest a beaded band to toss around the neck, a crochet bonnet trimmed with a snail-shell appliqué in a second color, or a broad-brimmed brown straw hat trimmed with a band of feathers. Miss Capriotti's newest silk-crêpe shirt has a band of shirring at waist and wrists. This variation on a battle jacket is especially peaceable when one sees it in apricot.

A BREATH from some fancied rural hedgerow has also brushed an elegant collection on the second floor of Henri Bendel. The store has set aside an airy corner and dedicated this newest of its shrines to the clothes of the English designer Jean Muir, who is known for her thoughtful, sinuous dresses in silk matte jersey. She improves on her convictions; in this spring collection, with a U-neck ankle-length dress that has slim, medieval sleeves and bodice. An overskirt cut on the bias flares from beneath the bust to the hips. The colors are a choice of well-bred gray, a black, and a lilac. The dress is $255, but originality and excellence are rarely inexpensive. There are blouses in the same material: one in black, with a contour-stitched collar and smocked shoulders (this is $140), and one in cream ($125), shirred above a peplum and gathered softly from the yoke. At the middle of the upper arms, the long sleeves ruffle into dolman shoulders. The designer's eye is not completely absorbed by mourning hues. Her this-season's print is a remembered dream of triangles and circles and wavy lines. It is found in fairly long kilt-pleated skirts in crêpe de Chine, at $185, and in blouses with deep cuffs, a rounded collar, and a trailing bow at the throat, at $170. The colors are a riotous mixture of primaries or an assemblage of muted green, pink, and blue. The collection is mainly separates, and many combinations are possible. The pink of the print in a crêpe-de-Chine skirt might be echoed by a long-sleeved suède blouse, which is $195. The bib of the blouse is marked by narrow vertical tucks and pierced by flowery eyelets. Whatever is not crêpe de Chine or jersey is suède in this group, and when the suède is not

punched it is trimmed with ribbons of suède punched and edged in zigzags, and with rippling black rickrack. Gray suède gauchos have bands of red, green, and yellow around the hems, and they are belted by a tasselled rope of thongs of the suède; $175. Eighty-five dollars seems an awful lot to pay for their companion, but then the garment had to be invented. It is something like a vest, and more like the top of an overall or a non-metallic breastplate—a heavily braided suède bib linked to its twin at the back by a collar and by pink ties at the waist. Perhaps the fullest expression of the collection's softness and its colorful, idealized rusticity is a flaring smock in beige shirting suède. Ribbons of green and red punched suède course down its bib. The sleeves widen slightly before gathering into narrow cuffs, and oval elbow patches are trimmed with the same unique ribbons; $255.

To enter The Little Store, at 242 East 77th Street, is to step into an immensely hospitable closet and to run the risk of making armloads of purchases. The bargain-hunter should try not to hurtle down the steps, for she may be instantly enfolded by a rack of clothes or trip over a hand-painted milk can. (The decorations here are all endearingly amateur.) The first rack is hung with well-cut, straight-legged trousers. They have elasticized waists and appear in many kinds of polyesters, jerseys, and bonded crêpes; between $13 and $15. Above them hangs a wide selection of shirts for between $10 and $16. Some inches behind this rack, and almost at the back of the room, slightly belled and more informal trousers may be observed. These are made of madras, flowered cotton corduroy, pastel suède cloth, and other things, and they all cost $13. Short-sleeved T-shirts hang above them, in rare flower and tile-pattern prints on cotton knit. They cost between $7 and $10. This surprising establishment parts with an ample hooded cape for $30. It is a swing of lightweight wool bound in black, and it is either in camel or in a very seasonable powder blue. A delicate wool-and-polyester challis in a variety of colors and floral and Paisley prints has been made into mid-calf-length skirts, at $16, and ankle-length ones, at $20. Both have dirndl waists and an eight-inch flounce at the hem, and they may be worn over one another. Either a long-sleeved shirt, at $16, or a U-neck, short-sleeved top in the same fabric offers the possibility of an outfit in three different prints. One of the prints might be blue and



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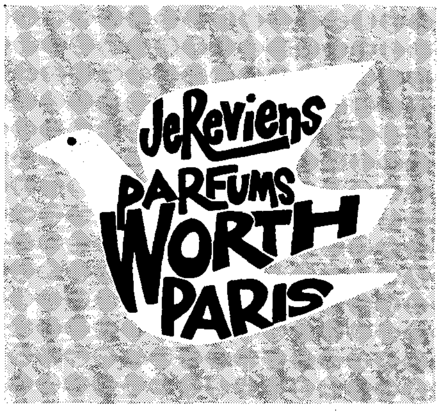

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yellow ears of wheat on a white background, which looks like summer itself. (If we wear quilted cotton in winter, there is no reason to shun translucent wool in summer.) There is nothing frightening about The Little Store; everything here is pleasing, and most of the clothes are washable. The shop will shortly open an only slightly larger branch at 1135 Madison, at 84th Street.

PRAISE must also go to the clothes and the prices of Le Hot Buy, at 40 East 53rd Street. (The name shall be passed over in silence.) This new shop is on the second floor, and almost everything—walls, hatstands, and chairs—is painted white. The whole stock comes from France. Part of one wall has shelves to the ceiling, piled with shirt-blouses in the close cut and the visionary prints in which French manufacturers excel. A silk shirt on which undocumented orange blooms glow on a black background is $20; a U-neck, rib-hugging blouse in cotton batiste that mingles orange, purple, and turquoise flowers on a beige ground is $23. (Baffling rules of the customs bureaucracy make the prices in the shop erratic.) Long-sleeved silk shirtwaist dresses also appear in strange botanical prints; $25. More expensive, and as obviously Gallic, are tailored long-sleeved shirts in very thin soft suède. They fit closely in back and have a pocket on one breast. In pink, beige, rust, or hunter green; $95. Fashion sits so naturally on Frenchwomen; a wool jersey shorts suit in this shop is almost infuriatingly elegant. The jacket has short sleeves and a square neckline, and ends halfway down the cuffed shorts. The suit, navy or gray, is thoughtfully cut and finished; $95.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY landscape artists built tidier hills than Nature ever could toss off, and poor, self-conscious Nature needs the support of public-relations firms and interior decorators if she is to survive in New York. A group of shopkeepers with brave enthusiasm for anything hand-made or vaguely ecological have created a kind of peace on East 60th Street between Second Avenue (where angry motors honk their way in and out of Queens) and Third (where one's bones are shaken by subterranean blasting). Some months ago, a natural-cosmetics shop called *i* settled beside the Pottery Barn, Serendipity, and a needlepoint shop known as Titillations. (The titles on the block are almost uniformly arch.) *i* is a soothing place indeed. Sunlight streams across a window display of

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packing cases in which preserve jars filled with pastel face creams nestle carelessly in beds of straw. The floor of the shop is covered with rush matting, and the walls are lined with emerald velvet. Round tables are draped with floor-length gingham ruffles, and set with orange trees, baskets of apples, and an array of succulent cosmetics. One wall displays a hundred big glass jars filled with pots of eyeshadow labelled Marmalade, Wild Raisin, and Wisteria, with lipsticks that have names like Autumn Leaf, and with eyeliners christened Macaroon. On the opposite wall, beneath pots of trailing ivy, stand pyramids of straight-sided bottles and white jars of many skin-care products. In place of gilded bottle caps, there is understated colored plastic—canary for a bottle of lemon moisturizer, at $7.50, and green for grapefruit skin freshener, at $4.50, and a pink cap for strawberry cleansing cream, at $8.50. Instead of the glittering curlicues on other cosmetic jars, the italic winks down at the visitor from every side. Among its many aids, *i* counts a tea shampoo, for $3.50, and a hair conditioner made with oil of quince, for $3, and a peach body lotion, for the same price. The firm's products smell good, and they seem to work.

SOMEWHERE among the advertising myths that wriggle through our minds is an image of a long-haired girl lifting her fresh-washed locks, untangled, from the waters of a sparkling stream. If she ever undertook the shampoo task in such a setting, she would be pounding her hair on the rocks for hours, like any other laundry. It is hard to get a liquid shampoo to reach both the roots and the ends of long hair. Neutrogena has produced a solid shampoo that will rub into a lather wherever you apply it. The transparent cake of green soap is most effective and is strangely beautiful; a dollar or so, at Saks Fifth Avenue and at Tower Chemist, on Second Avenue at 65th Street. . . . Marcel Rochas has introduced some new products to complement others in the Femme and Madame Rochas range. An excellent cream body lotion, which arrives in a pearly bottle fitted with a dispenser, is pink when the fragrance is Femme and beige when it is Madame Rochas. This is $6.50. A similarly colored foam bath cream is in two sizes—$6 and $9. One of the caps in the set looks top-heavy, but the bottles are graceful. All these things are found at Altman's, Saks Fifth Avenue, and Macy's.

—KENNEDY FRASER

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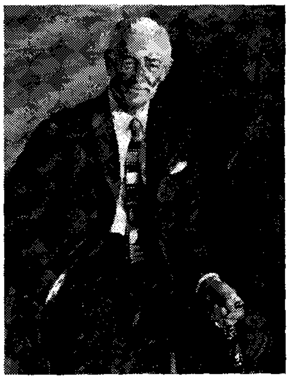

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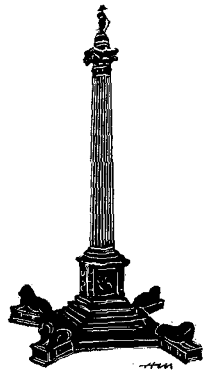
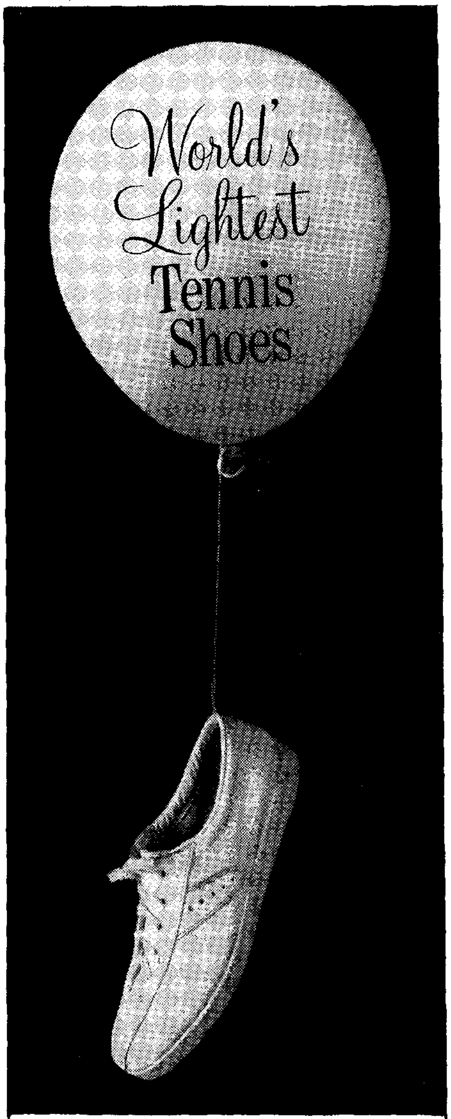
LETTER FROM LONDON

April 7

THE public mood about Britain's troubles has been, not surprisingly, so depressed this spring that it could almost be felt in the air, like a bleak patch of weather covering the land. Strikes, and warnings of more to come, have been the principal reason for the gloom. Nobody seemed very elated when the exhausted truce to the long postal battle came at last—not the postal workers, who had been almost seven weeks without pay and had not succeeded in getting the rise they were demanding, nor the Post Office itself, facing enormous losses in revenue, nor the exasperated customers, flooded suddenly with January's forgotten bills, and even belated Christmas cards, which turned up on breakfast tables travel-worn but cheery. Everybody was without newspapers, for a change, when the printers joined in a one-day strike called by the trade unions in protest against the Government's complicated bill to reform industrial relations—interpreted by the unions, it seems, entirely as a hostile operation designed to draw their sharpest teeth. Public opinion is not in sympathy with them. A bitter division appears to have widened between the militant union men, marching with their angry homemade banners and their shouts for a general strike, and the mass of worried citizens watching them on TV at home. Prices continue to go up alarmingly, along with the unemployment figures. The loud public crashes of big concerns' failing have been matched by the equally significant silence of a myriad little unknown firms' shutting up shop and disappearing. All this news has resulted in a steady drop in the Government's popularity, and even some critical murmurings among Mr. Heath's most faithful supporters. Housewives, for instance, have not forgotten that they voted for him last June in the hope that he would be able to do something about the awful cost of living, as he said he would. The Opposition has no intention of letting them forget, either.



Last week, however, Conservative spirits rose sharply after the remarkable first budget presented to Parliament—coolly and neatly, almost airily in places—by the Chancellor, Mr. Anthony Barber. It could turn out to be a landmark in British fiscal history. Relief certainly added decibels to the rapturous roar of cheers with which Mr. Barber's backbenchers greeted it, for he had been cruelly drubbed by the economic pundits of the press for one or two rather fumbling performances in the Commons since he took office. He was shaping up, they had reported coldly, as no match for the superior expertise of Mr. Roy Jenkins, his formidable opposite number on the Labour front bench. Mr. Jenkins, leading the Opposition attack next day, was quick and generous with congratulations to the Chancellor on a masterly presentation—before he went on to criticize the contents, of course. It has particularly delighted his party that Mr. Barber kept all the Conservative election pledges on taxation and more, cutting the load by five hundred and forty-six million pounds, with handsome handouts (the Labour benches could hardly find fault with these) to the old and to the hard-pressed parents of large families. The most popular part of the budget for citizens of all classes probably was the immediate halving of the hated selective-employment tax, which employers have to pay on employees in the nonmanufacturing trades, and which is passed on to customers in higher prices for just about everything. This, to general contentment, will be abolished altogether in two years' time, along with the purchase tax. All the same, as a cold douche to the happy Conservative euphoria, some traders have since doubted if they will be able to make their price tags any lower. Furthermore, the prospect of a value-added tax, on the Continental model, to be brought in instead of the purchase tax has not reassured the large and maybe growing number of Britons who view it suspiciously, along with the new decimal pence in their pockets, as yet another sign that they are going to be dragged willy-nilly into line with, and finally into, Europe. But Mr. Barber pleased many people by briskly brushing aside as "absurdities" some of the burdens that former Chancellors, doubtless bowing to the advice of their Treasury officials, have held to be untouchable. Professional husbands and wives, for instance, whose incomes are lumped together for assessment, heard with relief the Chancellor declare that their plight was "a nonsense," which he was ending forthwith. Then he



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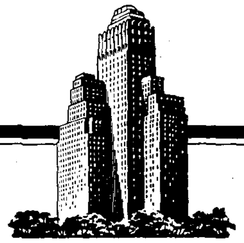
went on to outline the most important and lasting proposal in his new measures—a radical reforming shakeup of the entire tax structure over the next few years, to make it less of a headache for ordinary citizens to understand. Labour promptly attacked the whole package as "a Tory budget" that gives massive relief and incentive mostly to top earners. (Even the larger old-age pensions, Labour claims, will have been overtaken and eaten up by inflation by the time the winter arrives.) Few Tories would want to deny this, after all, logical label, which has become somewhat smudged since the parties' political philosophies began to be all but indistinguishable. For the first time in years, as Mr. Heath's supporters are now cheerfully saying, a Conservative Chancellor has not been nervous about stating that Conservatives believe in success and the rewards of success. The City and the business world reacted buoyantly. It was certainly an enormous personal triumph for Mr. Barber. Until last Tuesday, his slight, youthful-looking figure had hardly impinged on the consciousness of the nonpolitical public, except perhaps through the cartoonists, who make great play with the curl-fringed tonsure and the sharply prominent, intelligent nose. Right now, he is the most talked-about man in the Government. This week, as though to back up the Labour critics' contention that the budget has altered nothing in Britain's packet of troubles, the state-employed locomotive drivers, with an eye, naturally, on the big, inflationary pay boosts that the Ford management has just given its strikers, began a crawling work-to-rule.

Visconti's film of Thomas Mann's 1911 short story "Death in Venice" had its world première not long ago at the Warner Rendezvous. As an evocation of the images and the atmosphere of the haunting little tale, it is unforgettable. Visually, it is so beautiful that it requires more than one visit, as one slips back to a gallery to take another long look at a great painting. Visconti's signature is on every shot—the watery colors of Venice seen from the sea, the *plage* scenes on the heat-bleached Lido, with its frieze of languidly strolling women in their pale dresses and stupendous veiled hats, the narrow courts and alleys where Gustav Aschenbach begins to smell death and carbolic and to guess that the plague is in the city. The film sticks closely, in most details, to the story of the elderly, austere, famous man Aschenbach, trav-



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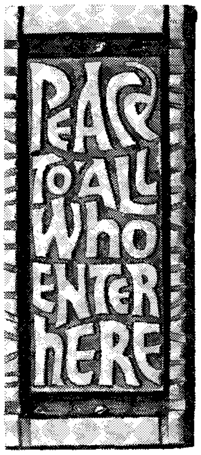

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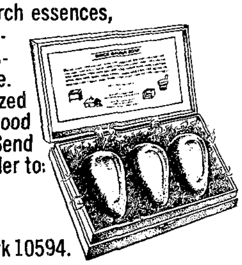

elling for his health, who becomes painfully obsessed with an exquisite fourteen-year-old Polish boy, Tadzio, who is staying in the same hotel, with his mother (Sylvana Mangano, a ravishing sight in her elegant Edwardian dresses), his prim little sisters, and their governess. Aschenbach, who in Mann's story is a great writer, in the film has been turned into a great composer, apparently because someone felt that the act of intellectual creation is easier to put over if the actor is seen making marks on paper in front of a piano than if he is doing the same thing at a desk. Aschenbach is also loosely tied, it appears, with Mahler—another Gustav, who certainly fits the dates, and whose music is the splendid accompaniment to the picture. Perhaps to compensate for the shortage of dialogue—the distant conversations of the Polish family and the other guests at the Hôtel des Bains are always muted for the lonely diner by the hotel orchestra and the waiters' clatter, and he and the object of his infatuation never exchange a word—there are also some rather intrusive flashbacks to the composer's early life, with firm heterosexual insistence on a short but happy marriage. Everything else is marvellously right. Dirk Bogarde is splendid as Aschenbach. As Tadzio, Bjorn Andreson has exactly the pure perfection of face and the unearthly serenity of expression of Mann's "pale and lovely Summoner," who, in the last moving moments on the shore, seems to the stricken Aschenbach to turn and beckon him out to the horizon and to the final appointment in Venice that he has been brought there to keep.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

Memphis (AP) — Doctors at a hospital here planned to change an arm cast today on John Bramlett, right linebacker for the Boston Patriots.

Bramlett, 29, who has played two seasons for Boston, entered the hospital last week for surgery to repair a knee in which tendons had been severed by an injury in a game last fall.—*Nashville Banner*.

Now, now, Bramlett, Doctor knows best.

•

Frank Deleda Segura, 42, of 1032 S. Frazier Ave., entered the home which was under surveillance yesterday, police said, and emerged with a brown paper bag which contained 170 kilos, or 340 pounds of marijuana with a street value of $152,000. He was placed under arrest.—*Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*.

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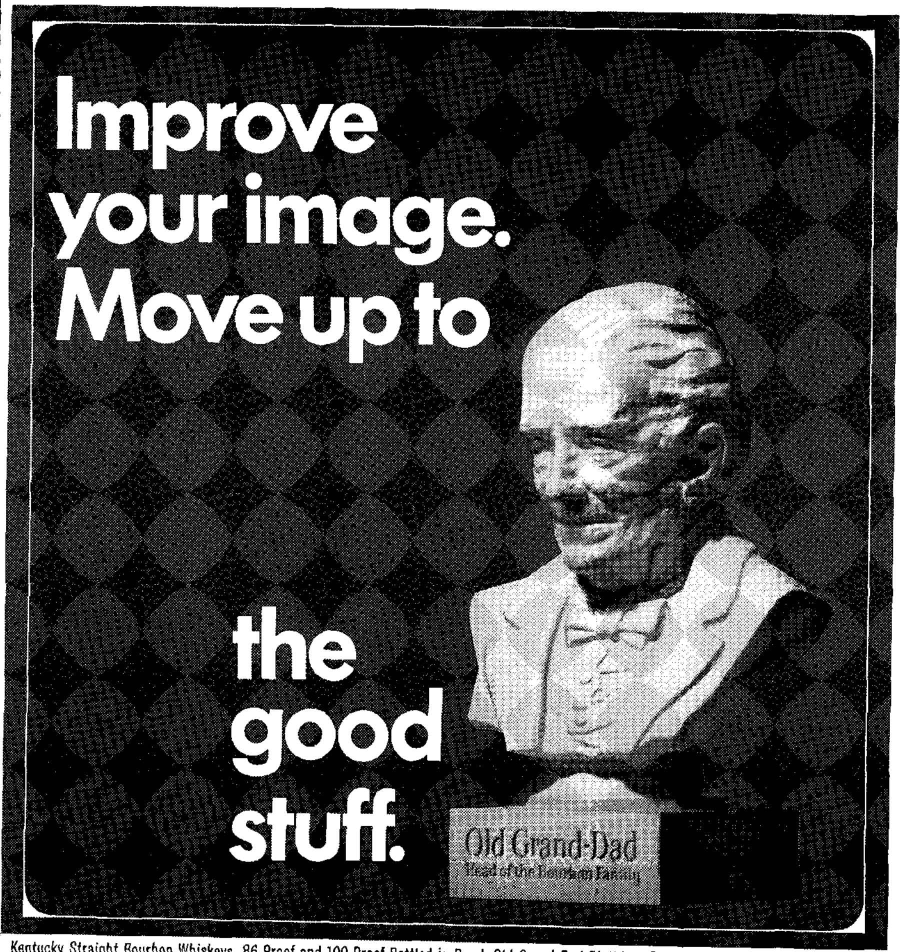
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Oldcomer

WHILE it is becoming more and more evident that Leoš Janáček (1854-1928) is among those neglected composers whose work is particularly well worth discovering, the process of discovery, as it gradually unfolds, is beginning to reveal that his talent was a very uneven one. So recent has been the Janáček vogue hereabouts that many concertgoers still regard this Moravian composer as a twentieth-century figure, neglected because of his modernity. But there is nothing cacophonous about any of Janáček's music, and the fact is that his life was roughly contemporary with Puccini's. Still, those who identify him with the twentieth century are partly right. Nearly all the Janáček operas that are now attracting attention were written after 1900, and though they are all melodious and moving in the Romantic manner, they are decidedly different in construction from the works of the German and Italian schools of composition. The difference lies in the "additive" musical form, characteristic of the best and most personal of Janáček's work. This music does not make use of developments and recapitulations in the German or Italian manner. It proceeds much as a picaresque novel does, piling episode upon episode, and the episodes are short, giving the whole composition what some have called a "mosaic" character, though a more accurate comparison would be with that of a set of dominoes placed end to end. The idea is not original with Janáček but is a Slavic contribution to music, arising probably from the nature of Slavic folk song. The first composer to use it, as far as I know, was Moussorgsky, whose operas are full of it, and later, of course, it became the formal basis of most of Stravinsky's work. Yet Janáček had his own way of using it, and it gives his operatic writing a fluid character, particularly well adapted to those scenes of Moravian life in which a rippling stream is somewhere in the background—scenes that occur in a couple of his best operas.

But Janáček, as I remarked earlier, was a rather uneven composer. Not all his music has this additive quality. Nor can the additive quality be assigned to any particular period of his life. This was demonstrated on Tuesday evening of last week, when Thomas Scherman and his Little Orchestra Society gave a Janáček program in Alice Tully Hall. The first number on this program—"Youth," a Suite for Wind Sextet (written when the composer was seventy years old)—is a fresh and engaging composition, as additive as could be. The second number, a Concertino for Piano and Chamber Orchestra, with Eileen Flissler as soloist, is dated within a year of the first, but the method here is academic, full of pianistic rhetoric and *da-capo* procedures—the work of a competent composer, obviously, but entirely lacking in what we look for in Janáček. After the intermission, we got back to the real Janáček with "The Diary of One Who Vanished," a song cycle about a young peasant who ran away with a gypsy girl after a great amount of worry over whether it was the proper thing to do. This was sung by Joseph Porrello, as the young peasant, and Batyah Godfrey, as the gypsy. There were three offstage voices beautifully merged into the rest of the score, and the two principals, singing in Czech, made an attractive impression. Mr. Scherman played the piano accompaniment, but, I am sorry to say, did so in a rather fumbling manner. The concert ended with an Idyll for String Orchestra, dating from 1878—a wholly conventional composition that sounded like third-rate Dvořák.

THURSDAY night's concert by the Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall, under the baton of Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, was remarkable chiefly for a fine performance of Haydn's not often heard "Nelson" Mass, so called because it was written during the Battle of Abukir, in which Admiral Nelson defeated the French fleet. (Two years later, Nelson visited Eisenstadt, where Haydn was working, met him, and heard the Mass performed.) It is a stunning work, with several passages that suggest episodes in the last movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, which was, of course, written twenty-five years afterward. The most noticeable of these resemblances occurs in the "Gloria in excelsis." The general tone of the work, too, with its brooding and sometimes aggressive quality, resembles Beethoven more than it does the old Papa Haydn we are accustomed to. It certainly stands among Haydn's

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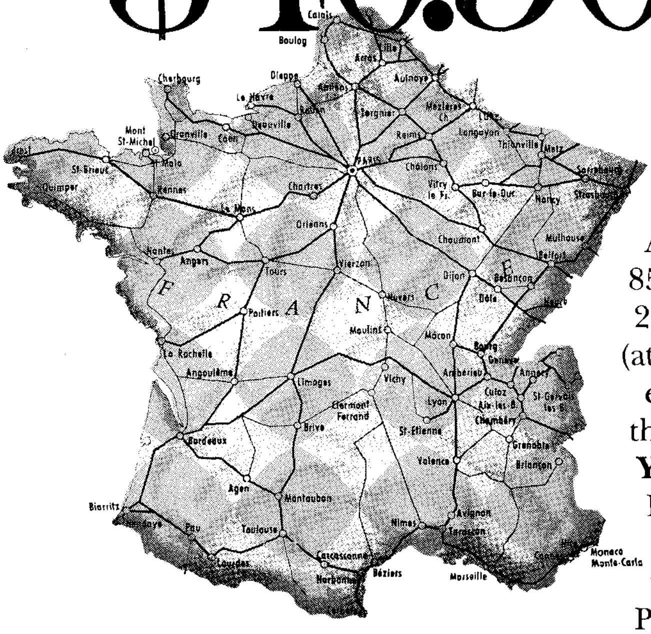

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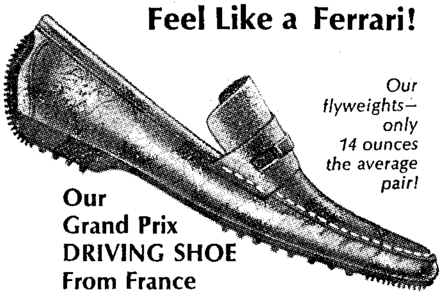

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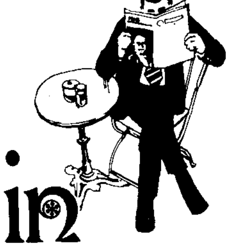

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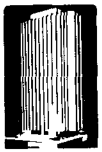

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noblest compositions, and it was a pleasure to hear it the other night. The solo singers were Evelyn Lear, Birgit Finnila, John Stewart, and Sherrill Milnes—a fine group for the purpose—and the choruses were sung by the Westminster Choir. The rest of the program was not as impressive. Karol Szymanowski's "Stabat Mater," Opus 53, was performed well enough. It is the sort of thing that was considered "modern" at the time it was written (1925-26), and it has echoes of Stravinsky and other composers who were becoming prominent then. But it has little vitality. Its musical language is impressionist, in the sense that it relies to a great extent on mere sound effects. It is expertly written, but it is not something that one can hail as a great rediscovery. The work that preceded it—Toshiro Mayazumi's "Mandala" Symphony—was even less interesting. A fashionable composition, with fashionable Sanskrit subtitles, it purported to "illustrate in sound the basic thought of Buddhism, just as painters have done on canvas." Well, there is a certain amount of invention in the sounds that Mr. Mayazumi uses in this piece, and the second of its two movements has a restful effect that some might associate with Buddhism—soft-sounding bells, gongs, and all that. But whether one can illustrate the basic thought of Buddhism in music—or, more exactly, in sound—is something I remain to be convinced of.

LAST Friday night, in honor of the religious holidays, the Pro Arte Double Chorale and Chamber Orchestra gave the first of those performances of Bach's "Passion According to St. Matthew" that are considered appropriate to the occasion. We shall have several other performances of this great oratorio in the next week or so. The virtues of Friday's performance at Philharmonic Hall were the care and scholarship with which the young conductor, John Nelson, set forth the musical continuity of the work, and the contribution of a sterling group of young singers—Richard Shadley, Leonard Johnson, Thomas Paul, Evelyn Mandac, Shirley Love, Richard Stilwell, and Edgar Hodsdon, along with the Columbus Boychoir. This was a reverent performance, with small orchestral forces despite the number and power of the vocal ones, and much the same balance of performers that must have existed in Bach's own day. Among the singers, the contribution of Mr. Paul, in the role of Jesus, was outstanding. The complex fabric of the work—in-

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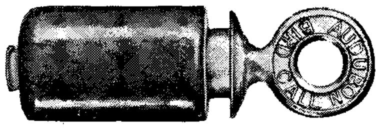

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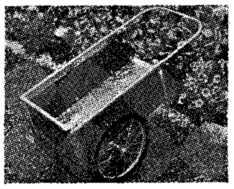

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volving two main choral groups and two chamber-sized orchestras besides the soloists, a couple of organs, and the boys' choir—was clearly realized by Mr. Nelson, and the general style of performance was everywhere appropriate to Bach's period as well as moving to our own.

IF I may go back and pick up the threads of what was happening the week before last, I should like to comment on the performance of Handel's opera "Ariodante" by the Handel Society of New York, under the baton of Stephen Simon, a couple of Monday nights ago in Carnegie Hall. The Handel Society got off to a rather poor start this season with "Orlando," and I am happy to report that it has recovered its full powers. "Ariodante" is a comparatively light and happy Handel opera, with several episodes of ballet music besides its vocal ones. Its plot is agreeably simple—something about a King of Scotland; his daughter, Ginevra; her fiancé, Ariodante (a castrato part in Handel's day); a bad guy, Polinesso, Duke of Albania, who seeks to take Ginevra away from Ariodante; Dalinda, a friend of Ginevra who becomes a pawn in the hands of Polinesso; and Lurcanio, a knightly gentleman, who is Ariodante's brother and who sees to it that everything remains as it should be. All good, if not overwhelmingly dramatic, early-eighteenth-century optimistic English formal theatre. The music is among Handel's most ingratiating creations, with ornamentation not overdone (at least in this performance) and a great deal of fine melodic writing. The singers were all of high calibre, with Judith Raskin as Ginevra; Sophia Steffan, a mezzo with a vibrant Greek-type voice, as Ariodante; John Stewart, that able tenor, who had a rather low-lying part as Lurcanio; Patricia Wise as Dalinda; Joan Caplan as the Duke of Albania; Paul Solem, a high tenor, in the minor role of a court counsellor; and the always dependable Morley Meredith making a majestic King.

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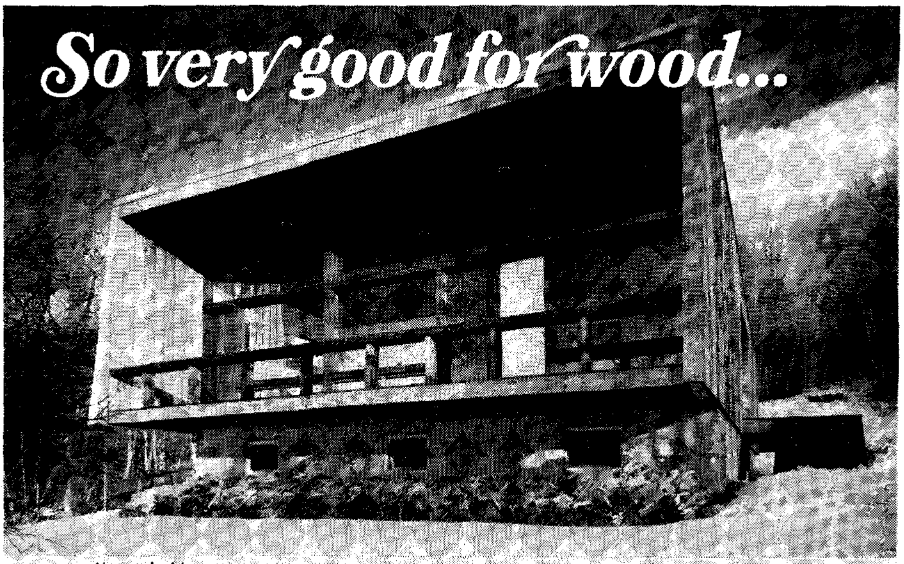

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LETTER FROM THE SPACE CENTER

FOR several years, a model of a lunar module has stood in an imitation moonscape in the museum at the Manned Spacecraft Center, outside Houston, but recently some workmen were assembling a real lunar module—one that had been used for training—in the front lobby of Building No. 1, which houses the museum. As aspirations become realities, the Apollo program is rapidly becoming a museum piece, and so is the moon itself. For the museum's imitation moonscape, there are some real moon rocks now, but they are contained in a special case that is round and white—as though the moon itself had been captured and put on exhibit. Surrounding the white ball, which is about four feet in diameter and has windows cut in it for viewing the rocks, are three or four placards bearing pictures of historical lunar moments, such as a photograph of Neil Armstrong saluting the American flag at Tranquillity Base during the Apollo 11 mission. A replica of the flag itself is in another case, a few feet away. Another placard carries President Kennedy's 1961 statement "I believe that this nation should commit itself to achieving the goal, before this decade is out, of landing a man on the moon and returning him safely to the earth"—words that have an archaic ring today. The way the Apollo program looks at the moment, there will be almost nothing left of it in two years' time, outside the exhibits in the museum.

Whatever else is left over will be kept in a vault in another building at the Space Center—Building No. 31, next door to the Lunar Receiving Laboratory. This is perhaps the real museum of the Apollo project—though one that the public may never be allowed to enter—for it is the final repository of most of the rocks and dust brought back from the moon by the Apollo astronauts. Scientists have become so adept at working with tiny amounts of lunar material that the bulk of it can be saved for future research. The scientists may be the only people who have a chance of getting an appreciable return from the twenty-five billion dollars the United States is spending for manned exploration of the moon—assuming that a lunar module, a flag, and a statement of aims aren't enough. At the moment, the scientists in the L.R.L. are sorting through the two boxes of rocks and dust the Apollo 14 astronauts brought back from the moon in February—the way curators rummage through crates sent back by a museum expedition—to see exactly how the new material fits into what is already known.

Dr. Daniel Anderson, a geochemist, who is now the chief of the Physical-Chemical Test Laboratory in the L.R.L., found that at first sight, when the rocks were still dusty, they were disappointingly like rocks of earlier missions, from the *maria* lowlands, which were mainly blackish basalts and breccias. But on closer examination, the Apollo 14 rocks, which were the first from the lunar highlands (they came from the Fra Mauro, south of the Mare Imbrium), proved to have considerable variety. "When we cleaned off a large, blackish rock, it turned out to be a very complicated thing," Dr. Anderson said. "It looked like an Italian-marble conglomerate—only in black and white, not colors. There were big black fragments all through it, and smaller fragments of white." The blacks and the whites appeared to be bits of separate stones embedded together in a matrix. (Some scientists at the Space Center think that the extremely fragmented nature of these rocks, which indicates that they were once subjected to an unusually heavy shock, is compatible with a theory that the entire Fra Mauro complex of hills was ejected from the Mare Imbrium—the huge circular depression at the top of the moon as it rises—by the impact that formed it.) Most of the rocks were of this varied composition—the rocks that appeared lighter having a higher proportion of white pieces, and the darker rocks a higher proportion of black ones.

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EVEN before the astronauts went to Fra Mauro, most of the scientists at the Lunar Receiving Laboratory had quite precise ideas of what the first rocks from the lunar highlands would be like. For one thing, they would be lighter in color than the blackish basalts from the lowlands. Many of the lunar scientists were hoping that the astronauts would come back with some curious

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rocks the scientists called KREEP. The word is an acronym denoting elements occurring together in some curious glass fragments collected during the Apollo 12 mission—K being the chemical symbol for potassium, REE standing for rare-earth elements, and P being the symbol for phosphorus. The presence in the lunar material of what came to be known as KREEP was first noticed by a group of scientists at the California Institute of Technology, in Pasadena, under the leadership of Dr. G. J. Wasserburg. These scientists were dating the rocks and dust from Apollo 11 by the extremely delicate method of measuring the decay of radioactive rubidium into strontium. The blackish basalts and breccias brought back by the Apollo 11 astronauts were about three and a half billion years old, but there was one exception—an odd, light-colored rock, which turned out to be about four and a half billion years old. This rock, whose chemistry was rich in potassium, rare-earth elements, and phosphorus, so puzzled Dr. Wasserburg that he called it "Lunyrock"—the name by which it has since been known. Strangely enough, the Apollo 11 dust seemed to be the same age as Lunyrock rather than the same age as the regular basaltic *mare* rocks, from which the dust was supposed to be derived, and the scientists began referring to themselves collectively as the "Lunatic Asylum of the Charles Arms Laboratory of Geological Sciences"—the laboratory at C.I.T. where the dating was going on. When Dr. Wasserburg got around to dating the Apollo 12 samples, he found a similar situation: the rocks were a little over three billion years old, with a single exception—Rock No. 12013 (or Rock 13, as it became known), a marbled black-and-white rock that had a date close to Lunyrock's. Tests indicated that the Apollo 12 dust was also that age, but by this time Dr. Wasserburg had solved the riddle: what he had been measuring was not the age of the bulk of the dust but the age of the small amount of dust from Rock 13—which also turned out to contain KREEP—and this minority had colored the whole, as a small amount of salt will change the taste of water.

Shortly after Dr. Wasserburg reached his conclusions, Dr. John A. Wood, of the Smithsonian Institution Astrophysical Observatory, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, came upon some particles of norite in the dust from the *mare* lowlands brought back by the Apollo 12 crew. Norite is an odd relative of anorthosite, a whitish, igneous rock (on earth it is found in the

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Adirondack Mountains, among other places). Anorthosite had been found in the dust brought back by Apollo 11, but because of its rarity in this dust many scientists had already speculated that it was not indigenous to the *maria*—that it had possibly originated in the highlands and had been spread to the lowlands by meteoric impacts. A chemical analysis of the norite particles showed the presence of potassium, rare-earth elements, and phosphorus—as in Lunyrock. About this time, Dr. Charles Meyer and several other scientists at the Space Center were finding the combination in some of the glassy material from the moon, and Meyer and his colleagues coined the acronym KREEP.

The various scientists concerned with KREEP had a chance to talk things over at the Second Annual Lunar Science Conference, held in Houston this January. Dr. Wasserburg and Dr. Wood both took part in a panel discussion that also included Dr. Paul Gast, the chief of the Division of Planetary and Earth Sciences at the Space Center. It soon became clear that the Space Center's glassy material and Dr. Wood's norite were permeated with the same elements. In Dr. Gast's opinion, these elements were also responsible for the anomalies that Dr. Wasserburg had encountered in dating the dust, Lunyrock, and Rock 13; that is, he felt that KREEP, because of its relatively high radioactive content, was responsible for all the dates of four and a half billion years. Most likely, Dr. Meyer's glass, Dr. Wasserburg's Lunyrock and Rock 13, and Dr. Wood's norite had all either been lobbed onto the *maria* by impacts in the highlands or had come from beneath the *mare* basalts, and in that case, the panelists reasoned, the chemical characteristics common to these materials could well be those of the basic material of the highlands and of the primitive crust. If this conclusion is correct, then the moon's original crust was more radioactive than had been thought. Proof of the theory should be forthcoming this July from the Apollo 15 mission, which will carry in its experimental package a device to measure emission of gamma rays from the lunar surface.

Dr. Gast, who has taken a look at the rocks, says he believes that they are "ninety per cent KREEP, plus or minus ten per cent," and that "some of the rocks are almost entirely KREEP." This material will undoubtedly provide a good deal of data about the composition of the lunar interior as well as the manner in which the surface features

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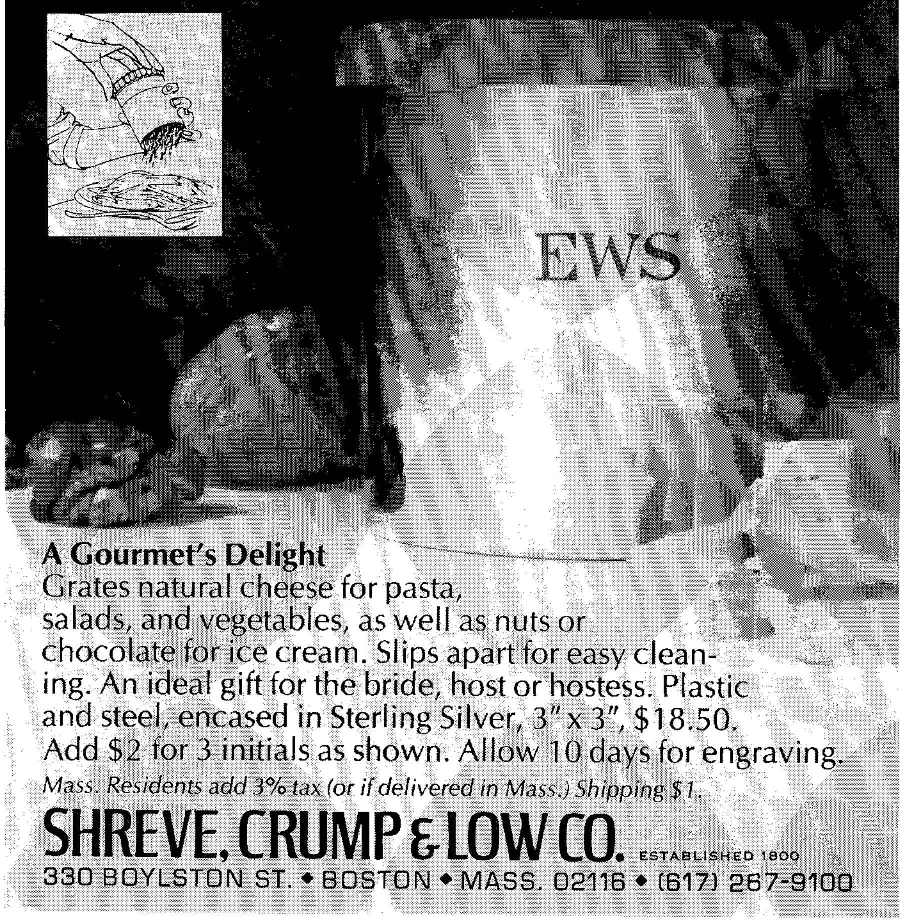

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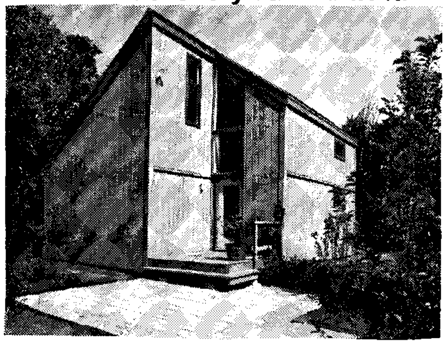

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were formed. Dr. Gast is already struck by the fact that shortly after the moon's formation the moon's outer crust was hot enough to melt—that is, at a temperature of at least a thousand degrees centigrade—and stayed hot long enough to create complex rocks. If the earth and the moon were formed by closely related processes, as seems likely, the KREEP in the L.R.L. may have some similarities to the original crust of the earth.

NOW that the Lunar Receiving Laboratory is being filled with some of the oldest pieces of the moon, it is important to geologists to know precisely where the pieces were found. Dr. Uel Clanton, who trained the Apollo 12 astronauts in field geology before they went to the moon, and a team of scientists from the United States Geological Survey are now studying the astronauts' photographs of Fra Mauro in an effort to identify in them the rocks that are now in the L.R.L. A few of the rocks were deliberately photographed *in situ* by the astronauts, but most were not, so the scientists are combing through photographs of the landscape in the hope that they will recognize one rock here and another there. They are most successful when they find two photographs of a given area, one taken before the samples were gathered and one taken afterward. They superimpose one of the pictures on the other, and then flip the top picture up and down rapidly by a corner, and, if they are lucky, a rock that is present in one picture and absent in the other will blink out at them, as though jumping to catch their attention. Sometimes they run into trouble even when a rock *does* blink out. In one pair of before-and-after photographs, three rocks shown in the first picture were absent in the second, all right, but in the second picture there was a big footprint made by an astronaut, and it was unclear whether the three missing rocks had been kicked into a nearby shadow or were sitting in the L.R.L. The scientists spent hours in the L.R.L. looking for rocks that were missing from the moonscapes. Most of them were finally identified. The scientists could never be sure that they were looking at a rock in the L.R.L. from the right angle—if they turned it this way or that, perhaps it would suddenly match a rock in a picture. Sometimes they shone harsh floodlights on the rocks to duplicate the lighting conditions on the moon. In one case, when they were absolutely certain that they had matched

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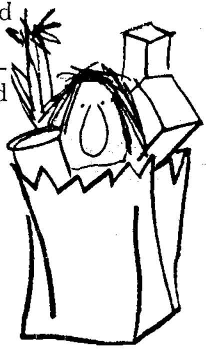

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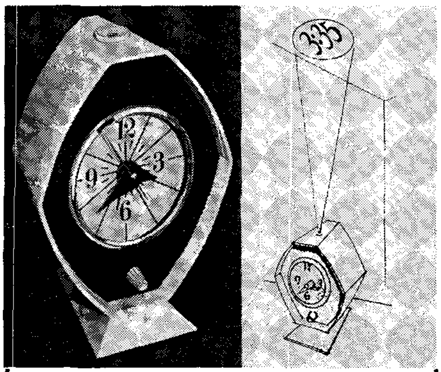

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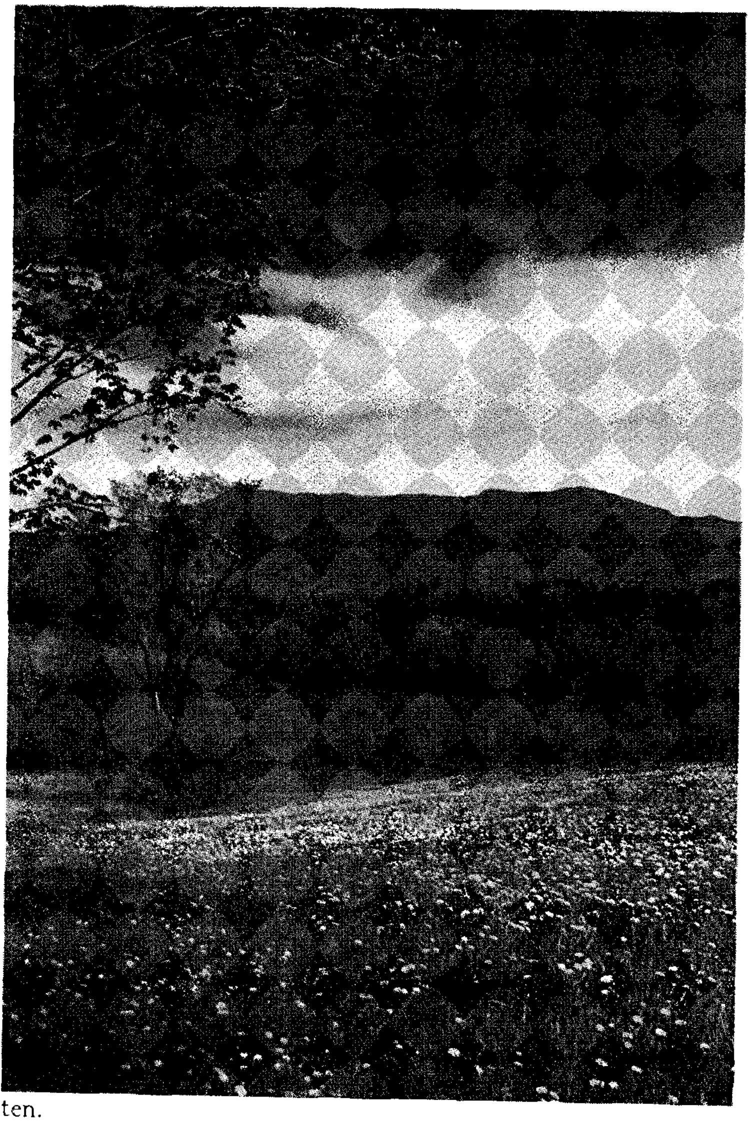

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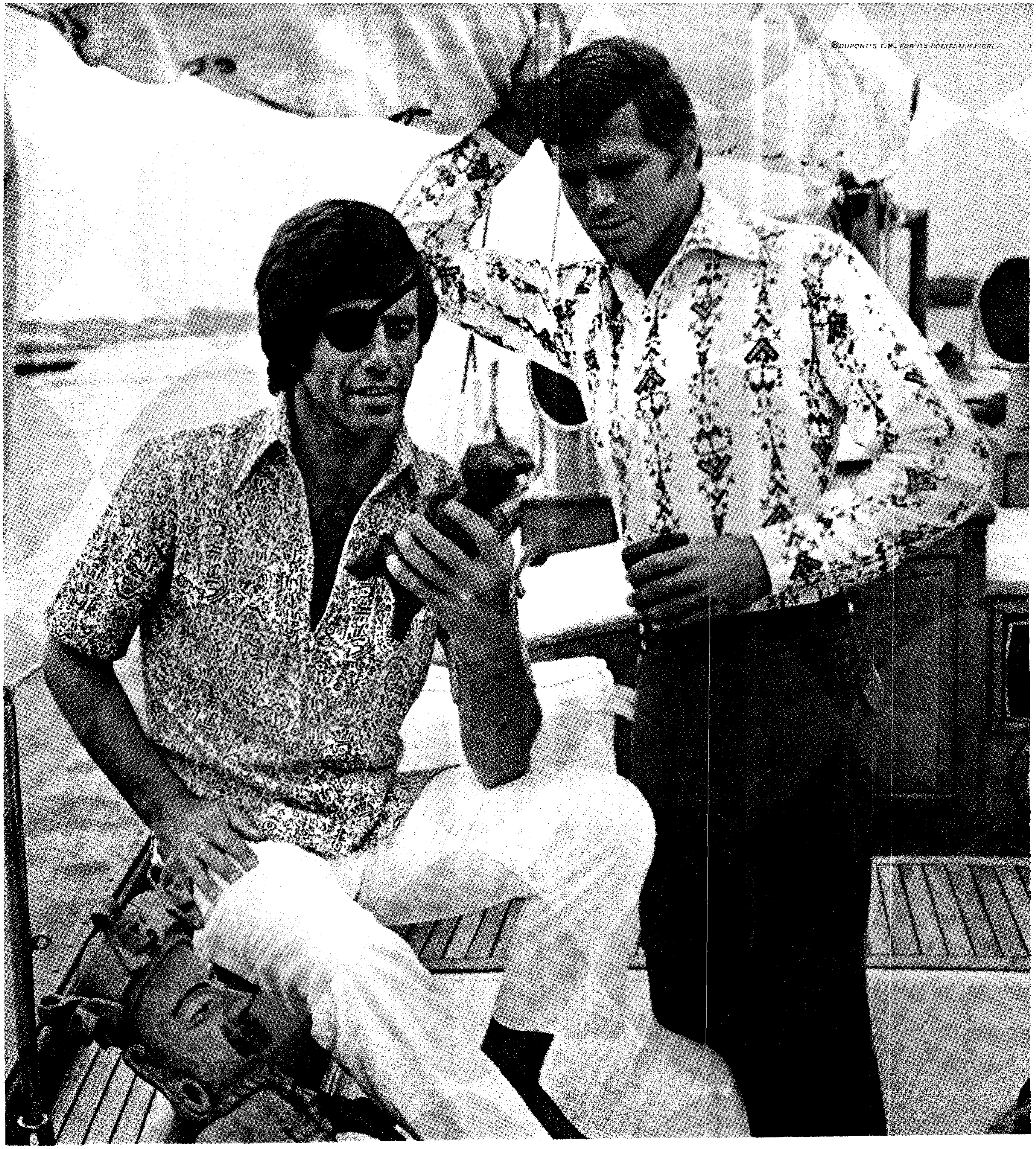
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Hathaway adapted the prints from Mayan designs found on the island of Cozumel and in the ruins at Chichen Itza on the Yucatan Peninsula. Experts guess that they date back to 2000 B.C.—give or take a century or so.

The styling, on the other hand, is pure 1971 A.D. Our hero wears a glyph print with zippered front and a new collar with rounded points. (An incurable romantic at Hathaway calls the collar The Poet.)

The geometric pattern on the shirt at the right is characteristic of some of the most admired Mayan work. Note button front and full sleeves.

Fabric for both shirts and the Islander slacks is Dacron polyester and cotton. Machine washable and all that.

The shirt shown at left, $16; at right, $17; Islander slacks, $18.

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a rock in the L.R.L. with a rock in a photograph, the photograph was shown to the astronauts and they said they remembered the rock well and had left it on the moon. By and large, though, the astronauts' memory for the rocks they gathered is not good. On the moon, Commander Mitchell tossed a rock into a bag and said the geologists would be able to identify it because it had "a definite shape." Later, with all the rocks from the bag laid out on a table in front of him, he could not remember which one it was. Dr. Clanton says that *all* rocks have "a definite shape."

Dr. William Phinney, chief of the Geology Branch at the Space Center, joined with Dr. Clanton in setting up photographs in a big loft of a room on the second floor of Building No. 31. The walls are metal, and hundreds of pictures of the landing site, held in place by magnets, obscure them completely, so that Dr. Phinney and Dr. Clanton might almost *be* at Fra Mauro. Some rocks in the moonscapes are circled in red—the rocks that the geologists have found in the L.R.L. Some of the moonscapes have been sent back to the photographic laboratory to have particularly elusive rocks enlarged, and these blowups loom over the other photographs. As the astronauts were taking their walk toward Cone Crater, their main objective on their second excursion, one or the other of them stopped from time to time to take three-hundred-and-sixty-degree panoramic views, snapping as many as twenty-two pictures while he turned in a full circle. Dr. Clanton and Dr. Phinney have pieced these panoramas together and put them on the walls, and by moving around the room, from one picture to another, they can substantially reconstruct the astronauts' walk. (The television from the moon did not follow the astronauts on their trip up Cone Crater.) From halfway up the side of the crater, low hills roll off like ocean waves stirred by a gentle breeze. Far away, the golden lunar module, which landed at an angle, tips like a buoy. Nearby, the white scientific instruments sit like seagulls. Dr. Phinney and Dr. Clanton, however, think that the spot on earth most like Fra Mauro is not a beach but a flow of gray ash on the sides of a volcano called Kapoho, in Hawaii; Kapoho still spits out rocks occasionally, and these rocks make small craters in the dust.

ON the mornings of February 5th and 6th, I went to the Goddard Space Flight Center, outside Washing-

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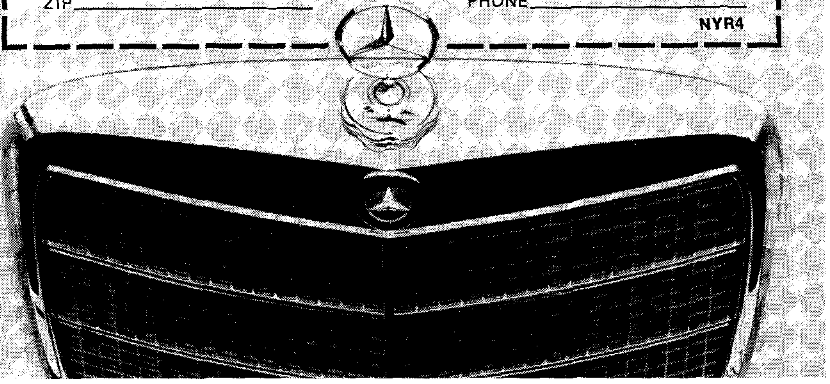

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ton, to watch the Apollo 14 astronauts' two excursions at Fra Mauro on television in the company of Dr. John A. O'Keefe, who is one of the chief proponents of the theory that tektites come from the moon. The Apollo 14 mission would provide an important test of the theory. Tektites are glassy green or black pebbles, found principally in Australia and Southeast Asia, that often have strangely aerodynamic forms, suggesting that they have passed through the atmosphere at extremely high speeds. Tektites are rare, but they have been known since at least 1787, when Josef Mayer, a mineralogist from Prague, wrote a pamphlet about them. Some fifty years later, when Darwin reached Australia aboard the Beagle, he was presented with one. (Tektites are not only rare, they are also pretty. Dr. O'Keefe presented his wife and some of his daughters with tektites not long ago, though he had to buy them from a laboratory in Denver, since he has never found one himself.) In 1897, a Dutch geologist named Verbeek was the first man to suggest that tektites might have come from the moon. He had investigated the explosion of Krakatoa in 1883 and had concluded that the tektites he found there were not an indigenous rock. Though no positive evidence of tektites appeared in the material that the Apollo 11 and Apollo 12 astronauts had brought back from the lowlands, Dr. O'Keefe was hoping that signs of them would turn up in the highlands. Rock 13, which many scientists thought had been tossed onto the lowlands from the highlands, had certain chemical similarities to some tektites from Java, and last year Dr. O'Keefe wrote an article discussing these similarities. The article, which appeared in *Science* last June 5th, prompted a number of refutations—among them one, published in *Science* last January 22nd, by Dr. Harold C. Urey, who pointed out that these tektites were unusual and that most tektites resembled a common type of sandstone called subgraywacke. Dr. Urey, who is a professor of chemistry at the University of California at San Diego, maintains that tektites are most likely of terrestrial origin. He went on to suggest that they had been made by comets' smashing into the earth and thus sending up, in a hot blast of gases, molten gobs of terrestrial rock, which later plunged back to earth as tektites. Dr. Urey concluded his article by saying, "It seems to me that the problem of the lunar origin of tektites might be closed out, since we now have definite information in regard to the composi-

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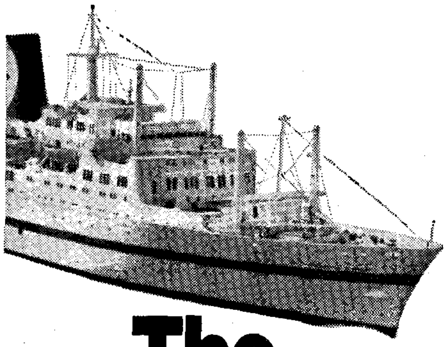

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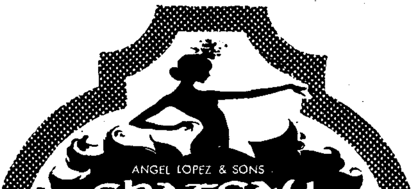

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tion of the moon. . . . I am surprised that [this subject] is again being brought up by anyone." In the same issue of *Science*, immediately following Dr. Urey's article, there appeared a lengthy reply from Dr. O'Keefe, who, far from closing out the issue, argued that an impact origin for tektites—such as Dr. Urey's comet—was out of the question, because tektite glass is of such high quality that it could be formed only after a long period of heating; that such a long period of heating could happen only with volcanism; and that, with terrestrial volcanoes eliminated (because, for one thing, they would not explain the aerodynamic shape of the tektites), only lunar ones remained. "We're at a critical point now," Dr. O'Keefe said when we were making arrangements to watch the moon walks together. "The whole question is up for grabs, and we might get the answer from Fra Mauro. It is quite possible that one of the astronauts might reach down and pick up something like a tektite."

Dr. O'Keefe, who is concerned with planetary studies at Goddard, is in his mid-fifties. He is surrounded by people who do not believe tektites came from the moon, and one of them said to me, just out of Dr. O'Keefe's earshot, "I'm a *terrestrial* tektite man myself." Dr. O'Keefe has a genial, open face, and he talks quickly and nervously, as though he were constantly fretting about something. He is both an astronomer and a geodesist, and the Encyclopædia Britannica refers to him in both capacities: he discovered that the Northern Hemisphere is somewhat pinched, rendering the earth slightly pear-shaped, and he also discovered that certain stars have vanished behind clouds of their own soot. At about 8:30 on the morning of February 5th, just before the first moon walk, he led me up a narrow flight of stairs to a gallery overlooking a control room at Goddard, very much like the Mission Control Room in Houston, which is called Operations Control, or OpsCon, and from which engineers sitting at four rows of consoles were supervising the communications and tracking network. A score of radio stations girdling the earth kept in contact with the astronauts, and everything the astronauts said passed through Goddard on its way to Mission Control in Houston.

In OpsCon, we were saturated with the moon. At the front of the room were four big screens, one displaying a map of the world on which the radio tracking stations were shown in green;

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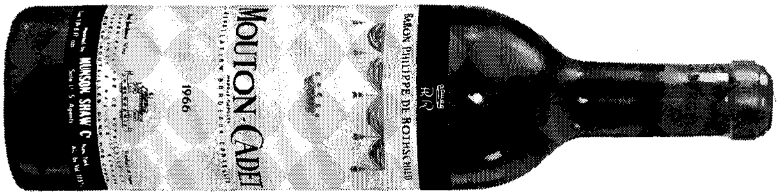

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one displaying a black map of the landing site, with white circles representing craters; one displaying a map on which a green command module was circling a gray moon; and one displaying a brown map of both the front and the back of the moon. In the gallery overlooking the screens were three television sets, one tuned to each of the three major networks. When we arrived, the astronauts had not yet made their first descent from the LM, and the set tuned to N.B.C. was showing a picture of the Lunokhod, the Soviet Union's automated moon crawler; the set tuned to C.B.S. showed Thomas Gold, director of the Center for Radiophysics and Space Research at Cornell University, who believes that dust is transported across the moon by electrostatic forces; on A.B.C., Captain Alan L. Bean, who had been the lunar-module pilot for the Apollo 12 mission, was explaining what walking on the moon was like. Dr. O'Keefe said that by pressing some buttons he could turn on a number of sound channels (separately or together), enabling him to hear the three networks, the radio engineers downstairs, and the astronauts in the spacecraft. The astronauts were having trouble with the radios in their space suits, and the technicians downstairs were doing what they could to help. While we waited, I asked Dr. O'Keefe whether the astronauts could recognize a tektite if they saw one, and he said he had once given them a lecture on tektites, illustrated with colored slides. He said he thought that the astronauts would *like* to find tektites. He had heard a probably apocryphal story that Captain Charles Conrad, Jr., the commander of the Apollo 12 mission, took a tektite to the moon and brought it back, so he could say that there was unquestionably one tektite on earth that came from the moon.

As Captain Shepard crawled out onto the porch of the lunar module, the Lunokhod and the various experts who had been helping the networks fill in the time vanished. When Shepard pulled a lanyard that turned on the television camera, Dr. O'Keefe sat forward to get his first glimpse of the highlands. He said he would be looking out particularly for any slaty, layered rocks, because tektites might have come from such material. At that moment, there was almost nothing to be seen except Shepard, the ladder he was climbing down, and the LM. From what Dr. O'Keefe could make out on television, the moon was a muddy green—an impression that he suspected was not

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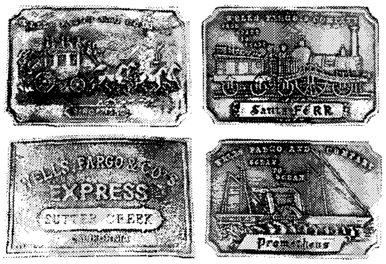

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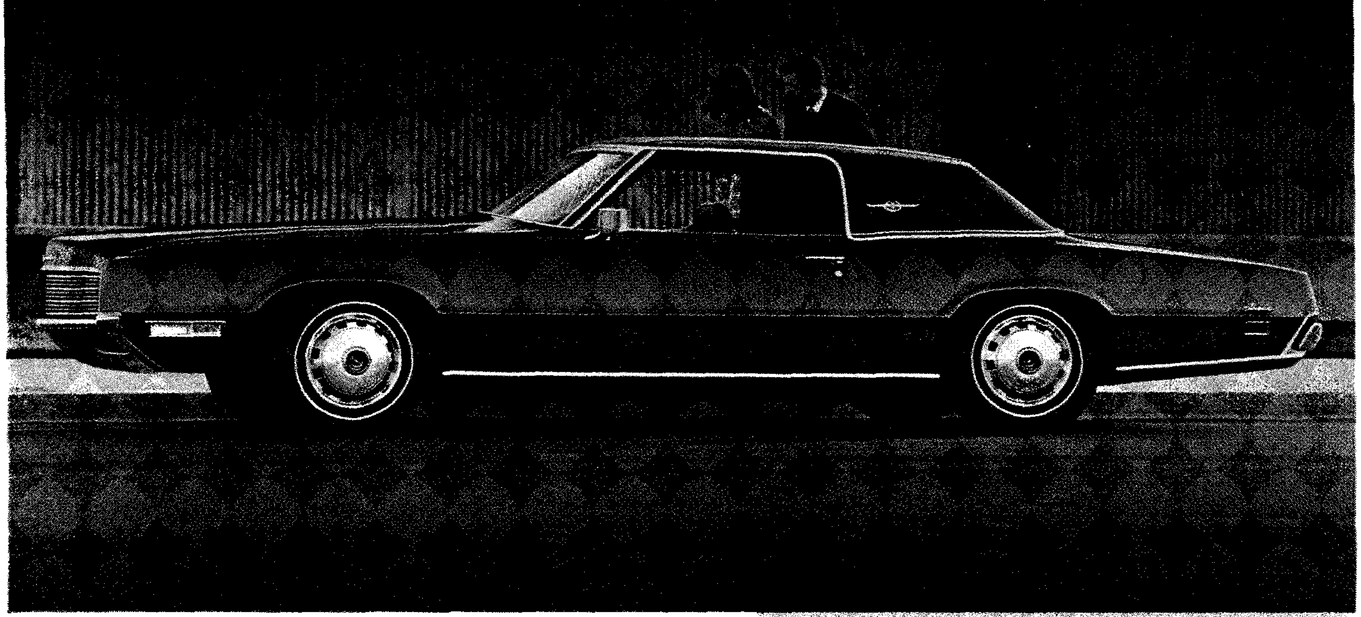

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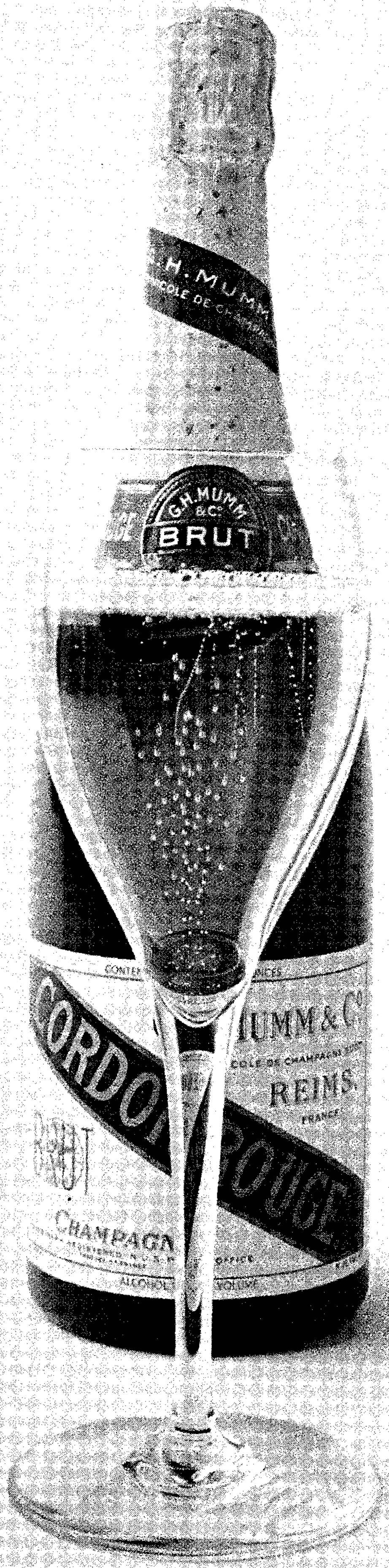
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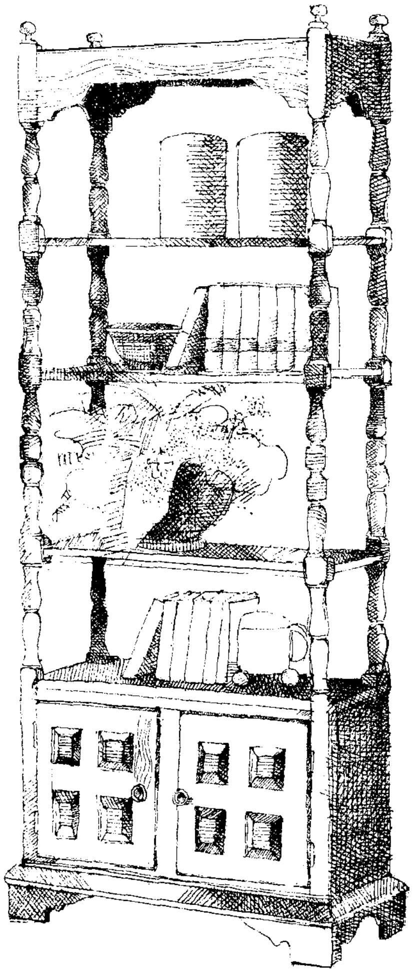
accurate. "The best way to photograph the moon would be in black and white," he said. (Geologists have always preferred to work with black and white, because it has better resolution than color.) Shepard, who was now describing the moonscape, was reporting that the ground seemed black, and this disturbed Dr. O'Keefe, since tektites are basically a granitic rock, and granites are lighter in color than the basalts on the *maria*. Then Shepard began describing some lighter-colored rocks, and Dr. O'Keefe relaxed. Commander Mitchell, having followed Shepard down the ladder, was now jumping around a bit, trying out his space suit in the near-weightlessness of the moon, and Dr. O'Keefe was as much interested in Mitchell's movements as in anything else he had seen. "I imagine that someday people will go to the moon just for the kick of moving around—the way kids go to California for surfing," he said. (Dr. O'Keefe had put in several applications to be an astronaut himself, but had been rejected each time because of his age. "I'm not too old," he said to me. "I'm only seven years older than Shepard.") While Mitchell was bouncing about, Shepard went around to the side of the LM and removed the Modular Equipment Transporter, or MET, which would look like a teacart when it was opened, but which was now folded up like a card table. For the time being, he put it on one of the LM's footpads, so that it wouldn't get dirty. Mitchell now began to gather the contingency sample—a bagful of dirt and small rock fragments to take back in case the astronauts had to leave the moon unexpectedly, before they could collect any other samples. Dr. O'Keefe strained to get a look at the small rocks Mitchell was scooping up, but just then the picture on the screen he was watching snuffed out, to be replaced by a commercial for a drink called Tang.

Shepard carried the television camera about fifty feet away from the LM, to get a good view of the landscape—though he also made sure that the LM would be visible in the foreground. This seemed rather like the act of a tourist in a national park trying to get his car into a snapshot of the scenery, but actually it was done to provide a reference point and indicate scale. This new series of pictures gave Dr. O'Keefe his first good look at the highlands. What impressed him most was a very sharp, small crater in the foreground. "I hope it's volcanic, though I can't tell now," he said. (Volcanoes, in



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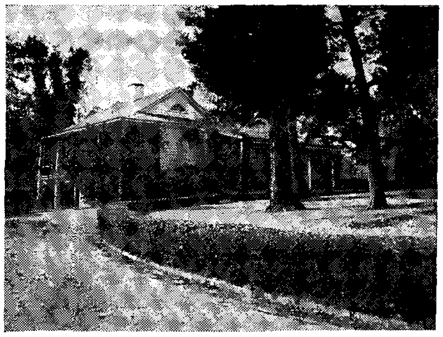

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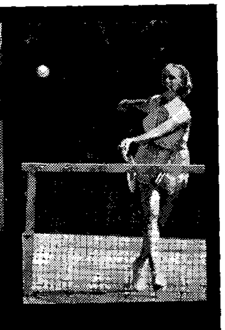

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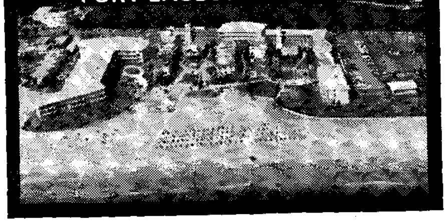

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his view, augured tektites.) He also hoped that the astronauts would have time to dig around in the bottom of a crater like that, he added, for if it was volcanic there should be indications of a passage leading to the moon's interior. Dr. O'Keefe listened to Shepard's description of what he saw. The dust, the astronaut said, seemed fine; there weren't many large rocks around, but there were a fair number of small ones, an inch or two across. Dr. O'Keefe said that was the right size for tektites. He kept an ear cocked for any further clues, and a little later he shook his head and said, "He made no mention of glass. But then you wouldn't see tektite glass right off." As Shepard finished his description, Dr. O'Keefe kept staring at the television screen to see if he could spot any lineations—subtle alignments of landscape features suggesting an underlying grid of volcanic fissures. He found none in the area covered by the camera.

The camera didn't stay still very long. After Shepard had set up an American flag, Mitchell used the television camera for a short panoramic tour, swivelling it in a complete circle and zooming in on any feature that caught his eye. On the screen, the picture wobbled this way and that, and the horizon was now at the top and now at the bottom. The landscape, Dr. O'Keefe said, seemed splotchier than the *maria* had, with more varied shades and tints. Although he could see no specific signs of volcanism, he said, he had the feeling that he was looking at volcanic country. Whenever Mitchell zoomed in on a distant crater, Dr. O'Keefe tried to peer within it, but then the camera would flit off to some new attraction. Once, he thought he saw some lineations, but he couldn't be sure his eyes weren't playing tricks on him. When the tour was over, Mitchell unfolded the MET and helped Shepard load equipment onto it. He then set the camera pointing away from the LM, toward the area where he and Shepard would be setting up the scientific instruments. As Dr. O'Keefe studied this new landscape—agreeably steady now—he said he could see some rocks that seemed to have a slaty, layered structure. Just then, the picture flickered out again, to be replaced by another commercial.

THE next morning, the astronauts started their second outing about two hours earlier than scheduled. They piled what they needed onto the MET—geological tools, sample bags, cameras, and film cartridges—and set

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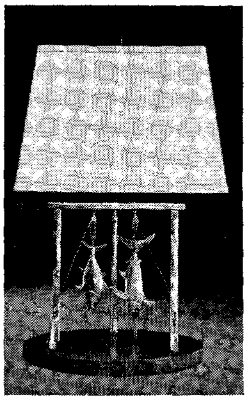

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off for Cone Crater, at the top of a hill about a kilometre away. They were particularly interested in sampling some of the large boulders on the crater rim. The sun was over Cone Crater at the time, so on their walk the astronauts had glare in their eyes both ways, for when they faced away from the sun the ground reflected the sunlight blindingly—an effect called "backscatter." The ground around the LM was generally flat but slightly undulating, and the hill they were to climb was less a hill than a high wave with a series of ripples moving up it. The ripples, though gradual, were as high as a man. They were sometimes difficult to see beyond, and made it harder for the astronauts to find their way than anybody had expected. The astronauts had maps of the site in notebooks attached to their sleeves, and they set out briskly for a point called Station A—an arbitrary spot that a committee of geologists had settled on during the training period—where they were to gather samples and take a panorama. As they walked toward Cone Crater, Shepard commented that the boulders were increasing both in size and in number. The astronauts skirted one of a group of three craters called Triplet, keeping their eyes peeled for Station A. "Probably A right here, is it not?" Shepard asked, and Mitchell said he thought it was a little more to the left. A few feet farther on, they decided to designate the spot where they stood as Station A. "This is a good place for A," Mitchell said, parking the MET. As Shepard put together a couple of tubes to take a core sample, he remarked that the surface, consisting of fine dust and small pebbles, seemed more textured than it had farther back, which Mitchell described as making a sort of pattern, as if "raindrops have splattered the surface." They said that one rock they picked up broke into four pieces, but Dr. Phinney, who has photographs of the spot before and after the rock was taken, says it broke into a lot more pieces than that, and that smaller fragments had been left behind. Mitchell took a panorama with his camera, first dusting off the lens with a small brush made of squirrel hair, and then the astronauts pushed on to Station B, a stop farther up the hill. Mitchell was pulling the MET, and he walked so fast that the MET bounded along behind him, leaving gaps in its tracks. Whenever one wheel hit a rock, both wheels bounced off the ground. Stretching out behind the astronauts, the tracks reflected the sunlight like two rivers of

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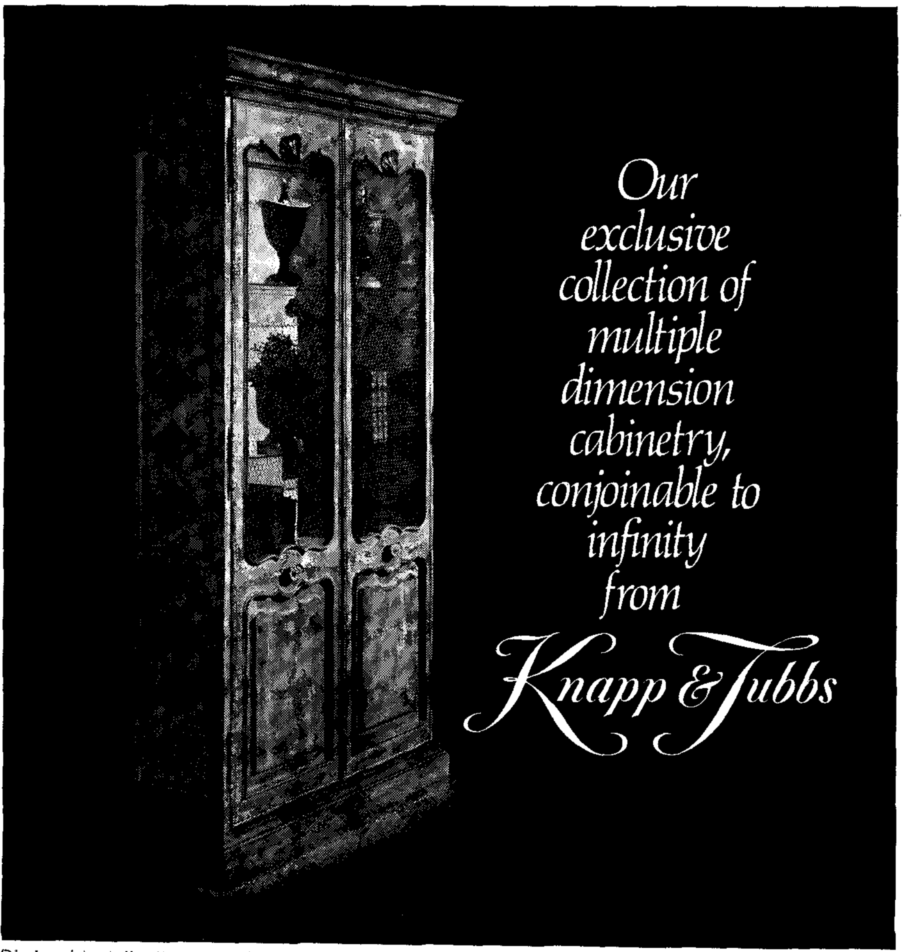
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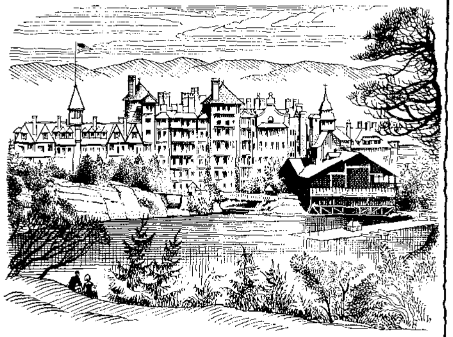

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quicksilver. As Mitchell climbed on, he began to tire; the MET bounced less, and the gaps in the tracks became fewer. He switched the cooling system in his suit from "Low" to "Medium." Shepard, however, who was worried about his supply of oxygen and water, left his suit's cooling system on "Low." In the Mission Control Room, the Flight Surgeon, Dr. Willard R. Hawkins, noted that Shepard would soon become overheated, and said he wished that Shepard would turn up his cooling system, too.

The astronauts had the same difficulty pinpointing Station B that they had had pinpointing Station A. "I think B is that deep crater right there ahead of us, Ed," said Shepard, and Mitchell said, "No, I disagree. I think—see that crater right over there that we came by, to the south, the big one? I think this is the crater that's B." Shepard and Mitchell were now in a small valley, so the panorama they took here was less sweeping than the previous one. After gathering some more rocks, they pushed on, Mitchell saying, "O.K., the next stop is the top of Cone!" The boulders were getting bigger and thicker, and the undulations were steeper. For a while, Shepard took over the job of pulling the MET, and at one point he pushed while Mitchell pulled. Presently, they stopped for a break, took another panoramic view, and consulted their maps to see how near they were to Cone Crater. "I can't really spot this crater, but I think I know where we are," Mitchell said. "I think it's dead ahead." The soil was firmer, so the MET didn't sink in as much as before. There were a greater number of boulders to negotiate, however, and for a time the two men tried to carry the MET. Their pulse rates rose to around a hundred and fifty (anywhere from sixty to ninety is normal), and Dr. Hawkins urged the Capsule Communicator, or CapCom, who was talking to the astronauts by radio, to get them to take things easier. He also assured Shepard that he had plenty of "consumables" (oxygen and water) and that he had better turn up his cooling system. Shepard did so. The astronauts pressed on until Shepard said, "I can stop and rest here a minute." They stopped and photographed another panorama. The view, as Drs. Phinney and Clanton later reconstructed it, was spectacular, for the astronauts were high enough now to see the tops of adjoining ridges, all about the same height. A couple of miles away, across a valley, they could make out a huge crater, which they called Old

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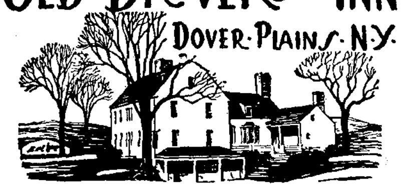

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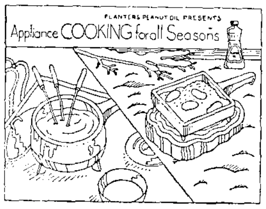
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Nameless, and because its near rim was breached they could see inside it. They congratulated each other, for they appeared to be right where they ought to be for the final push to Cone Crater's rim. As they hurried on, they expected to see it appear over the crest of each undulation they came to. "You can sure be deceived by slopes here," Mitchell said, taking the MET from Shepard. (The terrain was so tricky that a little later Mitchell remarked that with all the undulations it was possible to walk right by a large crater without knowing it was there.) The two of them lifted the MET over a rock. "I guess right straight up is the best way to go," Shepard said, and Mitchell ran a few steps to work up some momentum. But as Shepard and Mitchell came over the crest of another undulation, expecting to see Cone Crater plunging dramatically before them, they were again disappointed. "You know, we haven't reached the rim yet," Shepard said, and Mitchell said, "Oh boy! We got fooled on that one." They were to be fooled even worse.

Shepard's heartbeat was a hundred and fifty, Mitchell's was a hundred and twenty-eight, and Dr. Hawkins insisted that they slow down. They stopped and consulted their maps. They were beginning to have doubts about their navigation, and Shepard concluded that they must be a good half hour from the rim. Mitchell wanted to push on, but Shepard, pointing out that they were already twenty-five minutes behind schedule, said he thought the time would be better spent gathering rock samples. They were behind on that activity, too. Mitchell said, "Oh, let's give it a whirl. Gee whizz. We can't stop without looking into Cone Crater." Shepard answered, "I think we'll waste an awful lot of time travelling and not much documenting." Some people listening on earth saw this discussion as a classic argument between youthful exuberance and mature discretion, but it could equally well have been an argument between someone who was tuckered out and someone who wasn't. In the Science Support Room—a room off the Mission Control Room in Houston—Dr. Gast and some other scientists held a quick discussion of their own. They all agreed that the astronauts should skip the crater and get on with the rocks, for the rocks were the chief objective anyway. Mission Control was also aware that the astronauts might well have to do an additional chore. The radio signal from one of the scien-

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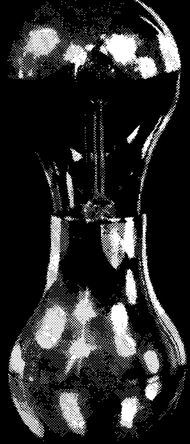

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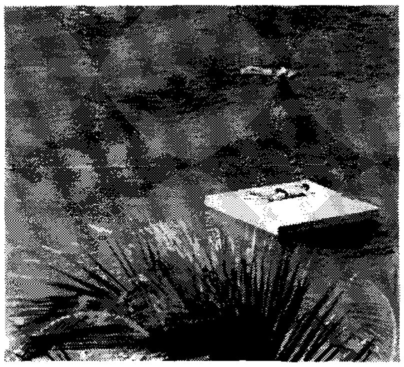

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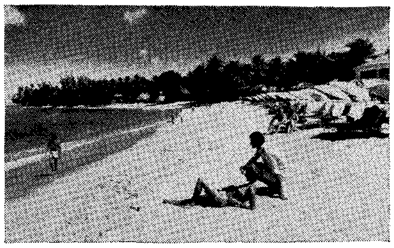

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tific instruments that the astronauts had set up the day before was weak, and one of them would have to go and make sure that the antenna was aimed properly. Dr. Phinney said later, "All we lost was a photograph of a crater." It would, of course, have looked good in a panorama. The CapCom radioed that "the word from the back room is they'd like you to consider where you are the edge of Cone Crater." At the time, no one thought twice about the CapCom's wording.

Shepard had spotted a field of boulders slightly to one side of the route he and Mitchell had taken toward Cone Crater. Now they discussed leaving the MET behind, but they decided that they would need the geological tools in order to take samples from the boulders. Mitchell steadied the MET from behind as Shepard pulled (Shepard assured Houston gamely that the MET wasn't slowing them down). They stopped near the boulder field and decided to call the spot Station C. By this time, Shepard's pulse rate had declined to a hundred and eight and Mitchell's was down to eighty-six. Mitchell took another panoramic view, in which the boulder field showed up as several dozen half-buried brownish-gray rocks, none of them much more than four feet across. Behind the boulder field was another undulation, and, beyond that, nothing but the black sky. The scientists in the Science Support Room reminded the astronauts, through the CapCom, that they had mentioned seeing some white rocks. Shepard said he saw a white one in the middle of the boulder field. Using the side of his hammer, Mitchell knocked a large chip from it. As soon as he had it, the CapCom radioed that it was time to start back. "O.K. We're moving on down the hill now," Shepard replied.

According to the scientists from the U.S. Geological Survey, who later plotted the position from the photographs, the astronauts were within fifty feet of the edge of the crater when they turned back. If they had walked straight ahead—a trip that would have taken perhaps thirty seconds—they would have seen the crater dropping off in front of them, a vast caldron three hundred and thirty yards across and eighty yards deep. After the astronauts got home, one of the geologists showed them how close they had come to Cone Crater, and Mitchell was irate.

SHEPARD and Mitchell hurried on after leaving the boulder field, for they were now more than half an hour

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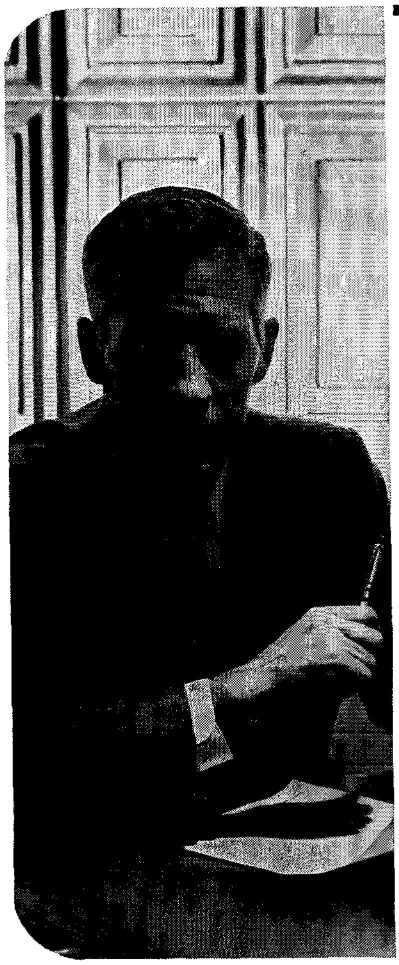
behind schedule. The CapCom passed on a message from the Science Support Room that the astronauts forget about Stations D and E and head for Station F, a small crater called Weird, not far from the LM. The trip back, they noticed, seemed to go a lot faster than the trip up, and in Dr. Phinney's opinion this was not only because they were travelling downhill but also because they had a definite landmark to head for.

In OpsCon at Goddard, Dr. O'Keefe strained to hear what the astronauts were saying. He looked unhappy. "There's nothing encouraging," he said during a lull. "They're not seeing slate or anything layered, and that's very bad." A little later, Mitchell, approaching Weird Crater, remarked that some rocks looked old. "What does he mean by that?" Dr. O'Keefe demanded, and he added, "Slaty rocks look old."

The CapCom told the astronauts to get on back to the LM, but Mitchell and Shepard each took a small detour first—Shepard to adjust the antenna on one of the instruments, and Mitchell to take samples from a small field of boulders nearby.

In OpsCon, Dr. O'Keefe began pacing up and down, trying to glean something helpful from the astronauts' last moments on the moon. Once, Shepard referred to "pebbles," and Dr. O'Keefe snapped, "What does he mean by 'pebble'? Usually it means something rounded, eroded. If they were chips or fragments, you'd think he'd call them something else." (Tektites are chiplike.) In among the boulders, Mitchell was saying, many of the rocks appeared to have been cracked open, and he could see inside them. "He isn't commenting on any layers," Dr. O'Keefe muttered unhappily. The astronauts' reports from Fra Mauro, he said, looked bad for tektites. He added, however, that the reports by no means ruled out the possibility that tektites came from the moon; indeed, if tektites were in fact volcanic, the best place to find them would be deep underground. (I talked to Dr. O'Keefe again a few weeks later, after an initial chemical analysis of the rocks, and he had regained some of his confidence.)

While Shepard made his way toward the scientific instruments to adjust the antenna, Dr. O'Keefe turned on an intercom so that he could hear what the radio technicians were saying. As Shepard nudged the antenna into different positions, a man talking from the tracking station in Guam called out, in



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a foreign accent, the changing strength of the signal. When the network director below us in OpsCon was satisfied, word was passed to Shepard, and *he headed quickly back to the LM.* Before climbing the ladder, he appeared once more on television, swinging at some golf balls—they went, Shepard said, "miles and miles and miles." Later, Drs. David Carrier and Stewart Johnson, civil engineers at the Space Center who are studying the soil mechanics of the moon, in the course of examining the photographs, found one of the balls in a shallow crater less than twenty-five yards away from its launching point—round and white and pockmarked, like a miniature moon.

—HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

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SUGGESTED TEXT CHANGES

With the consent of the authors, we suggest below a few minor changes in the text of this play. By making these changes, high schools and similar groups will find it considerably easier to produce it before audiences which may consider the original version a bit too "advanced" or "sophisticated."

(There is a little smoking here and there which can easily be omitted.)

Page 11. 2nd line from top of page omit "sex-starved," substitute "slimy." 5th line from bottom of page omit "to have a baby!"

P. 12. 14th line from bottom of page omit "Navel," substitute "belt."

P. 13. 14th line from bottom of page omit "brassieres" and substitute "girdles."

P. 14. 17th line from bottom of page omit "fawn's behind," substitute "horse's neck."

P. 15. 14th line from bottom of page omit "sex." 4th line from bottom of page, omit "bordello."

P. 16. 17th line from top of page add "bootlegging." 18th line omit "white slavery."

P. 19. 15th line from bottom of page omit "in one of the booths," substitute "big as life."

P. 20. 5th line from bottom of page omit "What can go wrong? They're in there." 4th line from bottom of page, omit entirely. Last line on page omit "maternity."

P. 24. 16th line from top of page omit "A sailor?" 22nd line from top of page omit "sex," substitute "handwashing." 21st line from top of page omit "life."

P. 26. 7th line from top of page omit entirely.

P. 27. 2nd line from bottom of page omit "sex-ridden" and "Alley," substitute for latter, "Mooning." Last line on page omit "catting."

P. 28. 12th line from top of page omit "haylofts," substitute "hidden byways." 22nd line from top of page omit "This is merely delayed puberty."—*Acting edition of "The Man Who Came to Dinner," Dramatists Play Service, Inc.*

And now for the suggested changes in "Hair."

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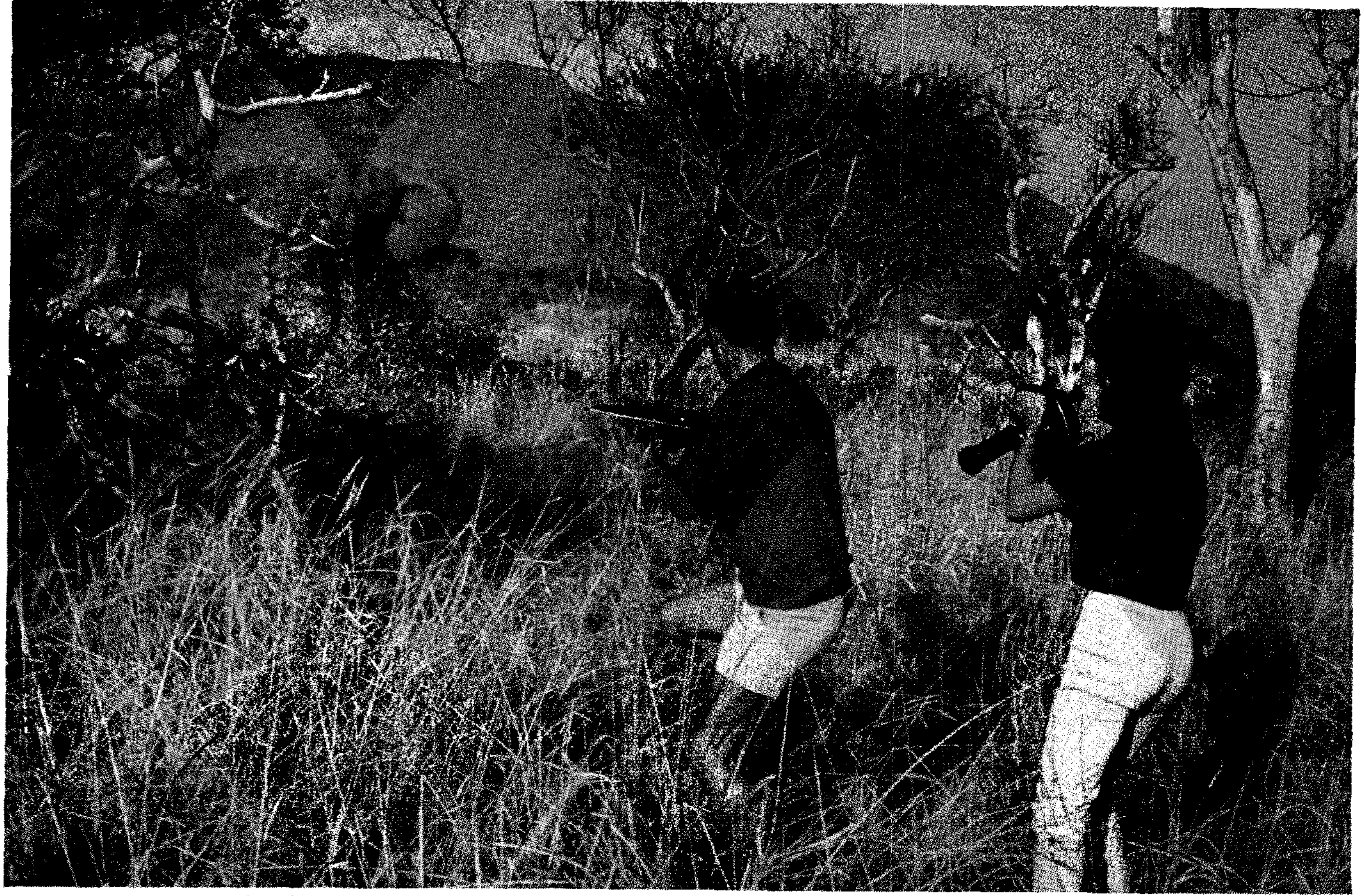

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3 "Quickly I helped Tony, the veterinarian, and Sgt. Munyoki, of the Kenya Game Department as they took blood samples, marked the ear, and inserted a recording gauge. All that was left was to inject the antidote and get out fast.

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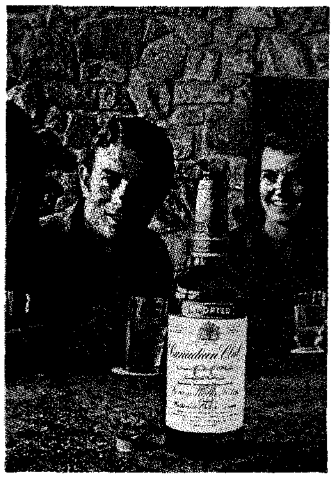

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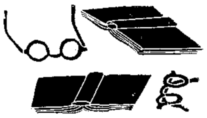
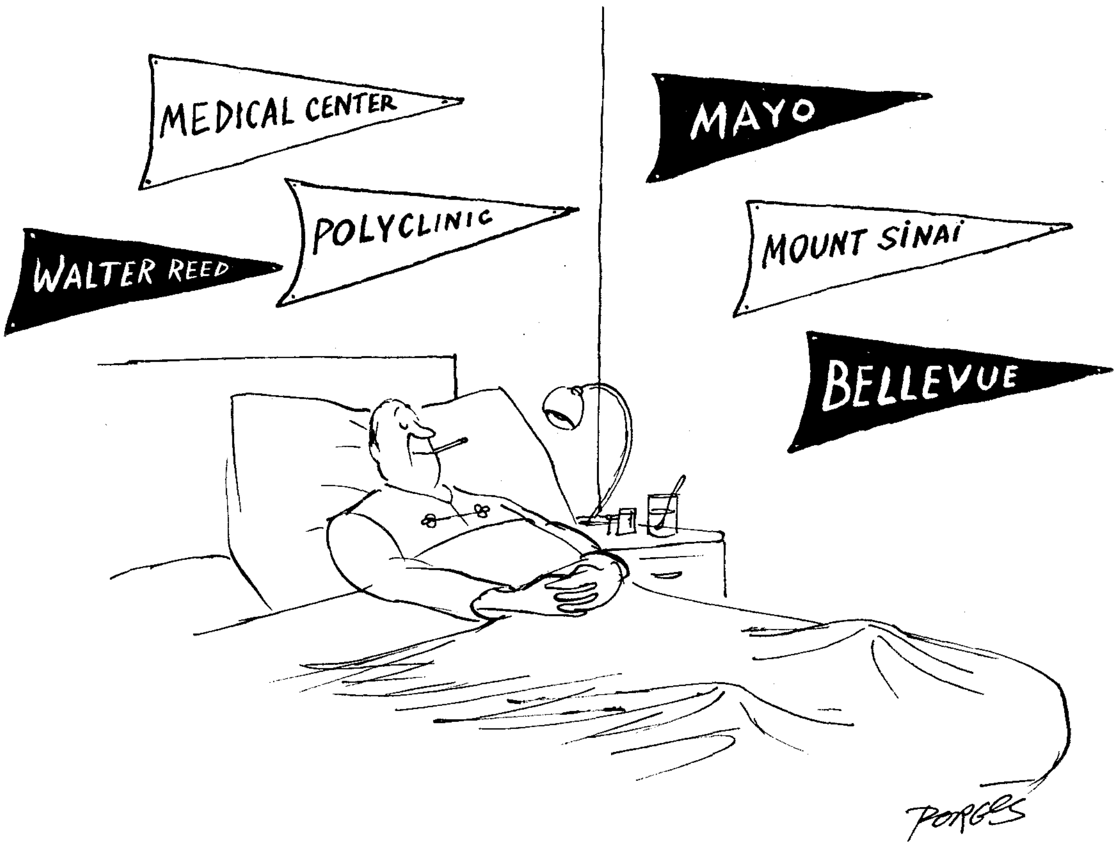


If I were to tell you that a major publisher has issued a young writer's second novel with an egregiously awkward construction, a piece of wooden dialogue, or an outright error of grammar on almost every page, you probably wouldn't be surprised. After all, isn't sloppiness the rule these days? Didn't an article by Susan Braudy, in the *Times Magazine* for Sunday, February 21st, contain, in its first three paragraphs, two references to a "chaise lounge" and a misspelling of the brand name Nyquil? If I were to tell you, in addition, that the young novelist's first and second books are both excellent, if not best-sellers, you might express faint dismay. But if I should further tell you that both books have received almost unanimous critical acclaim and never a mention of their slipshodness, then your eyebrows would surely rise.

This is precisely the case of Tom McHale, the author of "Farragan's Retreat" (Viking, be it noted). Last year, my anticipation whetted by the advance book-trade reviews, I read his first novel, "Principato," another Viking, to find it so barbarously written that I could barely finish it—barbarous not only in fine detail but often in construction and characterization. I could see the shadow of a talent behind the screen of errors, and I knew that Julian Moynahan had called Mr. McHale "a really good American Catholic novelist," so I felt that I must wait for his second novel before coming to an opinion, in the hope that editing and rewriting would avoid the errors of the first. But let me cite a very few of the infelicities in Mr. McHale's new "Farragan's Retreat": "other peoples' " for "other people's;" "Simon simply failed to work on any team, God's notwithstanding," for, apparently, "God's not excepted;" "a *miasma* of thermometers, barometers, switches, and dials" (italics mine); such wooden dialogue as "This is a family of patriots, and it can't be expected therefore to be magnanimous enough to permit one of its own to sit scot free up there in Canada" and "It seems being a Catholic implies no kind of moral superiority, as I had hoped;" such oddities as "Farragan's brother pressed a foot pedal that *sprung* open the double doors to a huge refrigerator" (italics mine), "Edmund seemed to best prefer . . ." and "she lay her head unsmilingly with a long sigh on his shoulder;" "urban development" for "redevelopment;" "for Farragan it had become a safe rule at hand," in place of, one suspects, "rule of thumb;" tangled metaphor, such as "But who knew about the rest of the world? Farragan, hidden safely in its base, was turning slowly with the growing monolith of the national conscience against the war;" and a baffling speech that reads, "We can't afford to let an opportunity like this, when there will be so many available, slip by." Nor are my objections entirely a matter of surface. As in McHale's first novel, too many characters are simply grossly swollen stereotypes without dimension. Too often their actions move in farcical fits and starts without any relation to their presumed motivations; too often they leap from languid passivity to obscenity-mouthing rage; too often their potential ambivalence, their roundedness, is flattened to fit the Procrustean plot.

If I agreed with Phoebe Adams, the astute reviewer for the *Atlantic*, who says of "Farragan's Retreat" that "the author has not a single original idea about any of these topics," including "the Irish mother" and "the Roman Catholic Church," there would be no need to belabor the book at this length. But I do feel that Tom McHale has at least one valid and original idea—the idea of mocking the rigidity of our society by mocking the Church and its lay and clerical zealots—and that his young, exuberant destructiveness deserves the offices of a tough and patient editor. McHale is using dynamite—or tactical nuclear weapons—to deflate balloons that would explode at a pinprick, and his work cries out for the less noisy but more powerful (and funnier) subtlety of a J. F. Powers, who is still, I think, our only "really good American Catholic novelist." But what I'm really annoyed about is that McHale will probably climb right up the best-seller lists without the curb of hard editing that just might turn him into a serious, so to speak, comic novelist, not just a money-maker for his publishers. As we gain a product, we may lose a talent.

Thus I turn with delight to a very good second novel by another young writer: "Up the Sandbox!," by Anne Richardson Roiphe (Simon & Schuster). That Mrs. Roiphe is a natu-



Announcement by The Management

Amos Pettingill, who writes the catalogue called The Garden Book (104 pgs.), which is published by White Flower Farm, one of America's fine nurseries, is the author of a new book about gardening called, oddly enough, The White-Flower-Farm Garden Book (384 pgs.). In it he discusses the basics of gardening and writes of the plants he knows, which turn out to be a considerable number, more, in fact, than are offered by this nursery, which, one way or the other, employs him. His introduction, rather long, is his autobiography as a gardener—of his hopes, his fears, his trials, his successes—the biography of every gardener who becomes dedicated to this absorbing form of art, but who does not, as Pettingill did, decide to go into the nursery business over two decades ago, after, as he puts it, "one bourbon too many". Pettingill agrees to inscribe every copy of this new book bought through White Flower Farm, or *brought to him when he is in residence in* Litchfield. (Our feeling is that he will be in residence 24 hours a day for a considerable time after publication.) We agree to deliver, quickly, The White-Flower-Farm Garden Book (Alfred A. Knopf, 1971, $10) to those east of the Mississippi River for $10.00, those west should add 18 cents for postage (orders sent to Conn. add 50 cents tax). The chance of our running out of stock apparently is limited to Mr. Knopf's ability to deliver books. However, we are plantsmen, not booksellers and hence know nothing of that trade, so we feel sure you will understand that we *would be just as pleased to have you pick* up Pettingill's book at your local bookstore, then bring it here for Pettingill to inscribe (at any time), but please do not mail it. Respectfully, The Management, White Flower Farm, Litchfield 1174, Connecticut 06759. (Note: Illustrations are black-and-white photographs and drawings, no color pictures.)

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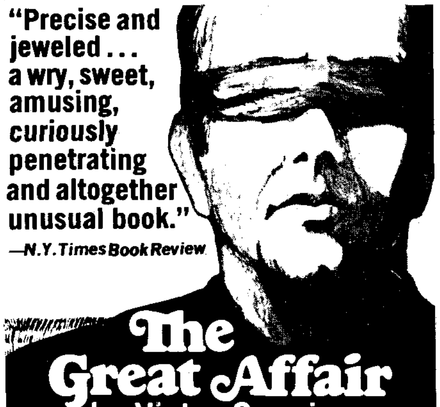

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ral writer of considerable talent is evident; whether or not she has been abetted by an involved and intelligent editor, she is clearly capable of creating a painfully recognizable human character and carrying that character through a series of realities and fantasies to a logical and resonant conclusion. By the nature of her sex and background—which are those of her protagonist—her novel cannot be the virtuoso feat, the tour de force, of Brian Moore's "I Am Mary Dunne," surely one of the best books ever written in the language by a man from a woman's viewpoint, but in a quiet, unsensational, and eventually gripping way Mrs. Roiphe has created a little masterpiece of her own. The plan is simple: she reveals the drab and harried yet not completely unrewarding routine of the wife of a Columbia graduate student and mother of two young children. After each of the book's six weeks of ritual wifehood and motherhood—with all the traditional pride and shame that these entail—falls a chapter of fantasy, in which the protagonist imagines herself in a series of roles as a feminist heroine. "In Week One" thus deals with doing chores, walking the children to the park, considering her equally forbidding distance from her stuffy mother and from the student radicals who pass her park bench, and losing a pettish and dismal squabble with her husband over his selfish intolerance. The ensuing chapter, "Out of Week One," sees her, in dream life, as the only white member of a cell of black revolutionaries and the mistress of their leader. The group intends to blow up the George Washington Bridge, but though John, the leader, is a genuine militant, he is also a genuine consumer, who dreams of a house in Great Neck, with barbecue pit and swimming pool, after the revolution. The bridge is destroyed, yet the heroine, even in her daydream, feels no exhilaration, only pain.

And so it goes through all six weeks: a delicate interpenetration of reality and possibility. The protagonist's life as an ordinary housewife, a prisoner of her husband and children, a wasted talent and education, is never entirely unredeemable, entirely without honor. But her life in daydream—as a *Look* reporter with Fidel Castro in Cuba, as a doctor in a New York hospital, as a horrified Mother for Peace on an observation junket to Vietnam, as an anthropologist on the upper Amazon—falls short of fulfillment, always returns, gratefully, to her routine at home. It is a book without resolution,

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except that it posits more of the same: of the small daily defeats, of the great terrors in the world, which are reflected in her waking hours and embodied in her daydreams, of man's only answer to the danger, frustration, and compromise of his life; i.e., to reproduce himself and pass his hopes on to his children.

With her second novel, Mrs. Roiphe is well on her way to an important statement about the position of women today—a statement all the more weighty for its lack of extremist bias, for the cool naturalism, edged with satire, it employs in treating with reality, and for the even colder questioning to which it subjects our prettiest escapist fantasies. —L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FOR THE GOOD OF THE CAUSE, by Alexander Solzhenitsyn, translated from the Russian by David Floyd and Max Hayward, and with an introduction by Mr. Floyd (Praeger). This novella—the next-to-last piece that Solzhenitsyn was allowed to publish in the Soviet Union—is not as imposing as some of the author's other work. It is the story of a technical school whose students construct their own new building, only to lose it, just as they are about to move in, as the result of a bureaucratic double cross against which neither they nor their principal have any recourse. Since that sort of thing is absolutely never supposed to happen in the Soviet Union, Solzhenitsyn's story provoked a stir, and this edition includes translations of some of the reviews and letters that its publication evoked. Solzhenitsyn's supporters praised his veracity and his opponents attacked his pessimism—clearly, the approved formula for Soviet literature is the same as that of American commercial television: "Happy people with happy problems." Never mind. American readers will find most attractive in this story what is most deeply felt: Solzhenitsyn's profound affection for and trust in young people.

GENERAL

THE TRACES OF THOMAS HARIOT, by Muriel Rukeyser (Random House). This remarkable book, original in conception and poetic in execution—a work of necromancy as much as a biography—conjures an English polymath (1560-1621) who was an

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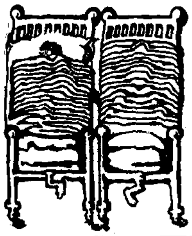

A Greek millionaire, children with a dread disease and ex-Inspector Pibble on the case. "Tense and then terrifying."—LOUIS UNTERMEYER. $5.95
A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

explorer, philosopher, writer, mathematician, and astronomer. Raleigh was his patron and he corresponded with Kepler; indeed, as Miss Rukeyser points out, Hariot, his works, and his ideas figure in the lives of so many of his illustrious contemporaries (Marlowe was one) that it is puzzling that no one has yet tried to make Hariot himself better known. In tracing her hero, Miss Rukeyser takes us on a tour of the English Renaissance, among men ardent to do, know, and dare everything—men of Faustian ambition and grand, elegant style.

PROMISES TO KEEP: MY YEARS IN PUBLIC LIFE, 1941-69, by Chester Bowles (Harper & Row). This is one of the most attractive and valuable political memoirs of recent years. Its author writes well, and he is wonderfully frank about his (and other men's) failures of political savvy or of intellectual or moral grasp. Of course, Mr. Bowles' successes, too, have been impressive. He tells us that he had always aimed at public service, but, failing to find a government job, went to work in advertising after a stint as a newspaperman. He made a small fortune, which, he feels, allowed him to remain his own man amid the ups and downs of politics. Besides, in his first national job—the difficult post of price-control administrator during the Second World War—he was able, because of his own business success, to disarm businessmen who, despite the urgencies of war and their own patriotism, suspected that the New Deal might turn the economy over to wild-eyed academic theorists. His later jobs were varied. His experience as Governor of Connecticut makes instructive reading, because it shows how much can be achieved for citizens' well-being at the state level. His career in foreign affairs is somewhat sadder, for, though he did well and greatly enjoyed his terms as Ambassador to India, from 1951 to 1953 and again from 1963 to 1969, his instinct and opinions about American foreign policy were at variance with those of the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations. In general, Mr. Bowles feels, the United States has *paid too much attention to*, and put too much effort into, military measures, and frequently has been high-handed, insensitive, and, in some cases (he mentions the Bay of Pigs invasion), immoral in dealing with less powerful states. Mr. Bowles' tone, nevertheless, is enthusiastic or hopeful; disillusion and despair are not his style. The book, by the way, includes a number of entertaining, lifelike portraits of historic figures, ranging from Harold Ickes at his stormiest to Nehru at his most knowledgeable.

QUEEN ANNE, by David Green (Scribners). A companion, or counterpoint, to the author's recent "Sarah Duchess of Marlborough." In that book, Mr. Green saw Sarah (or "Mrs. Freeman," as Queen Anne chose to call her in their correspondence) with a clarity warmed by sympathy, and he here sees Anne Stuart (or "Mrs. Morley," as she was known in her correspondence with Sarah) with the same happy blend of truth and understanding. It is a touching portrait of a generally unfortunate woman. Anne was wholly unprepared for the throne, because her succession had seemed impossibly remote; her schooling had consisted largely of lessons in elocution, religion, and guitar-playing, and she was further handicapped by a lack of high intelligence. She endured seventeen pregnancies (most of them abortive) without producing an heir. Her eyes were too weak for reading, she was enormously fat, and by forty she was invalided with gout. She was used and misused by everyone around her, and especially by Sarah. And yet, as Mr. Green makes clear, she somehow managed to reach a true regality, and her reign (with the defeat of Louis XIV by Marlborough, with the acquisition of Gibraltar, with the architectural glories of Wren and Vanbrugh, with the settlement of the Catholic succession) was an impressive one. She was succeeded, Mr. Green tells us wryly, by George I, who arrived from Hanover with "a staff of ninety, two mistresses, two Turks, and a dwarf. His Queen was in prison, for adultery." Illustrations.

NOTE: Simon & Schuster has published "Herbert Warren Wind's Golf Book," a collection of Mr. Wind's writings. Some of the pieces first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

•

For Arbor day, if you don't have space to plant a tree, one alternative is to protect already-existing plants from bugs. Swabbing the leaves with a camel's hair-brush soaked in rubbing alcohol and then rinsing them in clear water should do the job, without hurting plants.—*Chicago Tribune*.

But some camel's going to be awfully mad.

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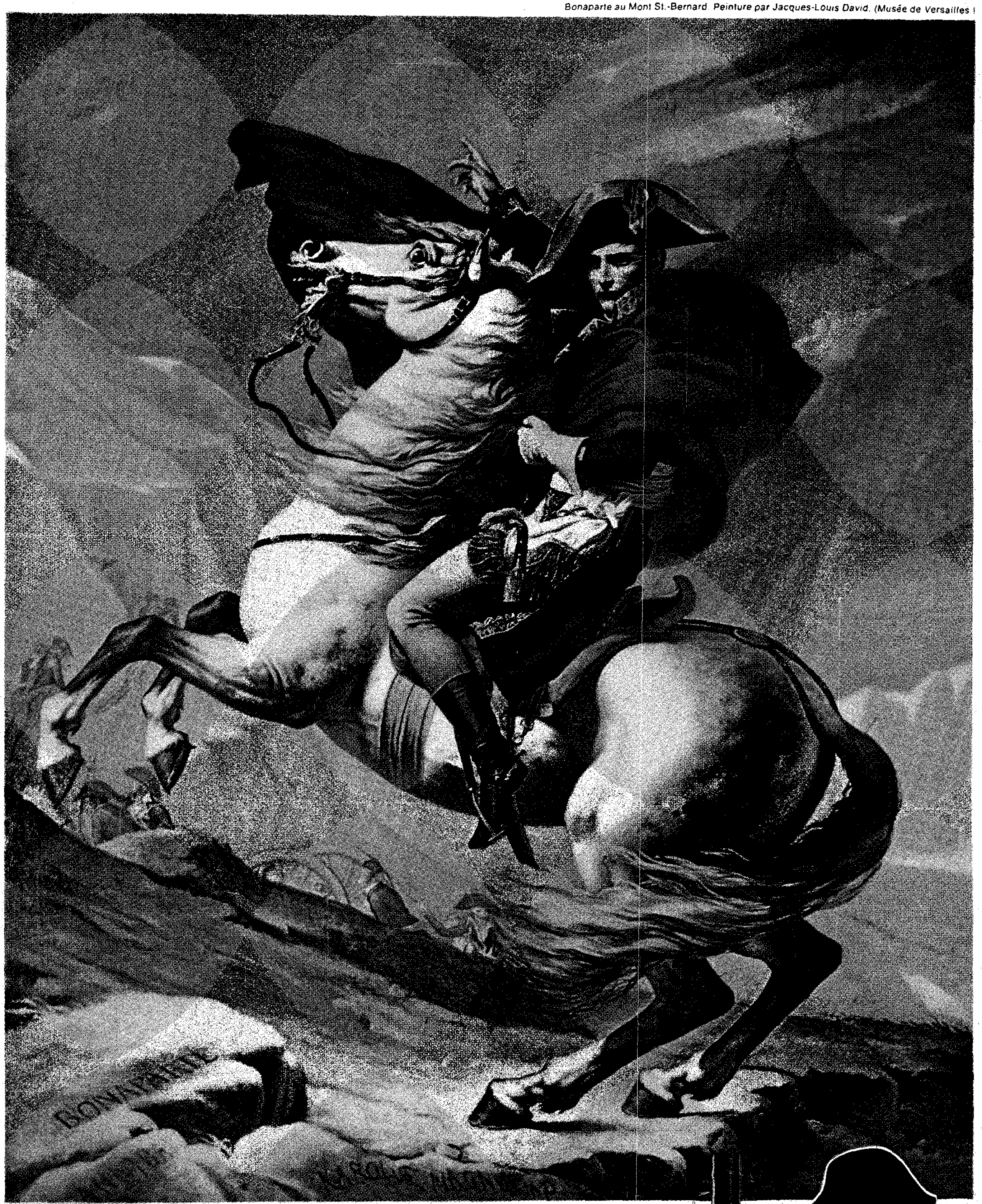

Like Hannibal and Charlemagne before him, Napoleon boldly crossed the Alps into Italy by the Great Saint Bernard Pass on May 15, 1800. An army of 40,000 men, with field artillery and baggage trains, completed the exhausting journey five days later, and went on to win the battle of Marengo on June 14th.

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